THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

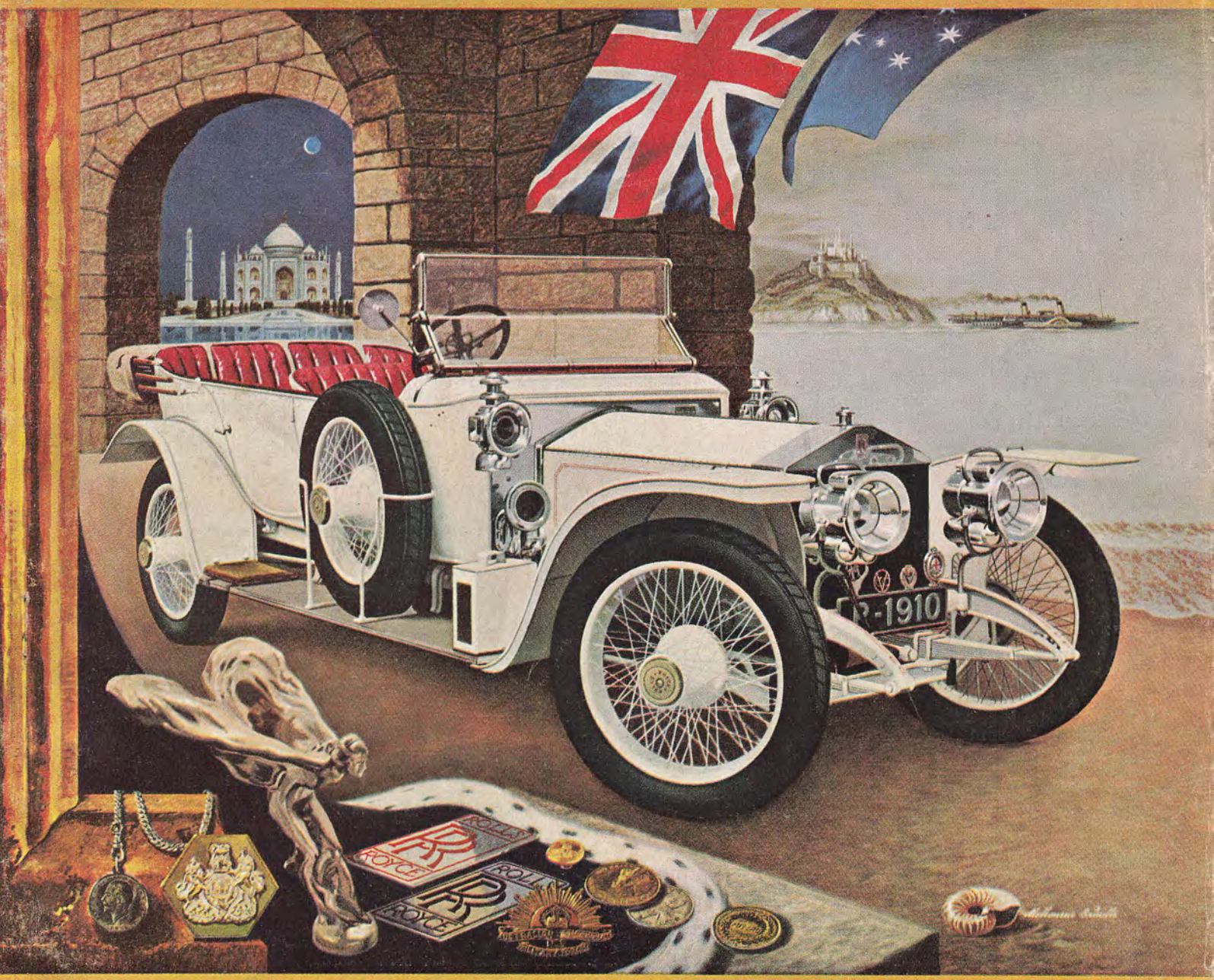
35c NOVEMBER 1961 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

$3.95 Book Digest

Bob Considine Tells
The ROWDY, RIBALD LIFE of "Believe-It-Or-Not" RIPLEY

Ivan Sanderson Finds
NEW EVIDENCE ABOUT THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN



SPECIAL PICTURE F

DETROIT'S 1962

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Porto-Ped
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the EDITOR speaking

Pictured above: the classic Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, drawn specially for TRUE by car-bug Melbourne Brindle, the acknowledged authority on such esoteric matters. Turn to pages 44-47 for the Rolls and a Stutz Bearcat in large size, the fifth and sixth such stunners that Brindle has done for TRUE. Pictured elsewhere (pages 55-61) is the whole vast array of Detroit's 1962 products, reflecting our continued interest in matters automotive, both old and new.

Speaking of things automotive; we were in Detroit recently, scouting out new models and investigating the popular upsurge of the station wagon, and we chanced to sit at lunch with Tom Adams, the personable president of Campbell-Ewald Co., the big advertising agency which handles so many Detroit accounts. We ended up reminiscing about the war in the Solomon Islands (Tom was a pilot and a Navy Cross holder). Tom is an articulate talker—and we recently discovered that he is also articulate in print, and particularly articulate when it comes to the defense of his chosen profession. Answering recent and repeated criticisms of advertising, Tom Adams has this to say:

"1. The criticism of advertising is faulty in structure and purpose. Other forms of criticism (of movies, TV, theater, music) are positive as well as negative. They praise the good as well as condemn the bad. They serve to guide the public to what is worthwhile. The public receives no such service from the critics of advertising.

"2. What the public does receive from advertising critics is a superficial, cliche-ridden, smart-aleck brand of snobbery. All of TV advertising, for example, is condemned with a reference to a headache commercial. Radio advertising is automatically negated with a shallow swipe at 'annoying jingles' (despite the fact that most jingles are easier on the ears than much of today's popular music) . . .

"3. Turning to the defense of advertising, I would like to take a somewhat heretical stand and say that much of it misses the point. Assuming that the selling of things is not a criminal offense, and that it is, actually, quite necessary to our national well-being, and further assuming that advertising helps the process along, we have a sudden insight into the absurdity of advertising criticism. For in the last year or so, our country has been troubled by varying degrees of recession and unemployment. Whatever the true causes of these problems, greater sales would have relieved them. Selling is the prime purpose of advertising, but . . . did the public critics of advertising ever confront us on this point? Certainly not. They kept right on with trivial flippancies about advertising's aesthetic failings. This is similar to criticizing a Broadway musical for not selling enough automobiles." ■

How to pass a genius

All of us can't be geniuses. But any ordinarily talented mortal can be a success—and that's more than some geniuses are.

Now, as in Æsop's time, the race doesn't always go to the one who potentially is the swiftest. The *trained* man has no trouble in passing the genius who hasn't improved his talents.

In good times and bad times, in every technical and business field, the *trained* man is worth a dozen untrained ones, no matter how gifted.

The International Correspondence Schools can't make you into a genius. For more than 60 years, however, I. C. S. has been helping its students to become *trained, successful leaders*—and it can do the same for you.

Mark your special interest on the coupon. Don't be like the unsuccessful genius who wastes his life in dreaming of what he intends to do. *Act* now!

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.**

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TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Hopping On Hornsby

So, after being in the game for 47 years, Rogers Hornsby admits that he's a cheat. Maybe if he wasn't, he'd be working instead of home feeding his bird dogs.

—Mrs. Walter V. Koehnemann
Banning, Calif.

Nobody reads the rule-book, Mr. Hornsby says. Why, then, don't they just abolish all baseball rules and turn 18 men loose on a large field to clobber each other with bats, balls and cleats?

—Charles and Nancy Zin
Olathe, Kansas

So they cheat in baseball. What of it? If the players were all lily white, polite, considerate of opponents, always ready to give the other fellow the best of it, the stands would be occupied only by close relatives. Everybody else would have left to go watch a more exciting game—croquet at the Old Ladies Home.

—Walt Ordway
Mokelumne Hills, Calif.

Erudite Eskimo

Something real and ancient and true has been exhumed from its burial place deep in the unconscious where it has lain embalmed through centuries of conditioning by civilization. Such realities of human nature were bared to their fullest impact of nudity by Mr. Freuchen. The survival of mankind depends upon his ability to contribute, unfettered, to his environment. Peter Freuchen's *Book of the Eskimos* strikes boldly at these fetters, and thus takes a monumental step toward mankind's eternal quest for understanding himself.

—William J. Garleb
Escondido, Calif.

Gee, Bill, and we thought we were just publishing a good yarn.

Breslin Fan

I have been a fight fan for over half a century, but it took Jimmy Breslin's fine story on *The Bitter End of the Brownsville Banger* to finally disillusion me about the so-called manly art. The best writing I have ever read about boxing, bar none.

—Paddy Clamhouse
New York, N. Y.

Truely Red Faces

I have just read Norman Carlisle's account of my killing of the Aguila wolf in your August issue (*Mystery of the Phantom Wolf*) and was extremely upset by it. To explain all of the hogwash in this story would entail almost a book-length novel. The methods described are contrary to all recognized methods of taking a wolf, exactly opposite to what happened, and the article itself is so shot through with mistakes, inaccuracies and the like I cannot list them all.

—Charles E. Gillham
Sedona, Ariz.

Author Carlisle, and TRUE, are embarrassed by errors in our article, and offer apologies. Carlisle explains that he relied on sources which were obviously in error and adds, "Looks as if Mr. Gillham has nailed up another pelt, the tender hide of this writer. It seems that old timers in Arizona were pulling my leg when they gave me certain details of the Gillham story—proving that his remarkable exploit was indeed the stuff of which legends are made, and proving that journalists sometimes have a part in the making of them."

Carnivorous Critic

It's a pity that the fine article, *Cannibals on My Windowsill*, by Dan Mannix, in your August issue, was spoiled by a sloppy title. Cannibalism does not mean eating flesh, but eating one's own kind. Carnivores was the word wanted, not cannibals.

—David M. Slorach
Los Angeles, Calif.

It so happens, Dave, that Dan's plants eat everything—and they particularly like nit-pickers from California.

Complimentary Customers Man

More and more articles about the stock market come across my desk daily. Most of them are well-intentioned, but in attempting to explain the market they simply bewilder the layman and insult the intelligence of the professional. I was delighted, then, to read your July article on Gerald Loeb. I congratulate you on publishing the most comprehensive and readable Wall Street story to date.

—Goodman Feinberg
Bruno-Lenchner, Inc.
Investment Securities
Greensburg, Penna.

Knight Fight

You will probably receive many letters either condemning you for your "vile, leftist attack on that sainted being, Barry Goldwater," or praising you mightily for an excellent appraisal of "the dangers presented in the person of that renowned fascist." Both groups of writers are out of their cheerful minds. In my opinion, your *White Knight of the Far Right* was one of the most objective pieces of writing yet to appear on this controversial figure, probably because Mr. Herzog has an innate ability to bring forth the personality of the man he interviews without interspersing any of his own likes and dislikes.

—Edward A. Campbell
Stratford, Conn.

My eye fell on the cover of your August issue lying in the hospital room, and I picked it up to see what kind of slander Barry Goldwater was going to be subjected to this month. I was very pleasantly surprised; it didn't seem biased at all, and perhaps even a little sympathetic. Congratulations for a good piece of straightforward reporting.

—Clinton B. Seeley, M.D.
Belmont, Mass.

I no longer care to read your magazine if this is a sample of what you publish. Apparently Mr. Herzog thinks everyone who reads his article is real stupid and will be unable to realize his intentions to sway people's thinking. It also shows how very much afraid certain people and factions are of Senator Goldwater's strength, clear-cut thinking and Americanism.

—Dr. H. E. Clinite
Chicago, Ill.

I am afraid that after reading Arthur Herzog's article on that galloping senator from Arizona I haven't changed my opinion of him at all. He is still the same poor "confoozed" fellow I always thought he was. I can only say, gallop on, senator, although you know not where.

—Mrs. Mona Averill
El Monte, Calif.

We can take credit for a number of Republican statesmen but not, as Herzog wrote, for Sen. Karl Mundt. He belongs in South Dakota, not North Dakota.

—Irven Hagen
Fargo, N. D.

[*Continued on page* 8]

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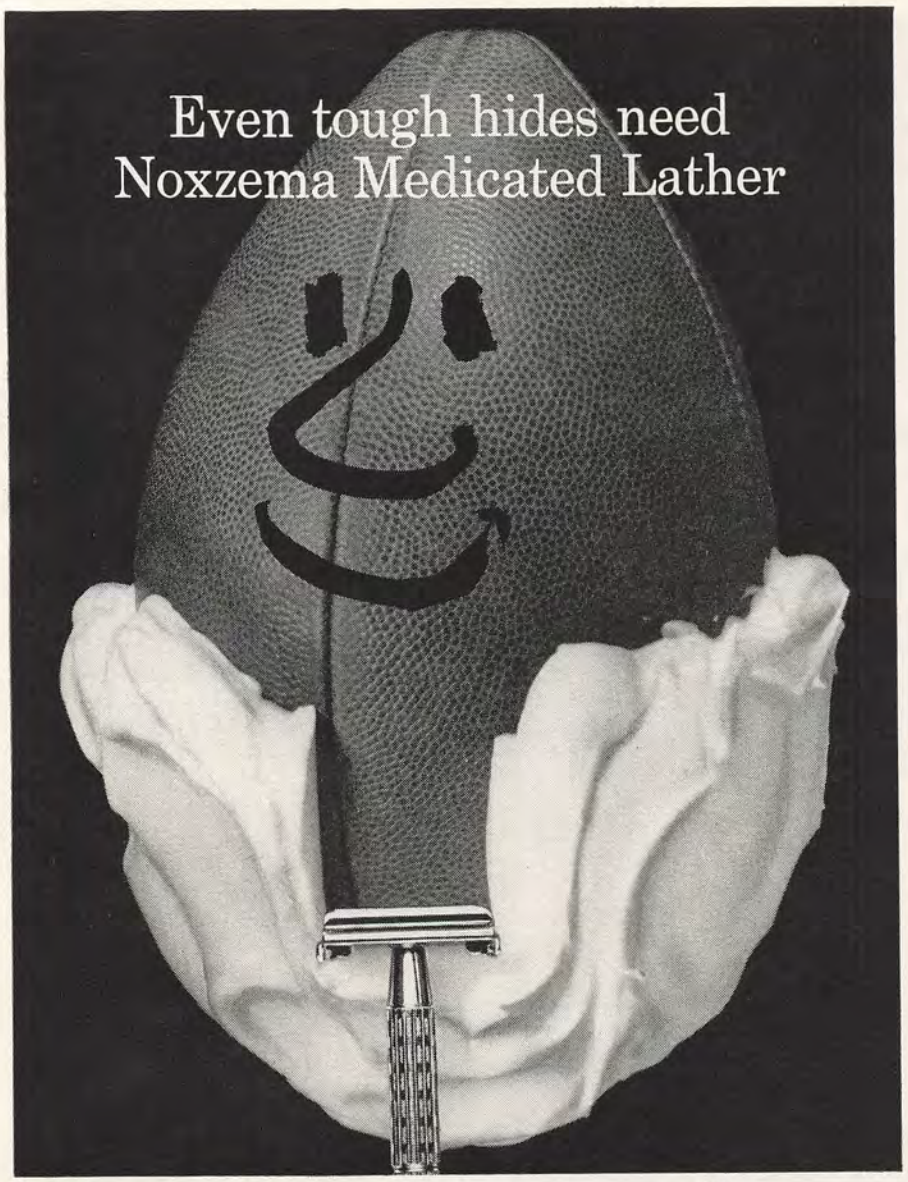
Now a V-6! Only Buick has it!

Six for Savings—V for Voom. It was natural that it came from Buick. Natural that Buick developed the successor to the in-line six-cylinder engine... *the V-6!* A V-6 you can now get in the new 1962 Buick Special (in convertible, sedan or station wagon models). A V-6 that has 140 to 179 pounds less weight than in-line sixes of comparable power. A V-6 that gives you the V-smooth, V-lively *Voom* of big cars *plus* gas economy that challenges the compacts. A V-6 with the shortest, most rigid block and crankshaft in any American 6-cylinder car.

Why is it natural that this great engine should come from Buick? Because it was Buick which also developed an *aluminum V-8* which you can also get in the Buick Special. This is the V-8 that gives you sizzling go, yet swept its class in 1961's Mobilgas Economy Run against the country's top drivers. It's natural that it should come from Buick, too, because so many other great automotive advances *have* . . . such as today's safe, simple directional signals . . . fin-cooled aluminum brakes . . . the first no-shift transmission . . . the first hardtop. So here again you have exciting proof that when better automobiles are built, Buick will build them. Buick Motor Division—General Motors Corporation.

'62 Buick Special V6 V8

The happy-medium size



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Noxzema Medicated Instant Lather is a *cream* lather—extra-rich! It's the *only* instant lather medicated with Noxzema's famous skin-care formula. Lets you shave clean, cool and close—*without* irritation.

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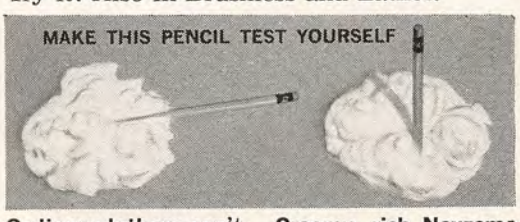

Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and scrapes—irritates skin.

Creamy, rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave clean and close without irritation.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. Byron

NOVEMBER ◆ 1961

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Ripley roamed the world collecting strange facts for his fabulously successful "Believe It or Not." But when his wacky journey through life was over, the strangest thing in his collection of oddities was himself.

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Cover by Melbourne Brindle

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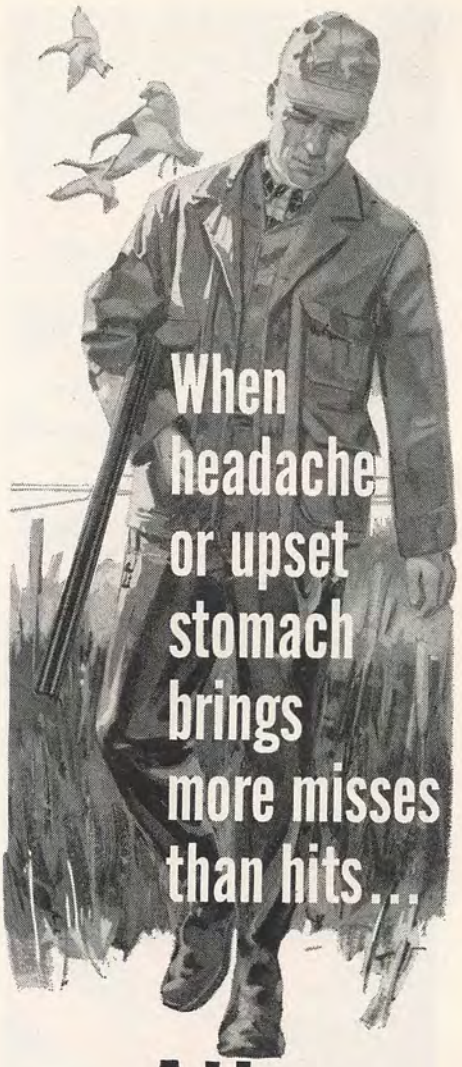
VOL. 42 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 294
NOVEMBER 1961



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BRAND for that
FEEL-BETTER FEELING

When headache or upset stomach is spoiling your fun, get that feel-better feeling with ALKA-SELTZER. Drop two ALKA-SELTZER tablets in a glass of water. It becomes liquid relief. It speeds through your system to relieve that headache, settle your stomach, fight pain and fatigue.

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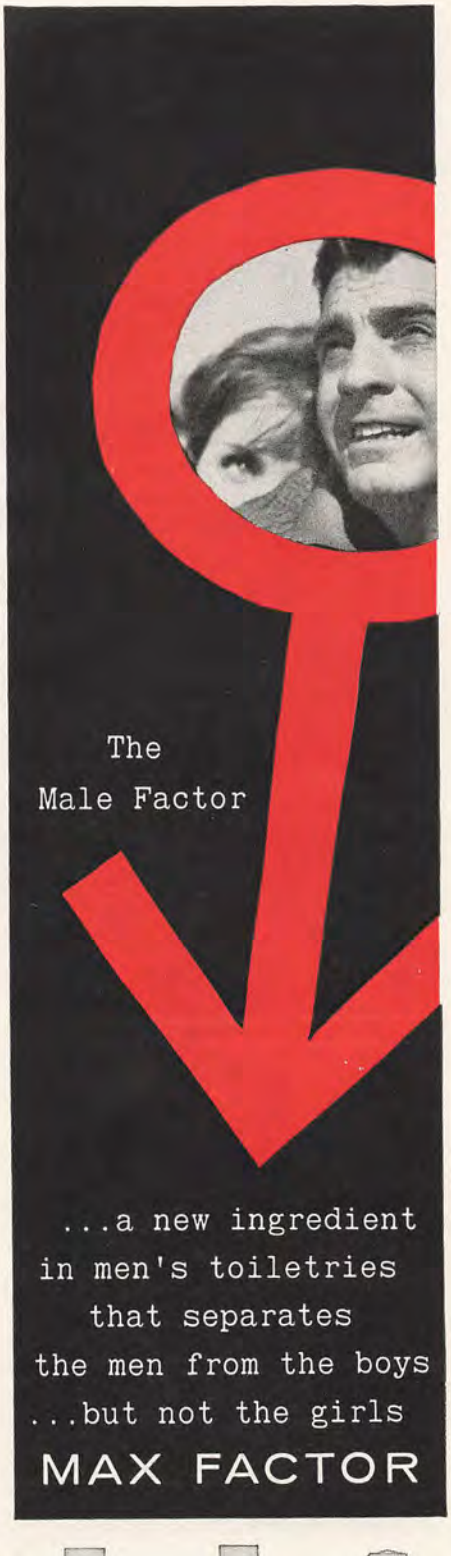

AFTER SHAVE LOTION—Brisk tingle. Rugged scent. Starts your day with a right face, $1.00
DEODORANT COLOGNE—You're safe all day with the clean, fresh tang of the Male Factor, $1.25
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION—Sets up whiskers like clay pigeons for the smoothest, closest shave ever And refreshing as a breeze, $.75

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[*Continued from page* 4]

Angry Kiwi

Yours is the only American magazine I subscribe to, and well worth it, but how can you call our only decent outlaw, Stanley Graham, a madman? (*Mantrap for a Madman*, by Walter Wager, August). Australia had Ned Kelly, you guys had Jessie James, Billy the Kid and others. Come on, give us a break.

—Rex Forrester
Rotorua, New Zealand

Sorry, Rex, we meant no insult to the fun-loving Mr. Graham. But if men with 7 murders to their credit are considered sane in New Zealand, we'll stick to the old USA.

Seversky Scrap

After reading your excellent article, *America, Too Young to Die*, I decided to take a survey among friends and neighbors who regularly receive True. The results shocked me. I am a German girl, now married to a wonderful American and we have five children, but I grew up in Germany and had the misfortune to witness at first hand the horrors of war. I feel very strongly that it is every American's duty to be concerned about the possibilities of another war, but few of the people I questioned took your article seriously. They said there were "too many figures and statistics," they called the author "a crackpot." One said: "It made me sick to see how much the government is spending on so-called defense measures. We are the guys who will pay for all that stuff in the end." Because I have been through a war, I doubly appreciate the opportunity to live in a country such as this, but let's not get overconfident. It is the duty of each of us to see that our country is as safe as we can possibly make it. The least we can do is be prepared.

—Mrs. Gisela Sharkey
Enfield, New Hampshire

I think it is important to remember that Seversky represents an extremist stand in wishing to effect a drastic reorganization of our military in favor of the Air Force. We should remember also that the evaluation of the present power balance is highly debatable, and the major weakens his argument by exaggerating our position.

—G. K. Douthwaite
Seattle, Wash.

Ungrammatical Gator

What member of your staff did not get out of grammar school? In a recent issue you printed "None of these ships is now in commission." Shouldn't it be "None of these ships are now in commission"?

—Thomas E. Silcox
Titusville, Fla.

No.

Stamped Out

In reference to your *Man to Man Answers* for September, please take time to consult any leading N. Y. City stamp dealer or Scotts Catalogue and you will find that there are a number of stamps that exceed the Honduras air mail in value; for instance, the British Guiana #13 at $50,000.

—Leslie A. Boone
Fort Worth, Texas

You could've made more mistakes, Tex, but for a short letter you didn't do too badly. First, the question we answered referred to the highest price ever paid *at auction*. We knew perfectly well that this wasn't the most valuable, but your letter wasn't even right there; the top stamp is the British Guiana magenta one-cent of 1856 and it's valued at a cool hundred grand.

Winding Lane

I see where "Baseball's Perpetual-Motion Pitchman" (September) has proved your point by moving right out of Kansas City. The next club who hires Frank Lane may not win a pennant, but if the front-office shenanigans in K. C. this year are any guide, things sure won't be dull.

—Dave Allison
St. Louis, Mo.

Your article on Lane neglected to give him credit for the best job he ever did: building up the Detroit Tigers. When Trader Lane handed us Norm Cash and Rocky Colovito for Harvey Kuenn, he accomplished what a long succession of Detroit managers couldn't; namely, bringing a sorry second-division club into the midst of a 2-team pennant fight. We didn't win the '61 flag, but we'll always be grateful to Frank C. Lane, the best damn general manager the Tigers *never* had.

—Stuart Altschuler
Detroit, Mich.

Antler Man

I've got $50 that says your Man to Man item about moose horns was wrong. A moose doesn't have horns—he has antlers. A horn is a permanent part of an animal, and continues to grow as long as the animal lives. An antler is shed every year and a new set is grown. Want to bet? If I win, I'll take $50 worth of True subscriptions. If I lose, I'll send you $50 worth of moose horns.

—Leon Weissgerber
Milwaukee, Wisc.

To begin with, antlers *are* horns. According to Webster's Dictionary, an antler is "the entire horn, or any branch of the horn, of an animal of the deer family." As far as that permanent business, the white-tailed deer has horns and sheds them every year. Better pull in your own horns, Leon.

[*Continued on page* 10]

LOOK NO CORD

That is correct.

When charged, this amazing drill drills without an electric cord, plug or outlet of any kind. Quite a tool.

The Black & Decker ¼" CORDLESS Electric Drill* does not replace our corded tools. It's a new addition—has extraordinary virtues.

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Red Ball® LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

Ball-Band Footwear *for sportsmen*

Mishawaka, Indiana

[*Continued from page* 8]

Where's Edith?

I took this picture near Boca Raton, Florida, last September. Edith had already left by the time I arrived, but I remembered your cartoon.

—Will Rich
Gainesville, Florida

"Back now, Edith . . . slow. She's off the trailer and afloat now. Hold it, Edith. HOLD IT, Edith. EDITH!"

Revolutionary Hornets

In the picture spread in your August issue you stated that the hornet's nest on the Charlotte police badge was a KKK symbol. You might be interested in the original significance of the nest, which does not refer to the Klan. Lord Cornwallis, best known in American history for his surrender of the British forces at Yorktown, called Charlotte a "damn hornet's nest" because of the annoying activities of the local patriots during his occupancy of the city in 1780.

—Paul Franson
Davidson, N. C.

Cut Weight

I found just one simple error in the otherwise excellent *Lonely Life of Monsieur Death*, by Geoffrey Bocca (June). In discussing the mechanics of the guillotine, the author states that the blade is "sped on its fall by a 100-pound weight." Nearly 400 years ago Galileo proved that weight does not affect the speed of a falling object. In the case of the guillotine, the weight merely increases the impact when it hits.

—Mike Morrison
Galesburg, Ill.

You and Galileo are right, Mike. However, the weight does affect the speed inasmuch as the weighted blade slows down less when it meets resistance, and thus the weight increases the speed with which the head is separated from the body.

Integrated Heroes

I have been a reader of your magazine for 14 years, but I have never enjoyed a story as much as the one in your August issue entitled *The Day They Integrated Heroism*. As an American of African descent, I found it very inspiring. I hope I may see the day when all men will learn to accept one another for their ability and intelligence alone.

—Raymond Small
New York, N. Y.

Your author has a terribly warped perspective. He honors the insane John Brown, and makes a glory-spangled encounter out of a stupid tactical blunder. If the South had not run out of bullets, Appomattox would have had a different ending.

—Allen J. McDaniel, Jr.
Abilene, Texas

I must congratulate you on printing the first and only full-length article concerning the Negroes in the Civil War. The Negroes played a great role in the last two years of the war and should receive their share of the credit. They were at the battles of the Crater, Richmond, Charleston, Fort Pillow, Milliken Bend, Port Hudson, and many more. Almost one out of five was killed, wounded or missing.

—Richard Bell
Markham, Ill.

Cooking With Steam

The July *Strange But True* states that the first steam-drawn passenger service was provided by the Manchester and Liverpool Railway on September 15, 1830. While visiting England I had the opportunity of seeing the steam locomotive "Locomotion No. 1" which, on September 27, 1825, with the markings of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, worked the first steam-drawn passenger train, with its builder, George Stevenson, as engineer.

—William J. Robinson
Queens Village, N. Y.

According to George R. Martin, "You are right, but we are righter." The S&D was the first to pull passengers by train, but it was only a one-day affair. The next day the S&D went back to hauling coal, and didn't start steam-drawn passenger service until 1833, three years after the M&L. Just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, Bill, one engine-pulled trip doesn't make a railroad passenger service.

Mash Note

It may be a shocking blow to you fellows to hear that I have unofficially dubbed TRUE "The Man's Magazine for Women." Right now I can see your noses wrinkling and your lips curling up at such lip from a mere woman. But about 90% of the married females I know are avid TRUE readers, and 95% of them share the same opinion of TRUE that I do. So I'll take my stand and tell you: "I think TRUE's great."

—Mrs. Howard B. Cooper
Anchorage, Alaska

Attention, Mr. Howard B. Cooper, Anchorage, Alaska: Your wife has been writing mushy letters to a strange man. You'll know what to do. . . .

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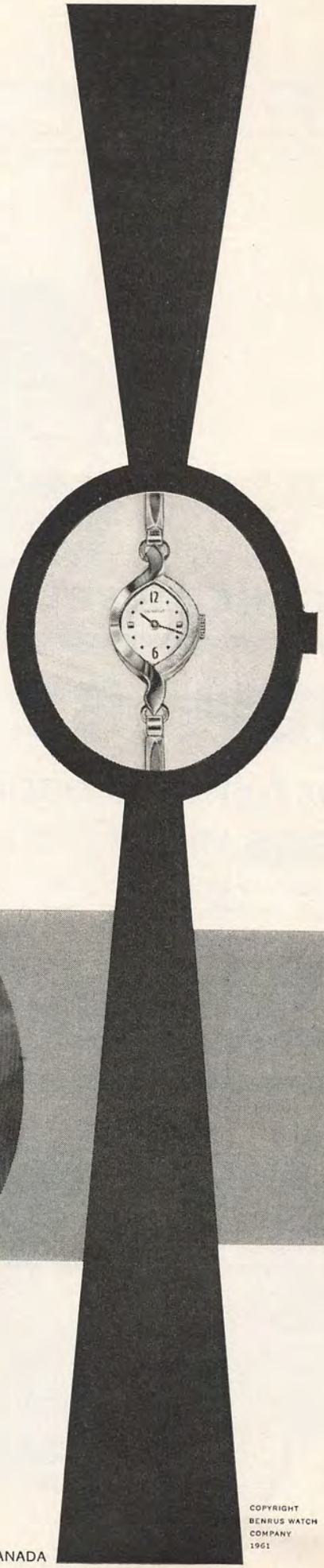

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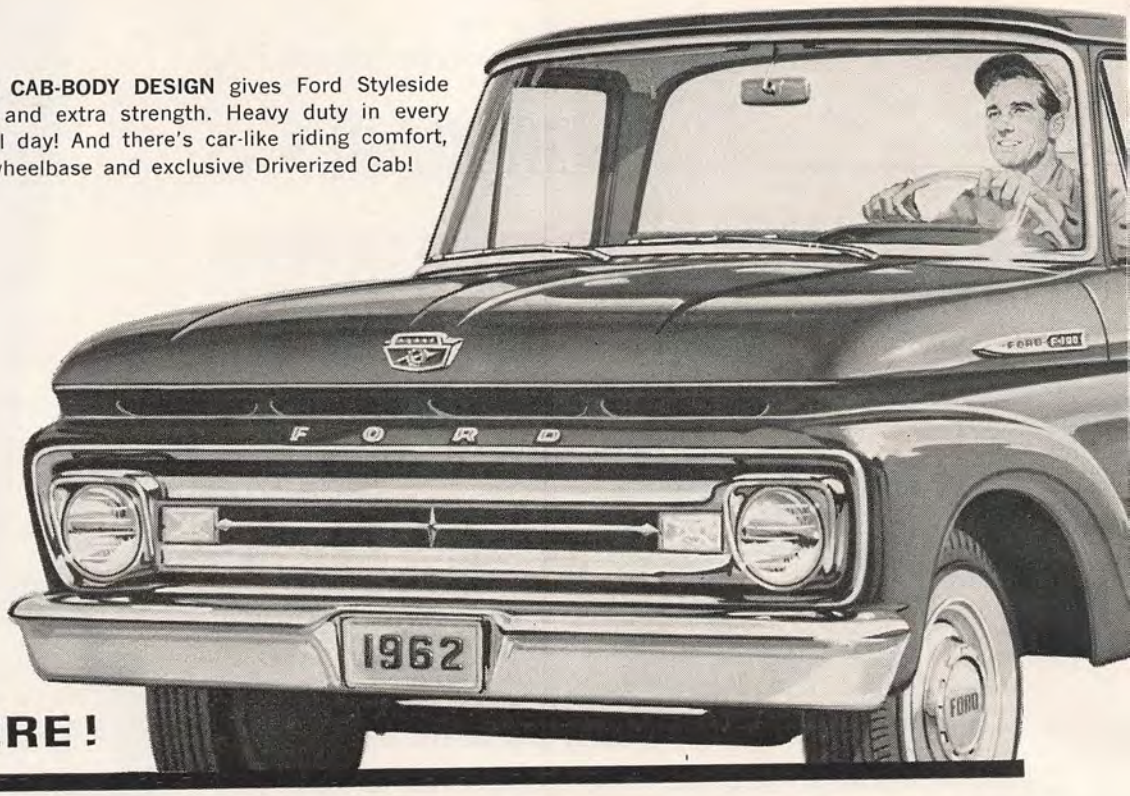

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NEW '62 FORD TRUCKS

Get full-time economy that only starts with Ford's low price!

Meet the trucks that make saving money a full-time business—new Ford Trucks for '62!

In a selection of over 600 models there's a truck that's right for your job, whatever your job...trucks that you can buy and operate at lower cost...trucks that can save you money mile after mile, load after load, year after year!

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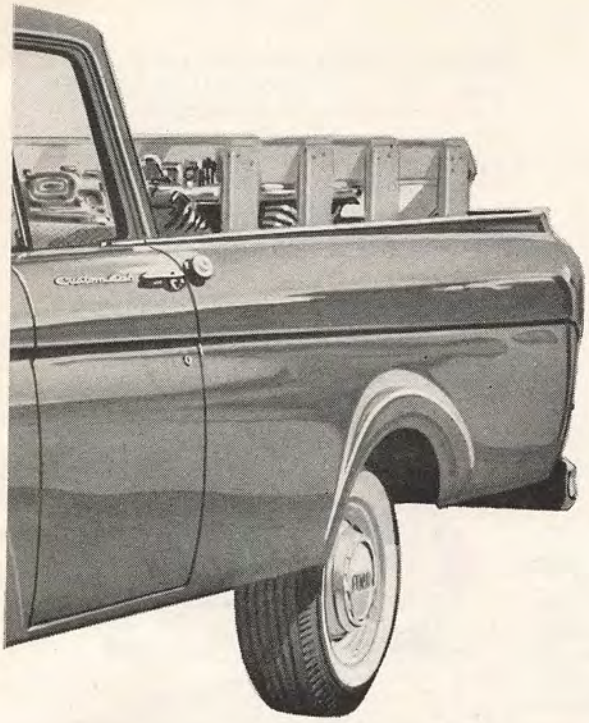
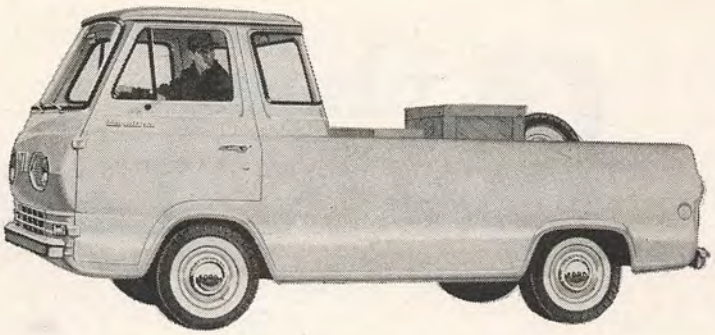
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR VAN—and small wonder! Econoline savings start with a price far under any conventional panel on the market! And they continue saving every day—certified tests have shown that over 16,000 miles, savings in operating costs compared to conventional panels can top $100! Big 4-ft. doors rear and curbside, plus 204 cu. ft. of loadspace and a floor that's flat the full length, provide easy loading.





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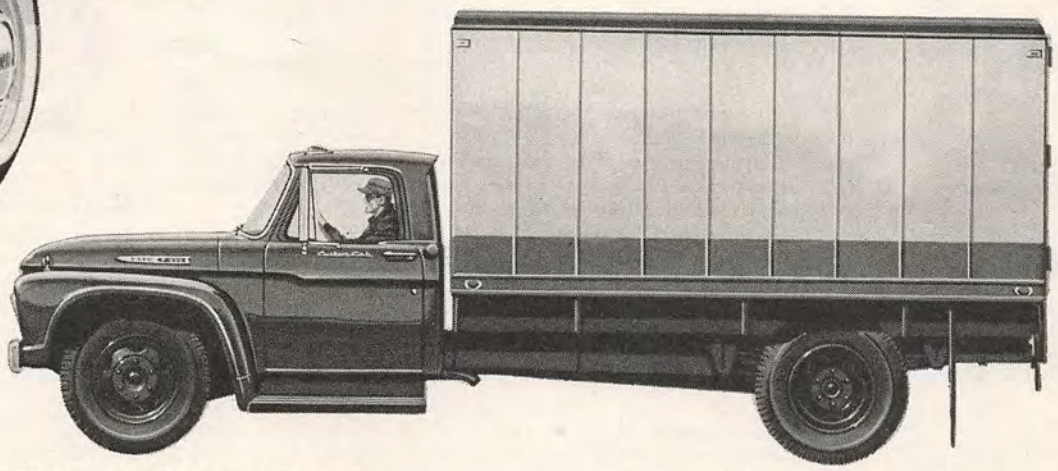

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PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

this funny Life

While stationed on the desert near Palm Springs a couple of years ago, it was my misfortune to have as a section leader the most self-centered, egotistical, tech sergeant in the USMC. In his estimation, there was no one who could pull anything on Sergeant Know-it-all.

At the time, we had in our group a very witty young corporal who, like the rest of us, was just waiting for the chance to spring one on the sergeant. One day while we were working on our tractors, Sergeant Know-it-all was discussing our coming physical qualification tests, and predicting that young punks like us could never hope to compete with older and more time-tested Marines like himself.

"That may well be," remarked the corporal, "but when it comes to that new exercise they've got, I think we'll have you."

"The Marine Corps hasn't thought of a trick I can't do!" the sergeant snapped.

"Well, let's see," the corporal said. "The idea is to get down on your hands and knees, and see if you can lift your knee as high as your shoulder."

With a self-confident look the sergeant got down on all fours and easily completed the exercise. With his leg still raised ridiculously he grinned up at the corporal and said, "See, Junior—it's not hard at all."

"Good!" said the corporal. "Now let's hear you bark."

Gerry Olson
Chicago, Ill.

A friend of mine was recently promoted to the position of Public Relations manager in his company. He's originally from Maine and on a trip home he proudly spoke of his promotion to his family. His bachelor uncle, a salty old fisherman, took the wind out of his sails with the comment: "Look, son, I know the meaning of public and I know the meaning of relations. But, my God, boy, *public relations!*"

William Brennan
Camillus, N. Y.

Our local drive-in restaurant displays this sign:

HELP STAMP OUT METRECAL
EAT!

Dave L. Boesch
Oak Harbor, Wash.

It was August of 1936 in the Black Hills of South Dakota. The likeness of Thomas Jefferson, carved by Gutzon Borglum from the stone face of Mount Rushmore, was to be dedicated by the President of the United States. In command of the 2nd Squadron, 4th Cavalry, I had marched this unit from Fort Meade to Rapid City the previous day, to provide the Presidential escort.

The city had gone all-out to prepare for the occasion. Flags and bunting were everywhere; streets were scrupulously clean. The plan was that my squadron would render honors to the President at the railroad station and then escort him down the main street to the hotel. A comparatively short time before the President's arrival, the entire plan was rehearsed.

After we had reached the hotel, the mayor of Rapid City looked with marked dismay back up the street, over which our 150 horses had just passed. Then he shrugged and said philosophically: "Well, anyway, the President will know that this is no 'one-horse town'!"

—William Biddle
Washington, D. C.

An Army general was making an inspection of mess halls overseas. At an isolated post in Saudi Arabia he called the mess officer, a second lieutenant, on the mat for inefficiency. After the general had chewed him out, the lieutenant turned on his heel without saluting.

"Lieutenant," the general shouted, "do you realize what I can do to you for not saluting?"

The lieutenant slowly turned around. "Sir," he replied, "I am a second lieutenant, I am in Saudi Arabia, and I am a mess officer. Just what more can you do to me?"

James Hildibrand
Park Forest, Ill.

One cold February night I was awakened by a persistent knocking on the door of the apartment adjoining mine. Knowing my neighbor to be a heavy sleeper, I got up to investigate and found a Western Union boy pounding at his door. I offered my assistance, and the two of us rained blows on the door until both my neighbor and his wife were roused. Sleepily, they opened up, both obviously annoyed by this midnight intrusion.

The boy handed them the message. "Telegram for Robert Dallach," he said.

If my neighbors' glares could have killed, I would have been dead on the spot. The telegram was for me.

Robert Dallach, Jr.
Hollywood, Calif.

During the Korean "Police Action" the patients of the Oakland, California, Naval Hospital were frequently visited by touring politicians and their wives. During one of these occurrences the wife of a congressman was pestering a lanky Marine corporal with questions about the nature of his wounds. However, the bandage-swaddled young leatherneck would only blush and mumble something unintelligible. After several unsuccessful attempts to satisfy her curiosity, the portly woman stopped a passing medical corpsman and demanded that he get the information for her.

The whole ward broke up when the corpsman said, "Lady, the bullet that hit him would have missed you."

—David A. Taylor
Cleveland, Ohio

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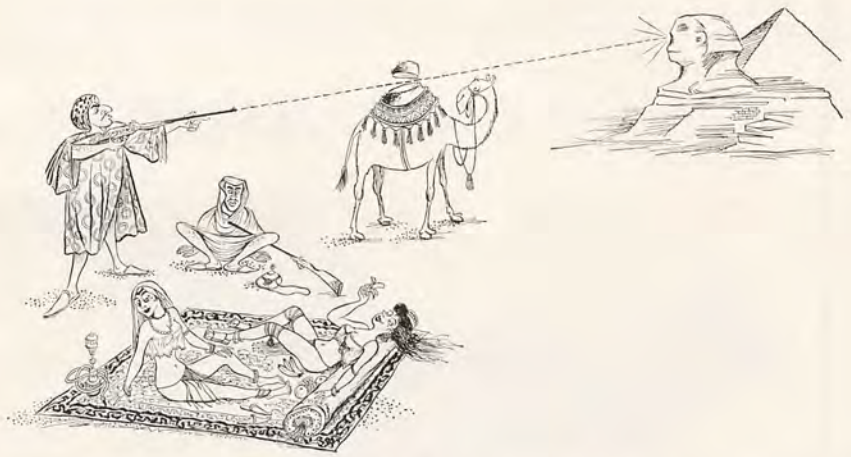
CHOOSE-IT-YOURSELF VOCATIONAL TRAINING SYSTEM **US ARMY**

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin



Many an unoffending statue has had its nose broken because some frustrated soul felt snooted by society. In Rome, city of sculptures, a squad of repairmen each year take several weeks to replace noses that people have spitefully knocked off the faces of marble emperors. Archeologists exploring Greek ruins know they'll be lucky to find a single old god that hasn't been disfigured by lonely shepherds throwing stones at it—with the nose as main target. The outstanding example of mutilation is the Great Sphinx of Egypt, carved from a natural limestone outcropping 4,000 years ago. Arabs in the Middle Ages went to work on its truly monumental nose—5 feet 10 inches long—with a new weapon, the firearm. They used the Sphinx for musketry practice. The result is that today the world's most famous statue looks like a beat-up prizefighter. Nor is plastic surgery likely, for nobody knows any more what the missing nose once looked like. *By W. W. Scott, Lincoln, Neb.*

When every man wore a sword or knife as a practical item of haberdashery, doctors handled a lot of wound cases. They had considerable success, from the 15th to 17th centuries, with a medication called weapon salve. This ointment included eunuch's fat, human mummy, moss from a criminal's skull and other powerful ingredients. Early treatment was essential; reputable doctors generally refused to treat a case that wasn't brought to them immediately. The wound was loosely covered with a cloth to keep flies off; the salve was smeared on the important thing—the weapon—preferably while still bloody. It was then carefully wrapped and bandaged. The weapon-dressing was changed every second or third day until the patient recovered. That the high rate of recovery was due to the wound's being unanointed and left to heal cleanly by itself never entered anyone's mind, of course. For 300 years, the magic effectiveness of weapon salve persisted as the most fantastic error—and perhaps the only fortunate one—in medical annals. *By Robert Clinton, Asheville, N. C.*

A worldwide struggle between Left and Right goes on today not only in politics but in motoring. The Right is slowly winning, though stubborn pockets of resistance remain among nations where the custom still is to drive on the left side of the road. The last sizable victory was won in Argentina. One midnight in 1945, after weeks of intense propaganda, all traffic shifted from left to right, amid considerable confusion eased by a temporary 19-mph speed limit. Thereafter, it was English imported automobiles that bore an extra $50 cost for altering their steering wheels, instead of U.S. cars. But to change the rule of the road at home, Britain, the major holdout, would have to spend an estimated $500 million to alter her vehicles, road signs and traffic signals. Therefore the struggle will probably go on for some time to come . . . though nature apparently is on the winning side, for 94 percent of the human race is naturally right-handed.

Before America turned its back on George III, His Britannic Majesty received another snub too undignified to be mentioned in most history books. It happened in 1761 during George's thoroughly mixed-up coronation banquet. Lord Talbot, the High Steward who staged that affair, lacked experience—there hadn't been a coronation in 34 years—and he wasn't very bright anyway. When the royal procession was about to enter Westminster Hall, somebody discovered that the Chairs of State, to seat the newly crowned King and Queen, had been forgotten. Reassembled after several hours' delay, the procession entered the hall in darkness—the 2,000-candle chandeliers hadn't been lit. When the lights went on, the banquet was revealed as miserably skimpy—Talbot hadn't ordered enough food. But the worst was yet to come. In a bit of traditional pageantry, Talbot rode into the hall, to do homage, on a horse he had trained to withdraw backward after approaching the King frontward. Confused, the animal wheeled around and despite Talbot's desperate yanking insistently backed its fat behind up to the King's table. Thus dubiously honored by a horse's assiduity, and not comforted by a courtier's assurance that the *next* coronation would be better, George began a long and unhappy reign. The poor man later became the only officially insane king in England's history. *By William F. Thomas, Canoga Park, Calif.*

Long-suffering commuters today have no train service that can begin to compare in speed with the almost incredibly fast travel provided by an odd little railroad near New York half a century ago. The Tunis road, named for its inventor, was a short branch line serving passengers at a main-railroad station. The whole outfit consisted of just one car riding one rail on a 1½-mile route that included many curves. Yet it was built for speedy service, and speed it achieved. The car, sharp-pointed at both ends, had four double-flanged wheels in line turned by individual electric motors. It was held upright by a trolley arrangement running in an overhead channel that was offset where necessary to bank the car around the curves. In April, 1910, on the first official trip, a load of notables was whisked over the crooked 1½ miles in exactly 1½ minutes, from start to stop. The car went on performing that unbelievable feat, shuttling back and forth every day, for four months. The end came when the motorman recklessly violated a speed rule by taking a curve at *less* than 55 mph. Leaning too heavily at only 46, the car slipped its trolley from the overhead channel and fell on its side, injuring some of the 100 passengers aboard. Their lawsuits bankrupted the little road. But investigation showed that flimsy construction, not design, was at fault in ending a remarkable feat of railroading that has never been equalled since. *By Ramsay McGregor, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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Example: this year's automatic transmission (for V8s) weighs sixty pounds less than last year's. Its case is made of aluminum instead of cast iron. It's stronger, less bulky and allows a sizeable reduction in the front floor tunnel.

All seats are chair-high. There's a fold-down center armrest up front. The body is rustproofed. The brakes adjust themselves. And any 1962 Dodge will go 32,000 miles between grease jobs.

As always, the name Dodge on a car is your assurance of complete dependability.

NOW DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE

George Preston Marshall:

LAST OF THE SMALL-TIME SPENDERS

The Redskins' owner may be a genius at keeping down the payroll, but his galloping case of foot-in-mouth disease, plus a conviction that he knows more about football than a carload of All-Americans, could kill pro football in Washington

By EDWARD LINN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Last season, George P. Marshall, the owner of the Washington Redskins, came storming into the locker room following a 26-14 loss to St. Louis to give his quarterbacks, Ralph Guglielmi and M. C. Reynolds, the benefit of his vast experience and even vaster vocabulary. Although the 66-year-old Marshall has owned a club in the National Football League for more than 25 years, he has never played a game of football in his life. Fortunately, this has never caused him to doubt for one moment that he knows far more about football than any all-American quarterback from Notre Dame. After he had lectured Guglielmi on the proper way to run a football team, he turned his attention to the second-string quarterback, M. C. Reynolds. Reynolds, a new man, had particularly incensed Marshall by calling a draw play from his own 20-yard line with seven seconds to go. "Do you really think," Marshall screamed, "that Olzcewski could run 80 yards in seven seconds?"

Reynolds did not interrupt his boss in order to remind him that in the game of football it is customary for the play to continue on to its conclusion even after the final gun has sounded. Nor did he think it wise to point out that when you're behind 26-14, with seven seconds to go, there just ain't no way the quarterback is going to win the game for you.

The whole performance reminded connoisseurs of Marshall of that golden day when he burst into a Washington locker room to revile Frank Filchock for having a pass intercepted late in the game. Filchock had to be forcibly restrained from tearing George P. apart, and he was soon traded to the Giants where he promptly became an extremely successful and popular All-League halfback.

In those days, Marshall, a 6'2", broad-beamed man, was notorious for attacking players and officials in their lairs. Although his hair is now almost wholly gray and his clothes hang more loosely on his frame, he still crackles with vitality and he still has the same intense, utterly confident way of talking that somehow dominates any conversation he finds himself involved in. Washington columnist Bob Addie once wrote, "He's irascible, violent, opinionated, a dictator and completely uninhibited. He has an almost psychopathic passion for football. But he's colorful and good copy. I like him, but I wouldn't want to work for him."

Under Marshall's dictatorial regime, the Redskins have lately been descending rapidly toward the slag heap. George Halas predicted their decline in the mid-50's when he told a Washington columnist, "The Redskins aren't going to recover until George lets his coach run the team. George isn't a football man, he's a ticket man."

In the past three years, Marshall, the football man, has put together teams that won a total of eight games. Last year, he performed the near miracle of fielding a professional team that won only one game—and

The new Washington stadium, built with Federal funds, puts Marshall's lily-white policy in the spotlight.

LAST OF THE SMALL-TIME SPENDERS

that against a new team, Dallas, which won no games at all.

While every other team in the National Football League was shattering attendance records through the booming 50's, Marshall's attendance was dwindling steadily away. Last year, the Redskins drew 137,000, an all-time low.

Not content with running his own franchise into the ground, he also managed to foul the whole NFL nest. Marshall did not want Dallas admitted to the league last year. He has been living for years off the Redskins' profitable radio-TV network through the South and, quite understandably, he saw no great necessity to encourage local competition.

The other owners, led by George Halas, were just as determined to get a team of their own into Dallas before the other Dallas franchise—in the new American Football League—took hold. To give them pause, Marshall announced, "The only reason for expansion I've heard from the other owners is that we could destroy the new league. If that is the only reason, then we are guilty of monopolistic practices."

Coach Joe Kuharich quit before Marshall had a chance to fire him. Mike Nixon, right, and many others got the ax.

As the owners gathered in Miami for their annual meeting, Marshall was saying, "This whole business is really disgusting to me . . . I'm going to fight expansion and keep on fighting it."

The night before the vote, when it became obvious that Halas was going to win, Marshall said, "I have been consistent in my opposition to expansion both publicly and privately. No, I won't buy it. I'll go along reluctantly, not willingly."

The next day, he not only voted for the admission of Dallas but he tried to get Walter Wolfner of the Cardinals, the lone holdout, to go along too.

Commissioner Joe Foss of the AFL promptly filed a $10 million anti-trust suit against the NFL, citing Marshall as his authority.

None of this, you will be pleased to know, has shaken Marshall's confidence in himself at all. In training camp last year, he kept proclaiming that he had put together the best Redskin squad since their last division championship team in 1945. The sportswriters covering the team seemed to be in some mild disagreement since they were writing that the Redskins not only had the worst team in their history but, quite possibly, the worst team in the history of the league.

"I'll stake my knowledge of football players with anybody," Marshall declared, forgetting perhaps that he had refused to take Paul Hornung from Green Bay in 1959 for halfback Jim Podoley and end Joe Walton. Or that in earlier days, he had let Chuck Conerly go to the Giants because he was sure he had a superior passer in Harry Gilmer, and in anger had released Alex Webster outright without ever giving him a chance to carry a ball.

The loss of six straight exhibition games did nothing to disabuse him. "We're loaded with talent," he stated confidently on the train back to Washington. "The only thing we haven't got is a quarterback"—which is pretty much like saying that it was a beautiful wedding except the bride didn't show up.

The more the Redskins lost, as the season progressed, the better the players seemed to look to him. After they were belted by Cleveland, 31-10, and St. Louis, 44-7, he reappraised the situation calmly and announced he was now convinced that the Redskin material was the best since the *world championship* team of 1942—a statement which was somehow not interpreted as a vote of confidence for his coach, Mike Nixon. (That's the Nixon who was to lose his job in December. The other Nixon lost his job a month earlier. An unfortunate fellow named Bill McPeak now has the coaching spot.)

Nixon was only the last of 13 coaches who have somehow been unable to win with the great material provided by George Preston Marshall. The lone exception was Ray Flaherty, who won three division titles and two World Championships in seven years and never had a losing season. But Flaherty had the poor taste to feel that he should be paid like a winner and the even poorer taste to hang up on Marshall when the Redskin owner phoned instructions down to the bench during the game. (It is almost too much to hope that Flaherty had the wit to say, "Sorry, wrong number.") Corinne Griffith, Marshall's ex-wife, used to tell him at the end of every season, "George, you lost nine championships when you let Flaherty go."

Back there in the 30's, though, Marshall was indeed the dominant figure he still somehow imagines himself to be. No man did more to build up pro football, both as a game and as a spectacle. When Marshall led 10,000 Washington fans up to New York in 1937 to watch the Redskins play the Giants for the championship of the Eastern Division, it was a time of real excitement. As the late Bill Corum wrote, in one of the great sports leads: "At the head of a 55-piece band, George Preston Marshall slipped unobtrusively into New York today."

And he did as much as anybody else to give professional football its identifying features. It was Marshall, along with George Halas, who, in 1933, pushed through the rules changes that swung pro football, once and for all, out from under the influence of the college game. The most important of these rules changes were:

1. A pass was permitted from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage.
2. The goal posts were placed on the goal line.
3. The ball carrier was allowed to get up after being hit.
4. Relatively free substitution was permitted.
5. Freedom of communication was allowed between the coach and his quarterback.

Marshall's early career shows a record of almost unbroken success in many fields. At the age of 22, he inherited one broken-down Washington laundry and built it, through his own business and promotional [*Continued on page* 22]

Jet-Smooth '62 Chevrolet... Refreshing beauty with a restful ride!

Any more elegance would be extravagance. Here's all the room, refinement and riding comfort you could reasonably want. Rich new interiors tastefully topped by a striking slim-roof silhouette. A new choice of road-relishing V8 power. A road-gentling Jet-smooth ride. You could scarcely expect more at any price. So why pay more?

Time was when elegance cost a pretty penny. But not this time! The '62 Chevrolet has everything you could reasonably want in a car, *including* a reasonable price. The ride's so smooth we call it Jet-smooth (Full Coil suspension and over 700 chassis cushioners are responsible). The beauty *stays* beautiful because it's more than skin deep—new steel front fender underskirts, for instance, fend off rust.

If power's your pleasure, you can command 409 hp* (6 engines in all to choose from, including standard 6 and V8). The doors swing wide, the mufflers are longer lived and a heater and defroster are standard equipment. And it's all beautifully packaged with Body by Fisher finesse. Sounds like a lot of car? That's what it *is* . . . except in price. Drop in on your Chevrolet dealer and see.

**Optional at extra cost.*

Impala Sport Coupe . . . couldn't look more like a convertible unless it were one.

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Chevy II 300 4-Door Sedan.

dependability never looked so dapper!

Here's a totally new line of cars that brings you all the virtues you ***know*** *you can count on in the Chevrolet family—plus some surprises you've never seen on any car before. Thrifty? Your choice of a frugal 4- or a spunky 6-cylinder engine (in most models). Roomy? Sedans seat six solid citizens, bag and baggage. Price? That's one of the most pleasant surprises of all!*

It's easy to park, pack and pay for. Easy to service. Easy to maintain. Very easy on gas. It's available in nine models . . . sedans, a hardtop, station wagons, even a convertible. It's sensibly sized outside, but very, very roomy inside. Rides like many a big car, too, thanks to a new kind of design — Mono-Plate rear springs. Sound good? Go see! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

[*Continued from page 20*]
ability, into a huge chain operation with 53 stores and 96 retail outlets. (Although he is still usually identified as "the Washington laundry man," he actually sold out for a small fortune back in 1946.) He was also an actor and a conspicuous member of the Broadway crowd. He was in politics long enough to serve as a delegate to the Democratic national conventions of 1932 and 1936. In 1932, he seconded the nomination of Maryland's favorite son, Gov. Albert C. Ritchie. As a newspaperman, he was the publisher, briefly, of the Hearst-owned Washington *Times*.

He was always a sports buff, though. When Bucky Harris was the Boy Manager of the Senators in 1932, he and Marshall were sharing an apartment. The next year, Marshall had a team in the first pro basketball league in the country —the Palace Club, sponsored by his laundry and featuring Horse Haggerty, one of the original Celtics. He entered pro football in 1932 as the founder and owner of the Boston Redskins which he moved to Washington in 1937.

During Texas' Centennial celebration in 1937, the city of Dallas paid him $100,000 to put on an exposition which would challenge the girlie show Billy Rose was putting on for Fort Worth. Marshall dreamed up the Pan-American games and garnished the program with international boxing and automobile races through the streets of the city.

George P. Marshall's past triumphs, unfortunately, do little to comfort the Redskin fan as he looks upon the bleak record of the past few years. This season, of course, attendance has to improve because the Redskins will be moving into the new $22 million Washington Stadium, with its 50,000 capacity. In the first year, the stadium will be an attraction in itself. Under anybody else but Marshall, the Redskins would have found themselves in exclusive possession of an even greater attraction, the President of the United States. Because of Marshall's long policy against hiring Negro players, however, President Kennedy—a rabid football fan—will find it politically unwise to lend his presence to any Redskin game. Instead, the President, his brother Bob, and the host of ex-Harvard football captains who huddle around them, will be travelling up to Baltimore to watch the Colts.

Marshall's troubles with the new stadium are typical of the way he has been able—through the force of his strange and wonderful personality—to snatch new disasters out of the teeth of success.

To understand Marshall, it is first necessary to understand that politically he is about 30 leagues to the starboard of Barry Goldwater. In an age when we are aiming rockets at the moon, he refuses to ride in an airplane and does not know how to drive a car. He is against the income tax, not only on April 15 like the rest of us but all year round as a matter of political philosophy. He is against Federal authority, Federal intervention, Federal aid. "I warned my Southern friends they were destroying themselves by taking Federal aid from Roosevelt," he says, with the solid satisfaction of a man who believes he has been vindicated by history. "They wouldn't believe me and so they ended up with the Supreme Court decision desegregating their schools."

What he really means, of course, is that Federal aid is indecent, immoral and injurious to the moral fiber of everybody except football promoters named George Preston Marshall. Almost from the day he brought his team to Washington, he began to campaign for a stadium to be built by Federal funds and controlled by a local board. The stadium that now stands along the shores of the Anacostia River is a monument to Marshall's influence and drive. And in all that time, it never occurred to him that once he signed a lease he would be submitting his own operation to some degree of Federal supervision.

What happened was that Marshall's lease contained a little clause binding him to abide by any future Federal laws and regulations. The Department of Interior, at President Kennedy's direction, promptly issued a decree prohibiting "discrimination in employment practices by any operator or sub-lessee in any public facility in a park area." Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall then warned Marshall that unless he showed some intention of signing a Negro player he would be in for "a moral argument with the President or even possible criminal prosecution." Marshall holds a lease and will open the season in the new stadium. It's still possible that Udall will try to evict him and it's also possible, of course, that Marshall will finally break down and hire a Negro.

"We won't have discrimination or segregation at the stadium," he says. "Never have had it. Anybody can buy a ticket at our box office, white or Negro. Besides, the opposition always has Negroes on the field."

"But," comes the objection, "the law is directed toward the lessee. That's you. Are *you* going to sign a Negro player this year?"

"We wouldn't sign a Negro player just to sign one. Baseball has done that, exploited Negroes for box-office purposes, and it's wrong." This may be doubletalk but Marshall is a master at it.

Marshall is willing to volunteer the information that Ernie Davis of Syracuse is undoubtedly the outstanding Negro in next year's crop. "I wouldn't say I would bar Davis. That would be a stupid statement. Our position is this. One: We have no discrimination. Two: I don't believe anybody has any right to tell any man who he has to hire. Three: We're going to obey the laws of the U.S. government whatever they may be. We are not trying to run the world."

Does that mean he will sign Davis if he is available?

"Of course, a lot depends on what you need. We happen to need linemen at the present time more than running backs."

(*Note*: the longest run from scrimmage by any Redskin last year was 29 yards.)

"The most important thing the socialists or racists ignore," Marshall adds, "is we never violate any laws of the country, city or league. Why don't they jump on Saperstein for discriminating against the whites? I don't have any girls on the team, either. Am I discriminating against women?"

If Marshall is aware that he is putting his team at a hopeless disadvantage by cutting off the whole pool of Negro talent, he will not admit it. "Another alarming thing," he says, "is the number of Negro players who have jumped to Canada. Philadelphia has lost three of their No. 1 draft picks in the last four years, all Negroes, and a few years ago they lost Johnny Bright too. That's hurt them bad."

It has not hurt the Eagles so bad that they did not win the league championship last year, nor did it dismay them so much that they did not pick another Negro, Syracuse halfback Art Baker, as their No. 1 choice this year. Green Bay, the winner in the Western Division, also took a Negro halfback, Herb Adderly of Michigan State, as their first choice.

It is part of Marshall's charm that he can deplore the tendency of Negroes to jump to Canada although he himself *has lost four of his last five No. 1 draft choices* because he simply would not meet the going price in the market place. The best he would offer Richie Lucas, his first choice in 1959, was $10,000 in salary and a $5,000 bonus. Buffalo, in the new AFL, gave Lucas $21,000 plus a $10,000 bonus, more than twice Marshall's figure.

The really great promoters like Tex Rickard, Mike Todd and Bill Veeck always knew by instinct that they had to throw money around in order to attract money to the box office. As a showman, Marshall is the last of the small-time spenders. Even the highly-publicized halftime shows put on by the Redskins' band come to him cut-rate. The band is a civic organization, and the members are paid by the city. All Marshall has ever had to do was buy their uniforms and give them a couple of tickets for their families.

Difficult as it is to believe, Sammy Baugh, in all his years with Washington, never got as much as $15,000 in straight salary. His total income would usually exceed $20,000, but that was only because Marshall hustled endorsements for Sammy as part of the deal. Baugh, of course, could have hired any agent to do that for him full-time for 10 percent of the take. And when Bones Taylor, the greatest pass catcher in Redskin history, was at the height of his career he com-

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

TWO LIVES FOR TORO

Most corridas end in death for the animal—but a bull named Soberano turned the tables in a combat that ended as few fights have.

The Sporty Car in Chevrolet's New World of Worth

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'62 Corvair

Built for budget-minded people who go for sports car driving

Here, with ***saucier styling, tasteful new interiors*** *and* ***bigger new brakes,*** *is the latest version of the car that proved itself in the fiercest rally competition going. If you like a car that goes with extra gusto—and the reflexes of a hummingbird—then read on and see why you and this new Corvair ought to become closer friends.*

You'll like what we changed—and what we *didn't* change—about this new '62 Corvair. We've spruced up the interiors, sparked up the styling and included a bundle of goodies (a cigaret lighter, front door armrests, dual sunshades, an automatic choke—even a forced-air heater and defroster!) as standard equipment in all sedans, coupes and station wagons. You also get bigger, more efficient brakes that team up with Corvair's rear-engine traction for just about the surest-footed car that ever latched onto a road.

Which brings us to the things we haven't changed a bit. Corvair's quicksilver steering. Its jigsaw agility on corners. Its gutty air-cooled engine. But words really won't do—your dealer's is the place to see for yourself. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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This is the one that started the bucket seat brigade. But it's what happens *after* you sit down behind the wheel of this Monza Club Coupe that the other makes can't match.

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'62 CORVETTE

New go—for the goingest car in America!

Dramatic styling refinements and a smooth new 327-cubic-inch V8 make this the sweetest Corvette yet. See America's only true sports car at your dealer's. He's got just the one to convert you to a wind-in-the-face sports car enthusiast.

plained to a couple of writers, over a beer, that Marshall was paying him only $6,500.

During these same years, Marshall was forever moaning about the high salaries the modern player commanded—as against the good old days in Boston when Cliff Battles was his highest paid player at $210 a game. But what everybody suspected about Marshall's payroll was confirmed in 1957 when a House anti-trust subcommittee, investigating professional sports, released figures showing that the Redskins had the smallest payroll in the league ($275,942), less even than little Green Bay. The average Redskin salary was $8,360 and the top man got $14,000.

Not surprisingly, Marshall is the most bitter opponent of the Players' Association and of its legal counsel, ex-Notre Dame star Creighton Miller. "Our contracts preclude any necessity for it," he says grandly, "because our players have recourse to the Commissioner if they have any complaints. The Commissioner has full power over the clubs; in other words, he is not subject to our approval on any decision he makes."

He seems to have forgotten that after the late Commissioner Bert Bell told the same House subcommittee that he was formally recognizing the Players' Association, George P. Marshall, president of the Washington Redskins, informed the world: "The club owners decide this, not Bell. He is supposed to carry out our wishes."

The Redskins and the Bears still refuse to recognize the Players' Association. "A waste of time," says Marshall. "I believe my players know I have done more for them than Creighton Miller."

It was, in fact, Marshall who conceived the idea for the Pro Bowl, an All-Star game which gets the best players in each league a trip to California plus the chance to pick up a few post-season dollars. "They get the money directly and immediately," Marshall says, "instead of playing for pension funds for others like in baseball. I'm a firm believer in the theory that the man who produces is the man who deserves the money."

Yet when it was suggested that he himself might reward his own players with year-end bonuses, he reacted with predictable horror. "Bonuses nurture dissent, foster jealousy, feed selfishness and incubate unrest. Football is, if successful, the most unselfish of all sports."

If any one man has dramatized football's need for both a pension plan and a union, that man, of course, is Marshall himself. The prize exhibit is Marshall's refusal to pay Vic Janowicz his salary after Vic had been terribly—and permanently—injured in a pre-season automobile accident. And no one could say that Janowicz hadn't produced for him; he had been the second-highest scorer in the league the previous season. Still, Marshall took the position that he was not responsible for Janowicz, because he had not been injured in the line of duty. (To be completely fair, it should be added that Marshall did pay $6,000 worth of hospital bills.)

Throughout the season, the players, the coaches and the equipment manager (whose responsibility was only that of friends and fellow human beings) took up a weekly collection for Janowicz and raised $5,000.

A similar situation had arisen a few years earlier when John DiLaurentis, a Redskin lineman, was so badly injured in a pre-season exhibition game that he was on the operating table for three and a half hours. Marshall refused to pay his salary this time—a big $4,750—because technically no player is on salary until the season begins. DiLaurentis sued. Marshall finally agreed to let Bert Bell arbitrate, and Bell awarded DiLaurentis $2,250.

Harry Wismer, a onetime Redskin stockholder but now Marshall's bitter enemy, says, "What disgusted me most about Marshall was the way he'd brag about outsmarting some kid just off the campus in salary negotiations. As if that's any great tribute to him as a businessman."

Marshall did not come off quite so well when he got involved with a big-time operator like Wismer himself. Wismer bought 25 percent of the stock for a total price of around $45,000, then sold it back—after the break—for $350,000.

Because Marshall thinks of himself essentially as a promoter, he has always been an advocate of the philosophy that it doesn't matter what they write about you as long as they spell your name right. During his controversy with Udall he once boasted at a cocktail party, "I got the front page of the New York *Times* out of this. Do you know what that means, the front page of the New York *Times*?"

A lesser man might have been embarrassed at being publicly censured by the President of the United States. Our man went out of his way to milk it by saying, "I could always handle the old man and I can handle the kid." (The thought of Marshall trying to handle Joe Kennedy causes strong men to shudder. Old Joe slices up guys like Marshall and eats them between meals.)

For the record, Marshall would now like to have the whole stadium controversy treated as a huge joke. "Udall is talking through his hat," he says. "He has no power over the stadium. I'm pleased to feel that various politicians looking for publicity feel the National Football League is that important, even if I cannot concur that whether or not a Negro plays for the Redskins is the most important issue facing this country. We're just a football team, after all."

He has not always been that modest about the place of football in national life, for, as should be apparent by now, slavish consistency is not one of his sins. Minutes after dismissing Udall so scornfully, he is talking angrily about the time the governmental agency in charge of wartime travel refused to permit the Redskins to travel to their training camp in California. "Discrimination against a football team," he barked, obviously enjoying the sound of the word in his mouth. "The director's name was Col J. Monroe Johnson. Get that name right! We had a hell of a fight!"

Nor did football seem to be such a minor factor in the nation's survival many years later when he was accusing the presidents of the Ivy League colleges of "taking it upon themselves to destroy the game they created," because they seemed to be operating under the incredible misapprehension that their function in life was to give their students the best possible education rather than to get young men suited up for spring practice. "The trouble with college presidents," he observed, "is that most of them wanted to play football but couldn't make the team. Now they're taking it out on the athletes with their ludicrous rules."

The interesting thing here is that one cannot help but wonder whether it is not Marshall, who never won his letter either, who revenges himself upon the athletes by beating them down in salary conferences, bawling them out on the practice field and bursting into the locker room after a loss to call them "quitters" and "yellow."

The coaches have it even rougher than the players. Hunk Anderson, the old Notre Dame coach, once took Marshall by the shoulders—in Marshall's own home—and shook him up and down until he rattled. Marshall announced he was hiring Anderson to replace Herman Ball, and asked Anderson to come to Washington to hold a press conference. Marshall then refused to give George Halas the tackle he wanted for Anderson's contract. Anderson left Washington with the impression that he was going to be signed the following season after his contract with Halas ran out. Needless to say, he was not. Ball stayed around to open the 1951 season.

Marshall did find himself in need of a new coach the next season—a not unusual condition—because Dick Todd, who eventually replaced Ball, quit during pre-season training. Marshall then hired his old friend, Curly Lambeau, who had coached at Green Bay for 31 years. "I hope," he said, "that Curly will be with us as long as he was with Green Bay."

"With luck," commented Shirley Povich of the Washington *Post*, "he could be around when the season opens."

Actually, Lambeau lasted two years. His career with the Redskins came to an end in training camp also, following an early-morning, comic-opera battle with Marshall in the lobby of a San Francisco hotel.

This whole interlude in the life and times of George P. Marshall is worth covering in greater detail because it shows so much about his relationship with his coaches. Todd, a great running back for the Redskins, took over a badly demoralized team that had lost its first three games in 1951 under Ball by scores of 35-17, 35-14 and 45-0. Ball—who, like Todd, had been an assistant coach—could hardly have been able to amass that kind of a record without help. Marshall, sitting up in his box with a walkie-talkie, was calling down the plays and substitutions to him, while up in the radio booth Harry Wismer, the minority stockholder,

[*Continued on page* 28]

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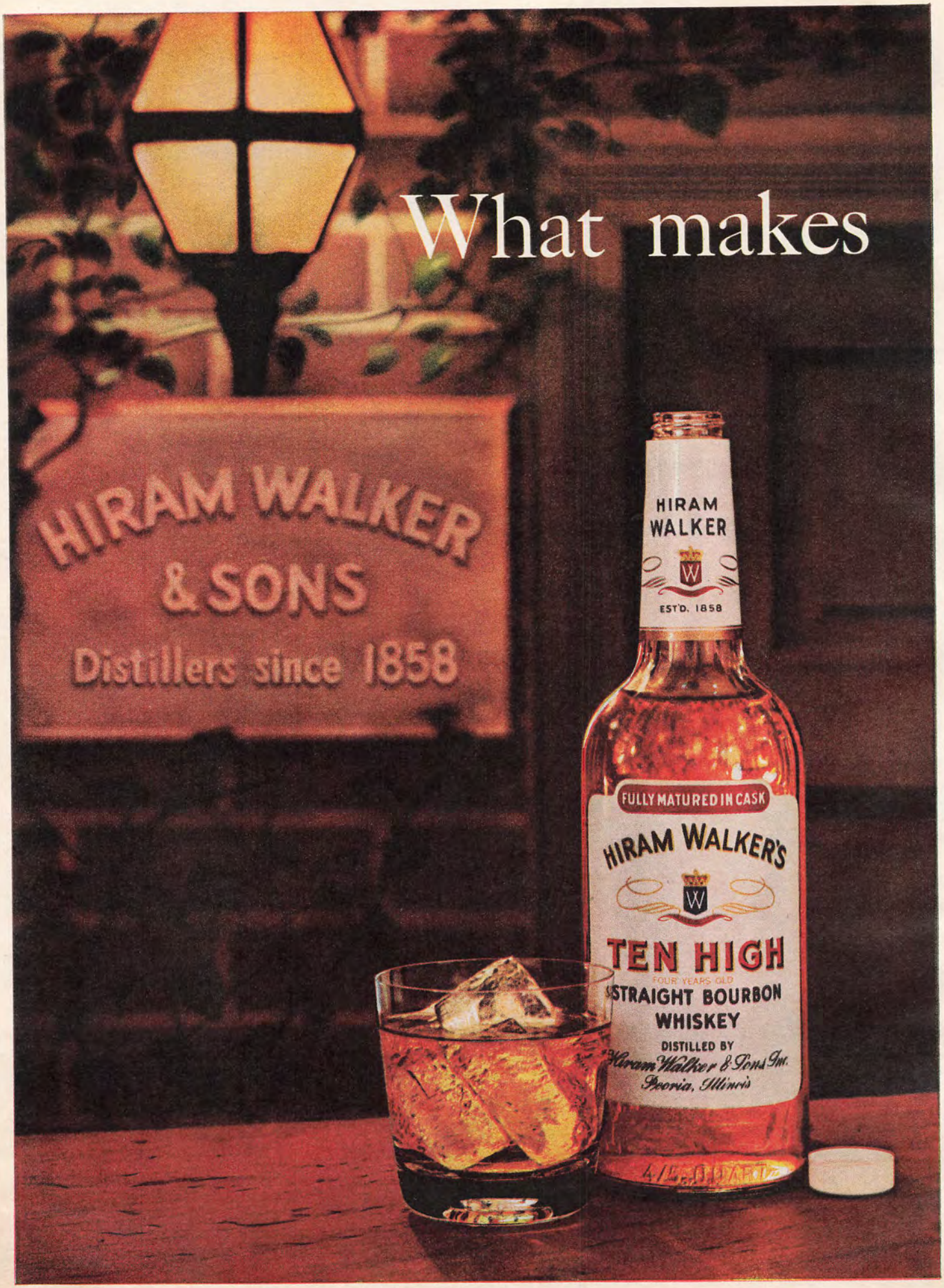
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[*Continued from page* 24]
was second-guessing everything that was being done, coast to coast.

Todd rallied the players together by promising them that he would either run the team himself or quit. He finished with a surprisingly respectable record of 5-7.

In an exhibition game against San Francisco the next summer, the Redskins got themselves trounced, 35-0. Much of the game, Todd had played the rookies he was just about ready to cut, in order to give them one last chance to show what they could do. On the way back to the clubhouse, he was stopped by a wild-eyed Marshall. "Start leveling," Marshall screamed at him. "What do you mean by taking a beating like that and leaving your proven players on the bench?"

"You pay the bills," Todd snapped. "I'll run the team."

Marshall immediately showed who was running the team by calling a staff meeting, during which he ordered Todd to make Eddie LeBaron his offensive quarterback and keep Harry Gilmer on defense. He then went over the entire roster, player by player, and ended by personally cutting the five men Todd had been about to cut anyway.

Todd promptly quit. (Marshall's comment on Todd today is: "He asked to be relieved of his duties at a strange time, the day before a game. He never really wanted to coach; he didn't like to have to fire anybody.")

An exhibition game beating by San Francisco in 1954, this time by 30-7, also finished off Lambeau. Marshall caught up to Curly under the stands and began to rail at him *for wearing out his veterans in a losing game instead of trying to find out what his rookies could do.* The two old friends had a violent argument, and Lambeau's days were numbered.

At 2 a.m. that morning, Marshall was awakened by the sound of loud talk and laughter. Leaping out of bed, he threw on some clothes and ran out to find a group of his players headed toward their rooms with bags full of beer. Since he is a fanatic about the use of alcoholic beverages by the troops, he bawled them out and went to look for the coach. As luck would have it, he found Lambeau in the hotel bar. Marshall led him out to the lobby and ordered him to cut two of the players from the squad and fine the others. "Go to bed, George," Lambeau told him. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

Marshall, with his limited supply of patience running out, shook his fists at Lambeau and shouted that they'd talk about it now. Old friend Lambeau, apparently fearing he was about to be struck, shoved Marshall away from him. Marshall assumed a fighting stance—in the fashion of John L. Sullivan—and began to circle warily around. Snorting in disgust, Lambeau brought his arm back as if to throw a punch. Fortunately, Dick McCann, the Redskins' general manager, was able to jump in and grab his arm. End of fight. End of Lambeau. End of 33-year-old friendship.

In return for all this abuse, Marshall expects nothing less from his coaches than total loyalty. After Joe Kuharich had led the Redskins to an 8-4 record in 1955, their only really good season in the entire decade, there were reports that he was thinking of accepting an offer from Washington University. "There's a certain word called 'gratitude' that apparently exists only in the dictionary," Marshall said sadly. "Certainly not among coaches and players."

Marshall was genuinely fond of Kuharich, and yet when the Touchdown Club informed Joe he was going to be awarded their trophy as Pro Coach of the Year, Marshall said, "You don't mind if Halas gets it, do you, Joe? He's going to retire and he wants it."

"What could Kuharich do?" asks Harry Wismer, who was in the room. "He was so astonished I don't think he said a word."

Halas seemed embarrassed, too. As he accepted the award the night of the dinner, he said, "It should have been Paul Brown or Joe Kuharich up here getting this trophy." Kuharich finally left Marshall in 1959 to go to Notre Dame.

Marshall is able to treat his coaches so cavalierly because he views himself, quite seriously, as a man fully capable of coaching the team himself. When the Redskins are in training at Occidental College, Pasadena, he is in the habit of coming to the afternoon practice sessions (he doesn't get up in time to make morning practice), seating himself on the 50-yard line and—depending on whether you are Marshall or his coach—either:

1) helping to coach the team
2) making a damn nuisance of himself.

Last year, he came bounding onto the field while the rookie quarterbacks, M. C. Reynolds and Eagle Day, were trying to learn the pass plays. "No, no, no," he shouted. "You're doing that all wrong. You're looking right where you're throwing. In this league, you have to look one way and throw the other, see?" And old George hopped around, showing guys who had been passing stars in college how it was supposed to be done.

Now, this is so basic that it is known to any high-school passer and is therefore hardly something for a professional quarterback trying to perfect his timing to worry about. Actually, of course, a passer has to vary his moves, sometimes looking toward his receiver and sometimes away. Otherwise, the opposition would know that whenever he looked to the right he would be passing to the left.

Afterwards, a lineman driving to town with one of the writers, told him, "That kills the team, showing Nixon up like that. I hate that. You don't know how the players hate to have their coach shown up."

There arises here the sweet memory of Marshall's instructions to Lone Star Dietz, his first coach at Boston. "If you win the toss," he told Dietz, a silent Indian, "kick off and pin them back in their own territory."

The Redskins won the toss, and the Giants ran the ensuing kickoff 100 yards for a touchdown. Marshall, having stopped at the entrance to shake a few hands and cast his beneficence upon the customers, arrived a few seconds late, looked up at the scoreboard and saw the 7-0 score glaring back at him. With a roar of anger, he raced down the aisle, vaulted onto the field and grabbed hold of Dietz on the bench. "I told you to kick off, didn't I?" he screamed.

Without changing expression or moving his head, Dietz spoke two words: "I did."

One of the enduring legends of the sports world is that Marshall was forced to move the Redskins out of Boston in 1936 because Boston would not support even a championship team. This is not true.

As the Redskins prepared to play their last home game in 1936, they had a record of 4-5. Pittsburgh was leading the Eastern Division with 6-5 and the Giants were in second place with 4-4-1. In order to win the title, the Redskins had to win all three of their remaining games, while Pittsburgh was losing all three of theirs and the Giants were losing to Boston, beating Pittsburgh and losing to Brooklyn. It was not quite a nine-game parlay, since three of the games overlapped, but it was a solid six-game parlay. It was, in short, one of those statistical thrillers that come up at the end of the year in every sport and never quite come off. Only this time it did.

In that last home game, the Redskins (still under .500, remember) drew only 4,800 customers against the weakest team in the league, Brooklyn. They won. They then went on the road, as heavy underdogs, to play Pittsburgh and New York. Throughout the year, Boston had been hurting badly for a fullback. For these last two games, they picked up a new man, Don Irwin of Colgate. With the defenses spread out to stop Cliff Battles, Irwin began to clip off five yards at a crack. Boston won both games easily, and all of a sudden they were the champions of their division.

Marshall had been threatening to take his team away from Boston all year. He had a terrible press, partly because of his abrasive personality but mostly because he had alienated the entire city, a year earlier, by upping the prices one Sunday when, quite unexpectedly, he found himself with a sellout crowd beating on the doors.

[*Continued on page* 93]

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

DARING DIVE FOR DERELICT GOLD

People said no one could salvage the gold locked in the sunken S.S. *Niagara.* Here's the story of a handful of men who sailed through a minefield to prove the skeptics wrong.

This is very likely the most famous shotgun shell ever made.

It is the original long range load.

Others may claim this kind of power, but Super-X is still the boss.

When you know they are in range—you know Big Red will reach out and do the job!

The only other shell that is just as good.

WINCHESTER Western
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V.O.

No whisky so light was ever so brilliant in taste, no Canadian whisky ever so much at home throughout the world. Known by the company it keeps. Seagram's Imported V.O.

IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE FROM CANADA. SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

THE MAN WHO DRIED UP THE COUNTRY

When it came to giving the Devil Hell, evangelist Billy Sunday was the all-time champ. But while he led millions of sinners down the sawdust trail, and brought the curse of Prohibition on our land, he was brewing tragedy at home

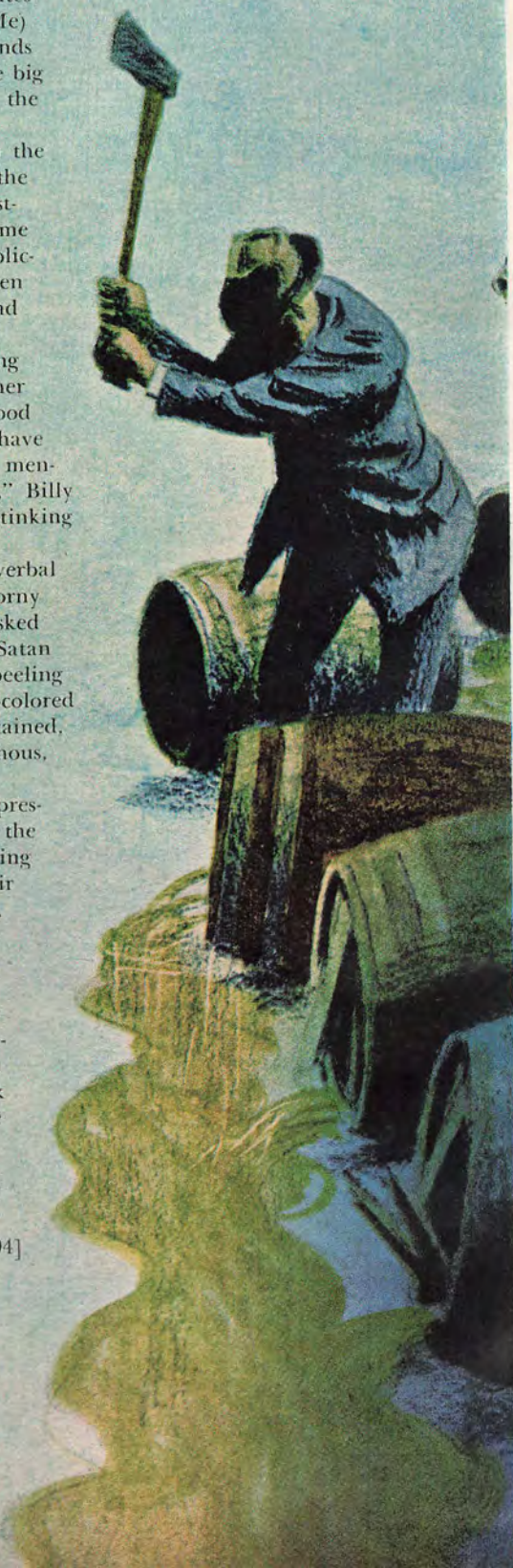
BY ALAN HYND

■ Twenty thousand pairs of eyes were focused on the man with the thinning red hair and bulldog face as he sprang from a chair and loped to the speaker's stand in the wood-and-brick tabernacle. It was April Fool's Sunday in 1917 and the locale was the Washington Heights district of New York City. Billy Sunday, the ex-big-league baseball player whom The New York *Times* was to label the greatest high-pressure, mass-conversion evangelist the world had ever known, had hit the big burg to rescue the people from drink and the Devil.

Qualified students of the Rev. William Ashley Sunday have handed down the opinion that he did more than any other single crusader to get the good old U.S.A. on the road to total aridity. Sunday's technique was to storm into a region, whip the peasants into an anti-liquor frenzy and get them to mop things up, a town or a county at a time, until a whole state was lost to civilization. Thus he was able to say, when he wrote his autobiography: "I put twelve states dry before we voted on the Eighteenth Amendment." No other blue nose could ever make a comparable crack.

"Toward the end, much of the credit for what Mr. Sunday had done was stolen by others," Mrs. D. Lee Colvin, national president of the W.C.T.U., once told me. The others to whom Mrs. Colvin, a compact

THE MAN WHO DRIED UP THE COUNTRY



woman with a belligerent stance, was referring included such celebrated Drys as Bishop James J. Cannon, chairman of the legislative committee of The Anti-Saloon League; William (Pussyfoot) Johnson, managing editor of a string of Anti-Saloon books, magazines and pamphlets that blanketed the country like a blizzard; and Congressman Andrew J. Volstead of Minnesota, who was to father the statute for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. "But we in the W.C.T.U. all knew," Mrs. Colvin went on, "that Mr. Sunday, more than anybody else, prepared this country for God's great blessing."

When Sunday arrived in New York, he was at the peak of his career, riding high, and he intended this to be his greatest performance. A great mixed choir had set the stage for the evangelist by singing such favorites as *Stand Up For Jesus, De Brewer's Big Hosses* (Can't Run Over Me) and *Brighten The Corner Where You Are*. Then Billy, his big hands gripping the stands, cocked his head and opened up. "I'm here in the big burg, folks," he boomed in his fog-horn voice, "to give the Devil the damndest fight he's ever had!"

Then Sunday, the first big-time preacher to couch his message in the language of the street—or, as his detractors always said, the slang of the slums—launched into some old-time Fundamental religion. Next, blasting away at smoking, swearing and sex, he worked up to what he'd come for—booze. Though he was operating without the benefit of a public-address system, Billy had such a high-decibel vocal apparatus that, when he got going full speed on the subject of calamity juice, he could send shudders through a hung-over man in the last pew.

Sunday, an astute psychologist, always got at the men by opening up the tear ducts of the women. Spinning one tragic tale after another about once-happy homes being swept to destruction in an alcoholic flood —most of the stories fashioned out of whole cloth—he'd quickly have the dames dabbing their eyes and darting suspicious glances at the menfolk. "The God-damned saloon keepers—damned by God, that is—," Billy would roar, "will be hanging me in effigy before I leave *this* rotten, stinking den of iniquity!"

Suddenly, in the midst of his anti-booze tirade, Billy skidded to a verbal stop, cupped a hand to an ear and rolled his big blue eyes in the corny tradition of a ham actor. "Do you hear what *I* hear, folks?" he asked in a stage whisper. "I hear the footsteps of that old drunkard—Satan himself—coming for a fight with Old Billy. Well"—and now he was peeling off his custom-tailored coat and rolling up the sleeves of his cream-colored silk shirt—"I'm all ready for that God-hating, Christ-bating, tobacco-stained, home-wrecking, woman-chasing, adulterous, illegitimate, blasphemous, rum-soaked bastard!"

The Devil, conjured up so realistically that some of the more impressionable customers could see the horns, put up quite a fight with the evangelist. First Billy was on the floor—screaming, kicking and mugging —then Satan, then our boy again. Finally Billy picked up his chair and brought it down so hard on his adversary that it broke into pieces. Then he let loose a powerful kick and, his audience with him all the way, 20,000 eyes watched as the number-one barfly flew over their heads and to hell out of the tabernacle.

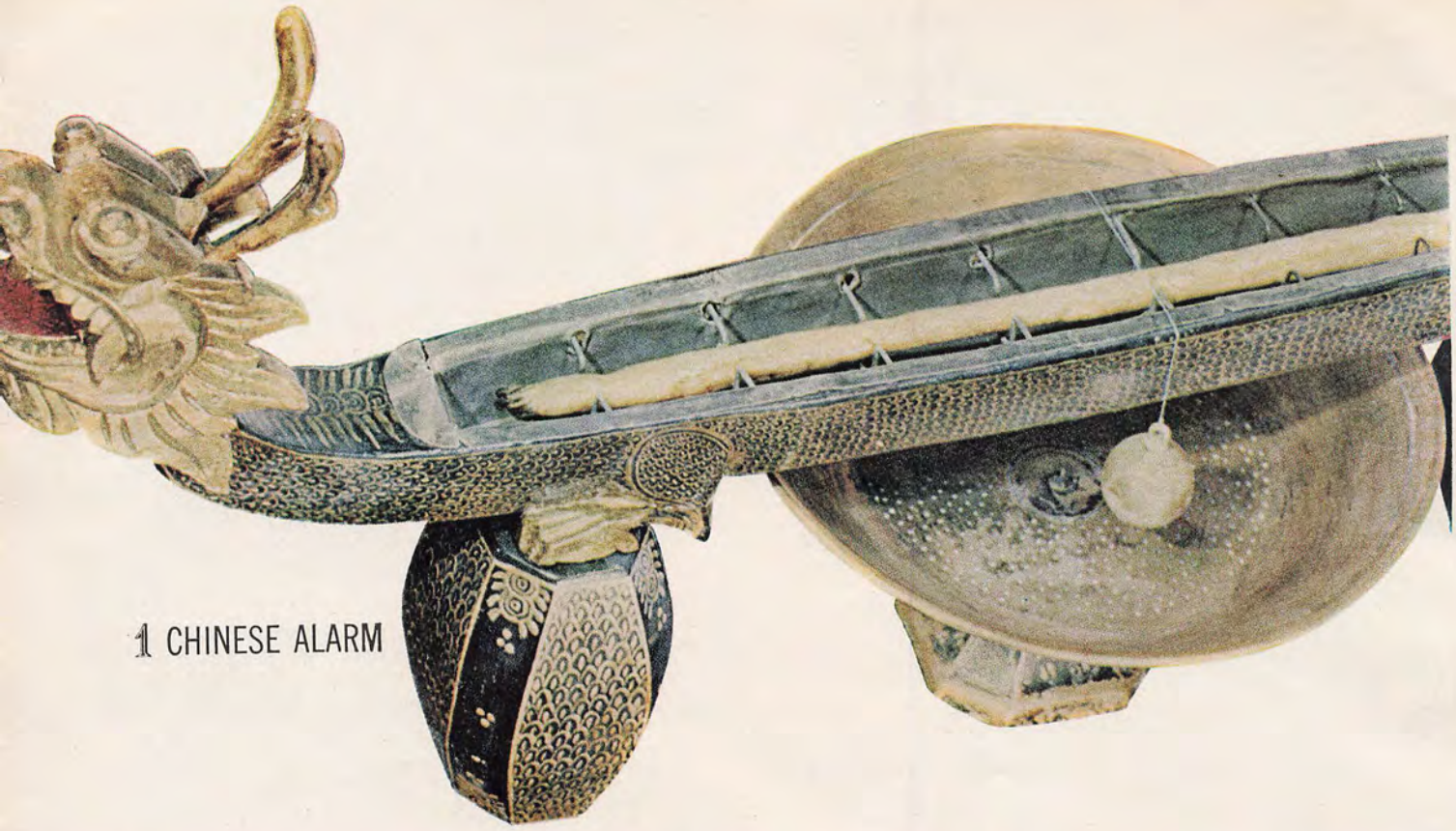
Some of the Protestant clergy out front, who, as part of the deal to bring Sunday to town, had had to close up their churches for the duration, were observed to blink, gulp, mutter or shudder. Although professing to be dead against swearing, Billy slipped it into his work in such a way that many people attended his shows just to hear the richness of his profanity.

The sermon over, Sunday summoned the drinkers to hit the trail and take the pledge. While scores of ushers were passing white-enamel dish pans among the congregation for the ante, the great choir began to chant, over [*Continued on page* 94]

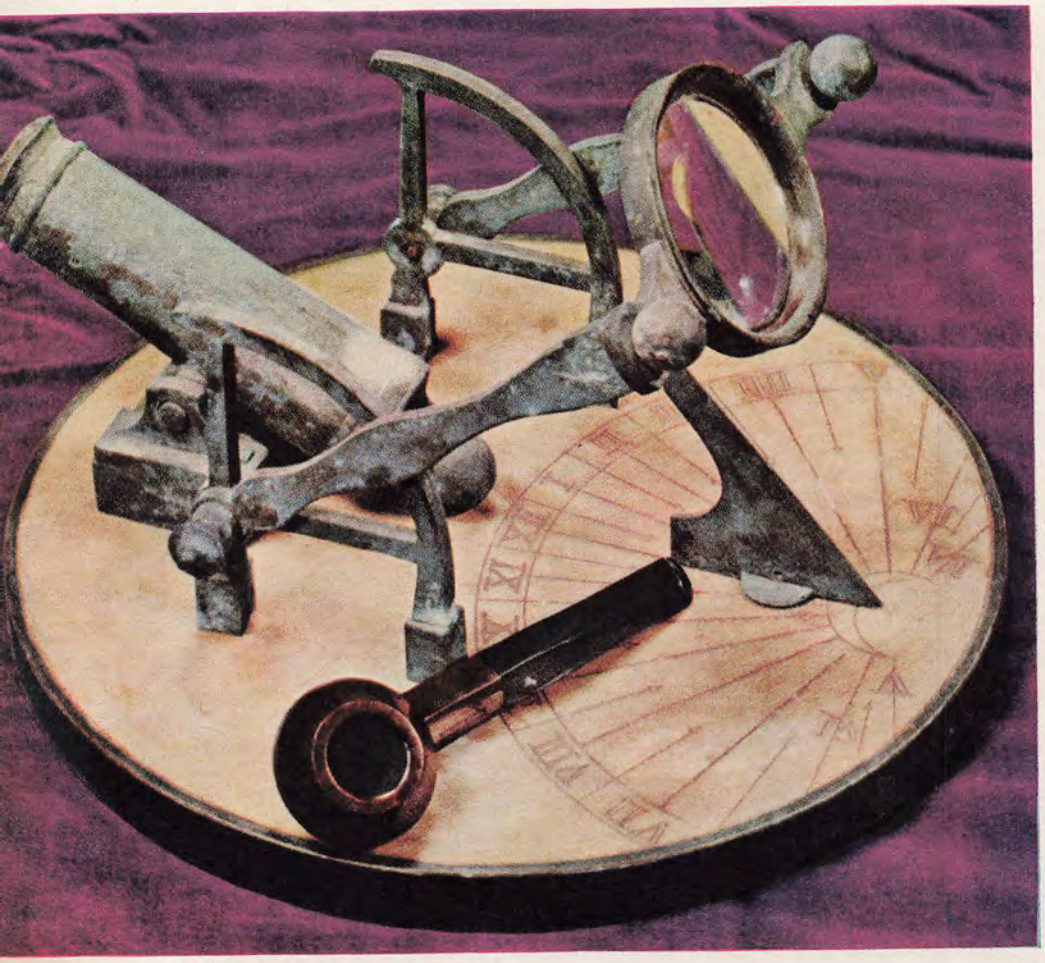
ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

Town by town, state by state, Sunday rallied the anti-booze forces and paved the way for the curse of Prohibition.

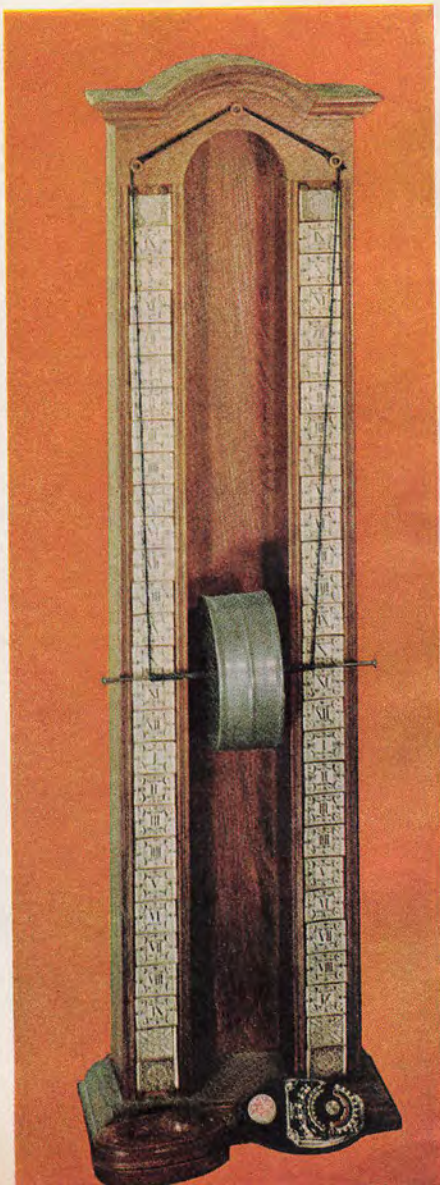
Stan Galli



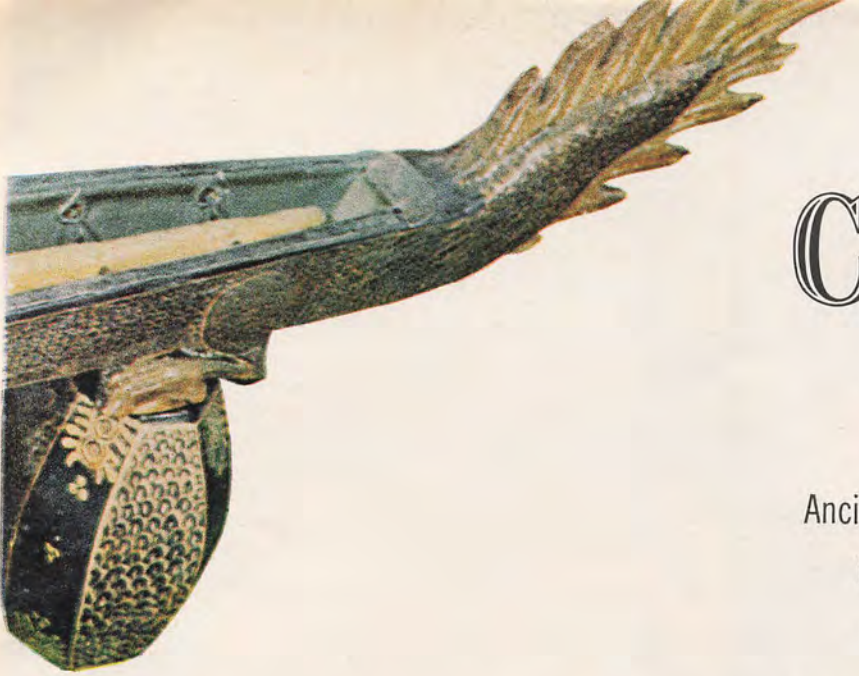
1 CHINESE ALARM



2 SUN DIAL CANNON



3 WATER WHEEL



Cockeyed Clocks

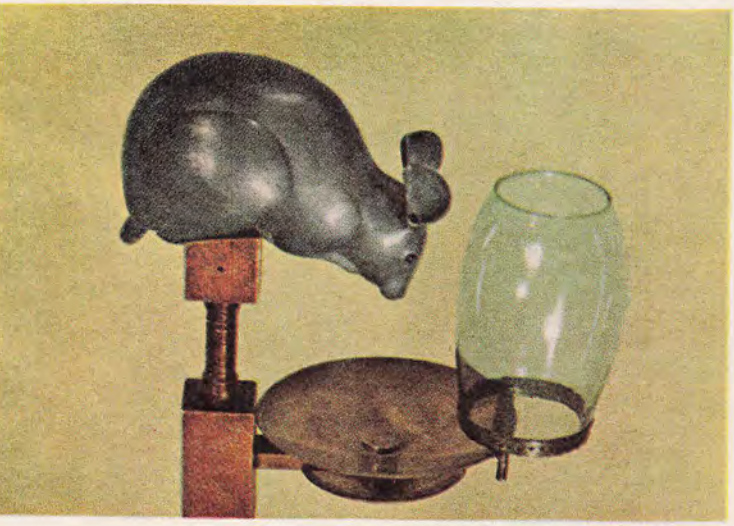
Ancient time keepers measured the hours by ingenious but accurate means

PRODUCED BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

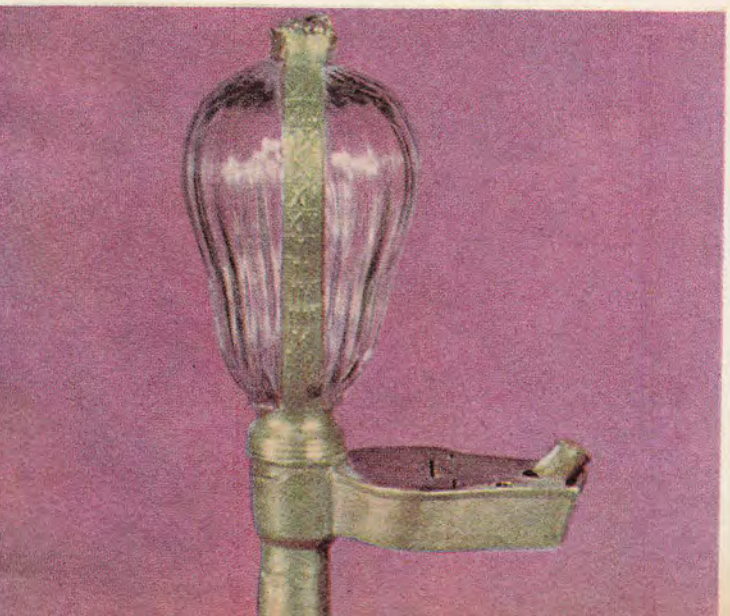
■ Down through the centuries, man's need to measure the passage of time has led to some of the most wondrous creations of the inventor's mind. Whether these devices are ancient or modern, whether complex or simple, whether they tick or tock, *if they tell time,* the watchcraftsmen of Switzerland know all about them. For not only are they watchmakers to the world, but the Swiss are also the keepers of horological history. At the Chateau des Monts, high in the Jura Mountains, some of the great treasures of that history are preserved.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

4 BAROMETRIC RAT



5 LAMP CLOCK



1 World's first "alarm clock" was this 18th Century Chinese dragon. A waxed wick burns at a constant rate along the body. When flame burns the supporting thread, a brass ball drops into the gong below.

2 Small cannon on this 19th Century sun dial boomed forth each day at high noon when sun's rays were focussed through magnifying lens onto touch hole. Glass was adjusted for the sun's changing elevation.

3 A water wheel system within this 18th Century clock's moving drum regulated its 24-hour descent. The water, trapped in segments within the drum, seeps from one partition to another through holes.

4 In Japanese timing device, barometric force makes oil-filled rat spit fuel into a plate until a tube is covered. After wick burns plate dry, pressure again enters tube and rat meters out new supply of oil.

5 Lamp clock of the 17th Century has glass bulb graduated in hours which feeds into a small metal case holding a wick. As wick burns at a constant rate, the level of oil remaining in bulb records the time.

THE CASE OF THE Murdering Doctor

"Doctor" Bertrand was a polite little man with only one professional drawback: he killed people

When, as the leaves were turning in the fall of 1950, Doctor Rheal Bertrand hung out his shingle in the sedate Medical Centre Building in Ottawa, other practitioners on the premises were quick to sit up and take notice. Most of the other doctors were specialists in one or another branch of medicine. But Doctor Bertrand, a dapper, smallish man in his late 30s, who reminded some people of Cary Grant, was a quadruple-threat operator. His shingle proclaimed him to be not only a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of psychology, a doctor of philosophy and a doctor of divinity.

Affable and courteous, little Doctor Bertrand, who did not have a nurse or a secretary, checked into his one-room office in mid-morning and was sometimes still there, busy behind a frosted-glass door, until well along in the evening. His patients, other physicians in the building soon noticed approvingly, were of both sexes and all ages. To astute observers, however, they all seemed to have one thing in common: not too much in the upper story.

Actually, there weren't very many patients. What caused the many-faceted practitioner to put in such long hours was the length of time he devoted to each of the afflicted. Sometimes, especially when the ailing one was a middle-aged woman, Doctor Bertrand would spend a couple of hours with her, at the end of which time she could be seen to leave the building practically fluttering.

"It beats me," one practitioner remarked to a colleague one day, "how that fellow [*Continued on page* 101]

By ARCHIE McFEDRIES

Illustrated by GEORGE GROSS

Leo's story was that there had been an explosion, and he had run back to try to rescue Rosa from the flames. But the cops saw the death-fire in a very different light.

Stomp extra ducks into the mud? Sure! Here are the ways some unscrupulous individuals and private clubs are taking a game hog's share of your sport

The first glow of dawn streaks the eastern sky as you swing your car onto the familiar old dirt road. A faint, pungent odor of marshlands spices the still morning air. You feel a tickle of excitement in the pit of your stomach. All month, all year, you've waited for this day—the opening of duck season. Once more you've come back to your favorite spot.

But a hundred yards down the dirt road you round a bend and slam on the brakes. There's a chain stretched across the road. A big sign tacked to a tree tells you you're no longer welcome. NO HUNTING, the sign growls. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. At the bottom of the sign appears a name you've never heard before, though you've been hunting these wetlands for years. It is the name of a private hunting club.

You back out of the dirt road and look for another place to hunt. You drive for miles, but the whole marsh seems to have become club property. Finally, though, you find what seems to be the end of the club's holdings. You follow a trail into the marsh. To your relief, you reach water without seeing any chains, fences or signs. This area of marsh, at least, still seems to be open to the public. Happy once more, you settle down in your blind and wait for your ducks.

But the ducks have become private property too.

During the long day you see plenty of them, all far over your head. Not one drops down anywhere near your section of the marsh. All are flying to or from the club's area.

For some reason the ducks appear to prefer the posted part of the marsh. There's only one reason you can think of: the club is using some means to lure ducks inside its boundaries. Somebody in that private domain is spreading corn or other bait, or staking out live fowl as decoys, or maybe using recorded bird calls. Such fowl play is illegal under federal law. It is also, you think angrily as you pack up your gear, monumentally unfair.

But you doubt there's anything you can do about it. Sadly, you face the fact that the lone hunter, the non-club member, has been effectively robbed of all his hunting in this particular marsh. You remember friends telling you of other wetlands with the same problem. You go home, wondering whether to trade in your gun for a pair of bird-watcher's binoculars.

You might as well. Unless there's a sharp turnabout in recent trends, migratory bird hunting is going to become largely a sport of the privileged few. All over the country, big money is buying up the wetlands and luring in the birds. A [*Continued on page* 82]

THEY'RE CLUBBING YOUR DUCKS TO DEATH

BY HART STILWELL AND MAX GUNTHER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OZZIE SWEET

A large part of the earth is unexplored, uninhabited, unmapped, unknown, and a great many unbelievable creatures—long believed extinct or merely myths—have been found there. Now, after 30 years of scientific research and study, this famed zoologist makes the startling statement...

Abominable

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

■ Sooner or later somebody always asks me: "You don't *really* think there is such a thing as an Abominable Snowman, do you?" My reply is always the same: "No. I believe there are *hundreds* if not thousands of unknown anthropoids, of at least half a dozen kinds, running all over five continents." And I usually add for good measure: "But they're not *men*, none of them lives in *snow*, and we have no right to call them abominable."

That has ended a great many conversations, and not a few friendships, but with all the evidence which has become available over the years, I feel it's almost in a league with asking me if I really believe that the earth is round.

To begin with, let us dispose of the ridiculous title "Abominable Snowman." It is a complete misnomer and extremely misleading. Worse, it is usually prefixed with the article "the," just as if there was but one lone, mateless, childless and parentless monster that has been pounding about the eastern Himalaya and south Tibetan upper snowfields for 50 years—a forlorn abomination, left over from the past or, perhaps, just spontaneously created out of the mists.

As to the adjective "abominable," I don't think we can call any living creature by that name. The things are probably quite decent; just scared, and demanding only that they may lead their lives in peace. Whether they may be called *men* is also debatable. In my opinion, some are and some aren't. I am firmly convinced that they range from extremely primitive humans, without true speech, tools or knowledge of fire-making, and still in varying degrees hairy, to one or two still undiscovered large apes in Africa. In between, some appear definitely to be Neanderthal submen such as inhabited Europe in the ice age but which have lingered on in eastern Asia, while others are even farther down the Hominid (Man) branch of the family tree, being what used to be called "Ape-Men."

Then, quite different from all of these, there is the creature the Nepalese call the *Meh-Teh*, the original "Snowman," and which is to science *truly* abominable. By the footprints it leaves and all the descriptions of it and its behaviour by eyewitnesses, it is the most bestial of all. What is more, the tracks it leaves are not Hominid, Pongid (Ape-like), or even really anything in between. They are quite unlike anything we know, dead or alive.

But it is the word *snow* [*Continued on page* 86]

Fresh footprint left by Snowman in Himalayas was made by upright creature with human characteristics.

The most famous Snowman tracks were found by Eric Shipton and Michael Ward (r.) in 1951 Everest expedition.

Snowmen Are Here!

THE BANK BURGLAR WHO BURROWED MONEY

Wells Van Steenbergh, Jr. had a shovel, an idea, and a hole in his pocket. The result was the most embarrassing safecracking any bank ever suffered

BY EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

At noontime last Valentine's Day a pretty teller at the People's National Bank of Washington in Seattle started to take a drink from a water fountain, then changed her mind and stamped upstairs to the employes' lunch room. "The fountain's full of plaster dust and paint chips again," she told the group at the lunch table. "What's going on around here anyway?"

Business in the bank, a modern tapestry-brick structure whose interior was tastefully decorated with walnut-paneled counters, pale green walls and matching drapes at tall windows, couldn't have been better. The lobby was crowded with customers cashing checks, making deposits, and consulting behind waist-high partitions about loans and mortgages. A team of tellers in a glassed-in booth tended to the needs of a steady stream of drive-in automobile customers.

Nevertheless, a long, miserably wet Pacific Northwest winter and the incessant clamor of huge jet planes based at nearby Boeing Field were causing tempers in the busy bank to run short. And within the last week there had appeared a new irritation in the form of a persistent gentle rain of plaster dust and paint chips that seemed to be sprinkling down from hairline cracks in the ceiling and partitions.

Some of the employes blamed the cracks and the plaster dust on the planes. "They're shaking this building apart," one of them was reported to have said that noon.

But instead of being shaken apart, the bank was actually being blown open.

Reaching its climax that day was one of the most preposterous bank robberies of this or any other year. The job took nearly five months to accomplish, but it netted its lone amateur burglar over $45,000, and—long before he spent all of it—a term in jail.

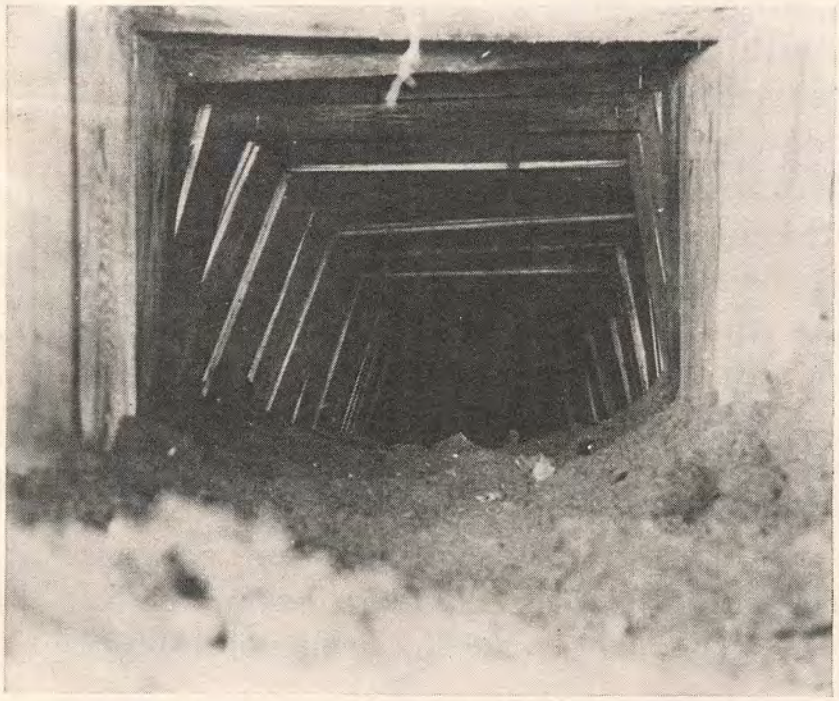
It was in October, 1960, that Wells Van Steenbergh, Jr., a tall, clean-cut, well-mannered, 25-year-old commercial pilot, grounded by a lack of activity and hard-pressed for cash, came up with the notion of robbing a bank. While many men in dire financial straits have toyed with this idea and then put it aside, Van Steenbergh immediately got into his blue Renault and drove around Seattle to look over the possibilities.

Soon he was reconnoitering a branch of the People's National Bank of Washington, where, as it happened, he kept a safe-deposit box and from which he had obtained a loan to purchase his automobile. The bank is surrounded by residential buildings and small industries. Busy in the daytime, the area is deserted after dark. Directly behind the bank is a driveway that serves the drive-in window and, behind that, a vacant lot.

Although his previous experience with earth-moving was nil, Van Steenbergh hastened home for a shovel and began digging a tunnel into the weed-strewn embankment on the far side of the driveway. This would go under the drive and, he hoped, into the bank. After he had burrowed about eight feet, the tunnel caved in, but Van Steenbergh was not discouraged. Early the next day he was on the telephone ordering timber from a lumber yard. After dark he was back on the job, re-digging his tunnel and shoring up the shaft with the ardor of a gold prospector who feels sure he's hit a rich vein.

Van Steenbergh became one of the hardest working ditch-diggers in town. Night after night, while Seattle slept, he labored industriously. In the hours before dawn he hauled out the dirt in a blanket, camouflaged the tunnel entrance with brush and scraps of lumber, and went home to a well-earned rest.

Weeks passed, and still the [*Continued on page* 109]



When Van Steenbergh surveyed the People's National Bank in Seattle as a possible money source, he paid particular attention to the embankment beside the drive at the rear (left). Burrowing under the pavement, he approached his objective, shoring up the tunnel like a mine shaft (left above). Next, he went to work on the 18-inch thick floor of the bank vault. The floor was tough, but a batch of dynamite blew a hole (right) big enough to let him in at the money.

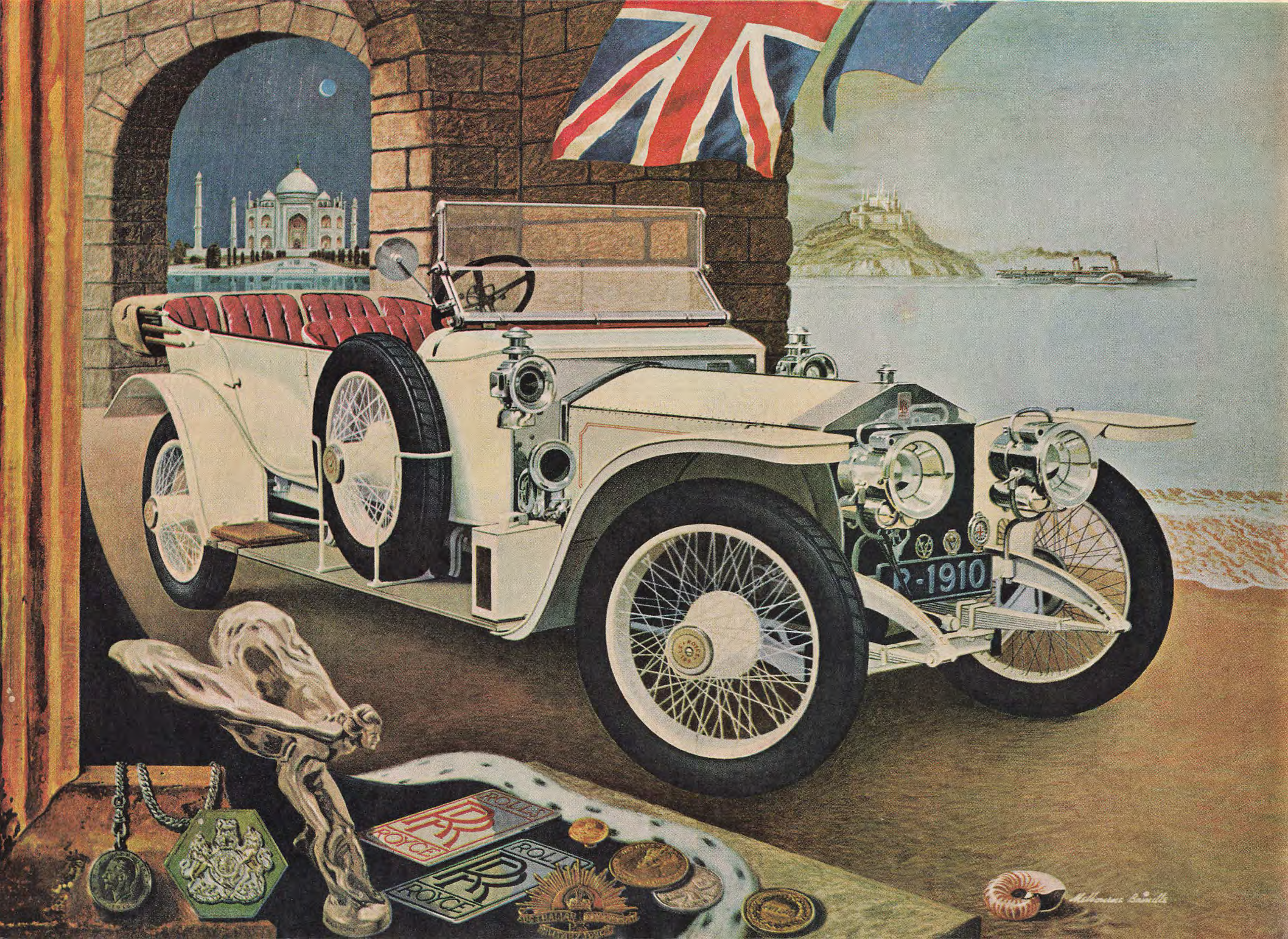
CARS THAT STIR MEN'S SOULS

Portraits by Melbourne Brindle

Rolls-Royce

In the London Automobile Show of 1906, Rolls-Royce, a small, two-year-old manufacturer of motorcars introduced a new model with a silver-plated engine and body painted ghostly gray. It was the first of the Silver Ghosts, a line of luxury automobiles which was to extend without substantial change until 1925 and which, more than any other model which R-R would ever produce, established and justified its makers' claim: "The Best Car in the World." It was succeeded in good time by Silver Wraiths and Silver Dawns and Phantoms I, II, III and IV—esteemed automobiles all, yet, somehow lacking the purposeful, honest, angular grandeur of the Ghost. For here was a man's car, built in a day when none but a man took command of a steering wheel and built utterly without compromise. Its great, silent engine was finished with jeweler's precision, producing a quantity of power which its makers would never discuss, on or off the record, but giving performance of such brilliance and dependability that it would have seemed bad manners indeed to ask with how many horses it was accomplished. Like all R-R cars until 1950, the Ghosts were sold as chassis only. This ton and a half of mechanical perfection could cost $13,000. A body by Mulliner or Hooper might easily bring the final reckoning above $20,000. But all this bought more than a motorcar—it bought a majestic status symbol and bestowed a sort of quiet nobility on any man who ruled the road in a Silver Ghost.

1910 SILVER GHOST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CARS THAT STIR MEN'S SOULS

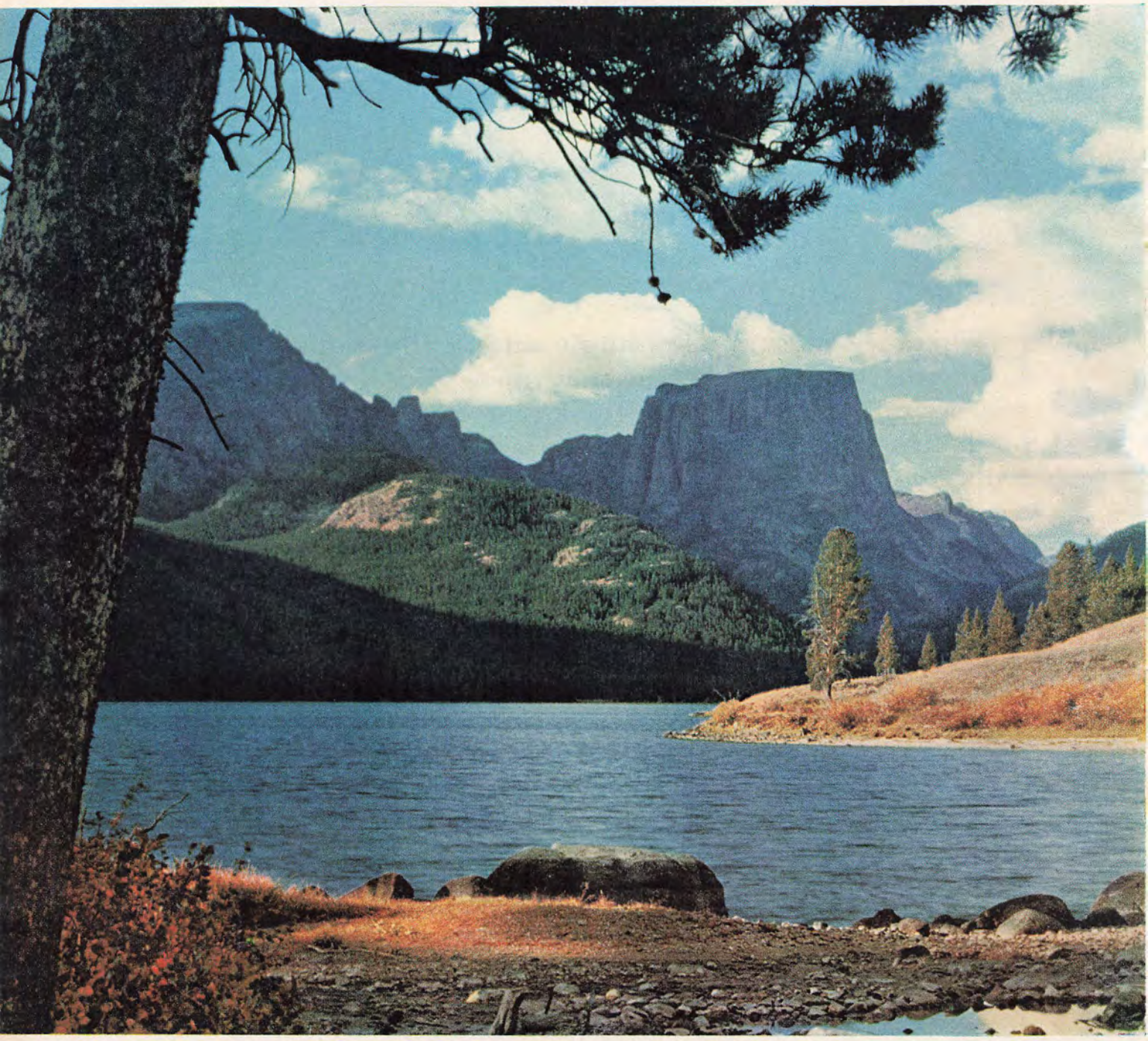
Portraits by Melbourne Brindle

Stutz

Perhaps the most famous single automobile ever constructed in America was this "car that made good in a day." It became a symbol of the flapper-flask-and-'coon coat era, this tight, tough little motorcar that was so aptly named Bearcat and that so well deserved the title sports car. But why this legend? What were the qualities of Stutz greatness that have made the name endure through half a century synonymous with excitement on wheels? The Stutz name itself said tenacity—the tenacity to battle through 500 hot miles of the premier Indianapolis race without a stop for repairs—a rare feat in 1911 and rarer still for a just-born marque; tenacity in the very next year to enter 36 cars in 30 races and win 24 of them. Tenacity again in 1928 at LeMans when a lone Stutz battled the great three-car Bentley team to finish second; and again in 1929-30 when Stutz alone carried America's colors against Europe's best. But for all the great cars built by Stutz between 1911 and 1934, it remained for the Bearcat to be cherished longest in memory. It was a $3,000 two-seater introduced in 1914 and manufactured until 1920, available as a Four or a Six, good for 85 mph over the open road, low slung, often painted a saucy yellow and endowed with enormous climbing power by its race-developed 16-valve engine. A good car... a great car... and, in some mysterious way, the car that crept into America's heart and into our vocabulary.

1920 BEARCAT

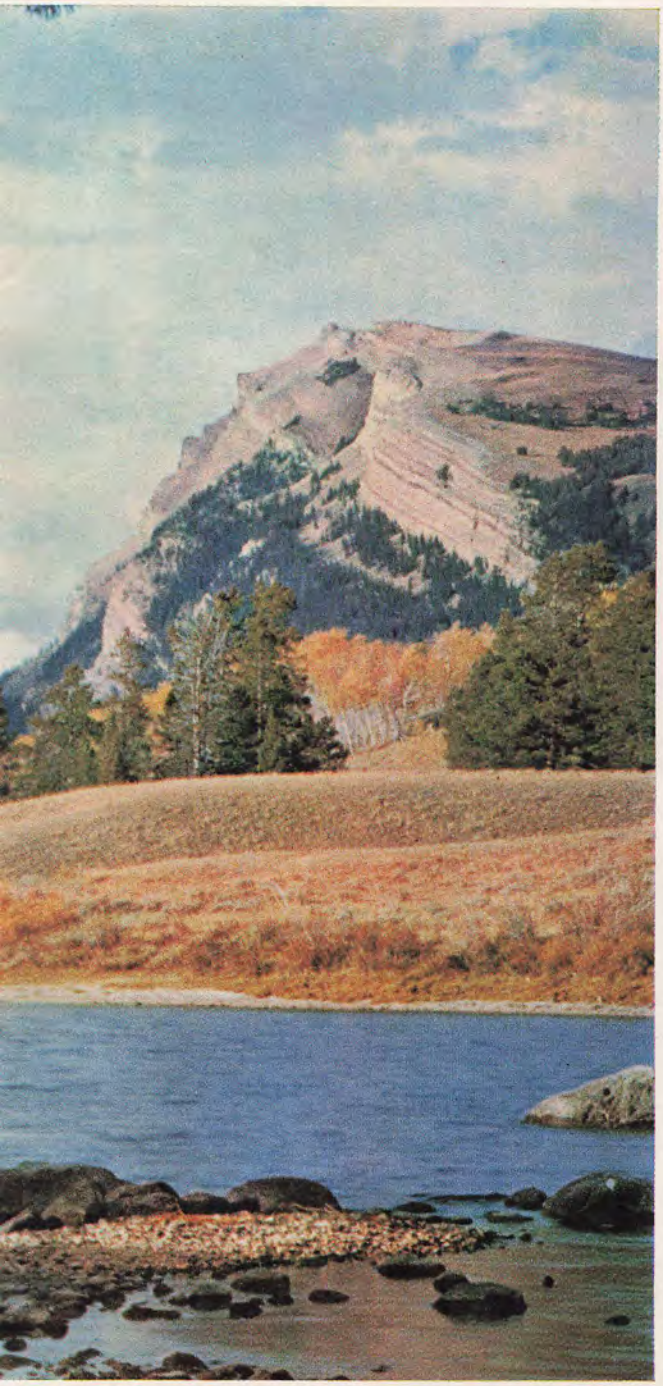
Our Vanishing Wilderness



Through stupidity, selfishness, neglect and surrender to special interests, man—the greatest predator of all—is slowly but steadily destroying our wildlife and turning our land into a vast concrete jungle

Must Be Saved

BY WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS



Supreme Court Justice Douglas has long been known as a conservationist, author and outdoorsman. This article is from his new book, MY WILDERNESS: East to Katahdin— *a plea for the preservation of America's wilderness areas. It will be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., copyright ©1961 by William O. Douglas.*

WIND RIVER, WYO.

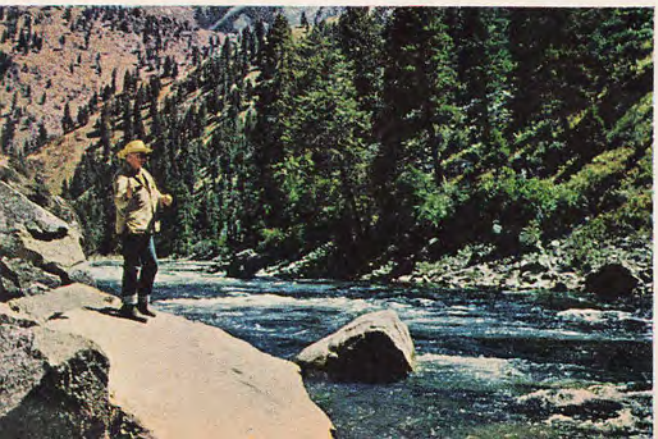
My first visit to the Wind River country was in mid-September. My first camp was at Upper Cook's Lake, which lies at about 11,000 feet. I awoke the following morning to find 12 inches of snow. I have seldom seen a lovelier mountain sight. The peaks of granite which one sees from the prairie north of Rock Springs, Wyoming, were now shriveled. They rise but a few hundred feet above Upper Cook's Lake. They were powdered with snow; and every ledge was in clear relief. The sun came out, and the peaks were not only brilliant against the sky; they were as beautiful when reflected in the cobalt-blue water of the lake. I felt like I was in a basin on top of the world. And so I was, for the low rims above the lake marked the summit of their massive range.

The snow melted fast. Three mule deer—two does and a fawn—crossed the far shore, headed down country. Knee-high willow shook itself free of snow, making splotches of yellow against white. As the snow melted, the thin stands of whitebark pine back of the lake showed thick mats of the little red huckleberry, and heather stood sturdily among the granite rocks on the slopes above Upper Cook's Lake.

We had come in to Upper Cook's Lake from Elkhart Park via Pole Creek. There were four of us: Carroll Noble, Olaus J. Murie, John Borzea, and I. It was Carroll's pack string that we used; and these horses, that knew the Wind River almost as well as Carroll, seemed to enjoy pawing through the soft powdery snow for grass.

In the rolling sagebrush hills that lay below our starting point were huge lakes. Fremont Lake surpasses the rest and is the home of Mackinaw trout running up to 25 pounds. The low country was brilliant with streaks of yellow where stands of quaking aspen grew in sheltered spots. Some would turn to reddish-orange when the hoarfrosts came. At Elkhart Park there are Englemann's spruce and lodgepole pine. Yellow aspen against the dark green of those conifers was a feast for the eyes. The entire lower reaches of the mountain range was ablaze. Each combination of pine, spruce, and aspen was a study in composition. The deer were mostly in these aspen groves. Those still up higher would soon be down. [*Continued on page* 74]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERCEDES H. DOUGLAS & DAVID MUENCH



Douglas fishes Wyoming's Wind River country, where the trout—Mackinaw, golden, eastern brook, rainbow—run up to 25 pounds.

ANGOLA ADVENTURE

The author was the first American to explore a huge area newly opened to hunting— fantastically isolated, wild and filled with game

October 29, 1960 LUIANA CONCESSION, ANGOLA

■ I am in a chunk of country never before hunted by an American, where the natives shyly hide behind the baobabs at sight of the strange white people; where the "African problem" is as unknown as the wild game I am hunting in this hunter's paradise. Here, 700 jungle-buffered miles from the besieged coastal cities of Angola, is a spot where Americans still can hunt, for unrest can spread, like disease, only by contact. My temporary home has no communication. Surprisingly, not once have I seen or heard anything that would indicate black Africa is in revolt. The explanation is in the vast size of this land mass and its lost pockets of isolated people.

No one can predict that this back country of southern Angola will remain suspended in another age, but safaris are still being booked today.

Nearly as large as Alaska, this one-time Portuguese penal colony was discovered before America and has been owned by Portugal since 1575. It occupies 1,000 miles of the west African coastline well below the equator, bordering the Union of South Africa on the south, the Congo on the north and British-controlled Rhodesia on the east.

To hunters, Africa is a gigantic magnet, exercising that irresistible tug of the world's greatest game country. I wanted my first taste of Africa to be in the rough, as my imagination pictured it. Poring over the great maps, I have been searching for such a place, this back country of Angola still in its primitive state, for years.

Lady Luck finally introduced me to Roman Hupalowski, a retired Polish judge turned travel agent-hunter. A partner in Special Tours and Travel at 6 North Michigan Avenue in Chicago, Roman listened to my problem, how I wanted to hunt new country, how I wanted a trio of antelope worthy of a king's

By WILLIAM A. FISHER
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

The hunter finds pure wilderness—and makes his own bridges for Land Rover.

A roan antelope—the author ends days at dusk, in hunt worthy of them both.

The greater kudu—the hunter's smile speaks triumph after a hard hunt.

The author topped off his big game kills with a prize bull elephant—biggest of big game.

A sable antelope—with his scimitar horns over the jet-black body—this was the author's prize trophy.

Angola, wild with antelope—but this was only half the adventure. The better half was stalking the most prized trophies.

A land at the end of the world, the Angola bush runs wild with big game of all kinds . . .

ANGOLA ADVENTURE

trophy room, a trio whose *raison d'ètre* must be their beauty.

My quest was centered on the top prize of them all, the sable antelope, whose regal ebony body is crested by sweeping scimitar-shaped annulated horns. And I wanted his brother the roan, with horns of a similar character, but shorter and thicker in growth. Pictured in my mind, mounted between these two on my game-room wall, was a greater kudu with majestic spiraling horns, considered by many the most striking of all African antelope.

Six months later Roman called. "I have it," he exulted. "The place for you to hunt sable, roan and kudu! You know how Portugal divides its territories into hunting concessions in the manner of the Yukon, where one outfit is given exclusive hunting rights for whole districts. A new concession has just been opened at the virgin southeastern tip of the country. You'll have to fly in and approach by boat. It's at the end of the world."

Mr. Baboon died as he had lived—with a forlorn look on his face.

I left my home in Bellingham, Washington, only 10 days ago and already I have been hunting for nearly a week.

Old Hawk Face and I are fast friends now. A tall blond Portuguese white hunter without an ounce of fat on his bony frame, Manuel was waiting for me at the airport when I arrived in Livingstone. Over our first drink we talked of the tremendous advantage we had over olden-day hunters. BOAC airlines, assisting the concession owners, had taken me from London to Rome, Khartoum, Nairobi, Salisbury and Livingstone with 30-minute stops en route. They had arranged for me to charter the plane which would take me deep into unhunted country. This approach from the east was a new one. All other Angolan hunting parties had originated from the western coast and had worked inland.

Freshly killed game is roasted in camp the same day. Without firearms, the native in this primitive land starves for meat—with meat on-the-hoof all around him.

Aftermath of an elephant kill—the natives, stomachs filled with meat, let the sun dry the hundreds of surplus pounds. Ivory nearby, the author dines on a mango.

We were starting from the inner, unknown side of this remote country.

We skimmed the tall grasses of the veldt on our way to Sesheke in Northern Rhodesia, the last semblance of a town we were to see. With the rising of the oversize African sun I was introduced to the British counterpart of our Jeep, the Land Rover, as we began bulling our way 200 kilometers through the bush. By sundown we had reached a native village called Cianga, population 16 souls.

We had trouble getting the Cianga natives to cross the Luiana this late in the day because of hippos in the muddy river. But by nightfall they'd poled us in a 16-foot skiff to a base camp situated at the narrow end of a huge V formed by the Luiana and Cuando rivers. The diverging rivers mark the concession boundaries.

The temporary shelters were made of material at hand—grasses, reeds and vines. Next year they will be built of African adobe, bricks made with mud of the Luiana and fired by the hot African sun. The floors were of African blacktop, organic material from dead anthills mixed with water and stamped down by the natives.

Dinner was served that first evening in true Portuguese fashion. One day I must write of the fantastic gourmet foods these people eat, even in the rough. During the conversation I told Manuel, the only English-speaking Portuguese in camp, that I wanted to do my own hunting. He understood. By law, I had to have one of them with me, but the selection of trophy, stalking, shooting would all be left to me. Since this was their first year of operation they knew little of the country anyway and had only hunted the vicinity of the camp.

What did I want to hunt?

"Kudu, sable and roan antelope, and maybe elephant."

"That's easy," said Manuel. "You can collect them in four or five days."

I told him I wanted to go easy at first—that Africa had been wooing me for years and that I wanted to meet her slowly. I explained that my hunting was for trophy heads and that I must do a good deal of looking.

"Good, you will enjoy yourself, and Africa will enjoy you. How is it you have come alone?"

"I usually hunt alone. I get so intent on what I'm hunting it would be unfair to take anyone with me who doesn't feel as I do."

That first morning there were four of us for breakfast. Gilbert Lobo, a government employe, had been sent into this new area to check game for tsetse-fly infection. He had found none, but still was checking. Would I care to go along today and do the shooting?

I broke out my battery of rifles, two Weatherbys. My old standby, a .300 Magnum with a 2½ to 7X Weatherby scope, was supplemented by a new .378 with a 2½X scope.

The Land Rover, equipped with a seat built across the bed just behind the cab, made a damned fine scouting car. I was up high enough to see well. With short forays from the truck I shot a couple of baboons, a wild hog and an oribi for Gilbert, who took blood samples. The little oribi owned six-and-a-half-inch horns, big enough to bring him a spot in Rowland Ward's record book. Before the safari was over, I was to shoot all the usual lesser trophies such as impala, zebra, various small gazelles and so on. But space permits only an account of the safari's high lights.

November 9, 1960.

Already it has become a job to remember the date or the day of the week. In the bush, such things become un-

. . . here on the veldt the natives live a primitive existence unchanged since the Stone Age

Native boys shoulder the ivory into camp. Along with the bull's tail, these are the elephant hunter's trophies.

A waterbuck was among the author's kills—surprising him and the natives, who had never seen one in the district.

ANGOLA ADVENTURE

important; Wednesdays run into Sundays and the dates become a blur. Days are christened by events. Noteworthy now is the day I joined the club, and the day we christened Tooka.

Other than shooting for Gilbert, we hardly have disturbed the quiet. There is just too much to see and hear and smell. The sands are already in my shoes. Startling noises now are pleasant background music I'll never forget. This country looks like a great beach, forgotten millions of years ago. The sands are still here, dotted everywhere by lush vegetation that grows so fast and dies so fast the whole countryside has a burgeoning, vegetative smell of its own. Civilization, like the strife which it has brought to the coastal cities, has been unable to penetrate to this district.

Each dawn submerges the night music of hyenas which gives way to the constant cries of birds. I watch distant men walking single file across the veldt like a string of black ants, their tenuous fishing spears over their shoulders. I interrupt the unquenchable thirst of my eyes to begin my daily battle with Tooka, really only half a name for the blacks call our Land Rover Tooka Tooka, from the putt-putt of her exhaust. Tooka is a hard-bottomed bastard without springs or sympathy who will go anywhere, but she makes you pay the price. Yesterday we christened her with half a bottle of beer and gave her half a name. Tooka is an indispensable partner. She has no fear—even of still-rooted fire-pointed sticks which periodically puncture her tires. She takes us where we point her.

Our crew is complete now and I'm at home, as I always knew I would be. We nearly have mastered our one problem—communication. Portuguese is the language of Angola, but is spoken only in civilized areas. Manuel's safari outfit brought a few Portuguese-speaking blacks with them, but to understand the locals, Manuel's blacks must interpret. This is a lengthy and frustrating system. More expedient is the rapport Pongo and I have gained with our special sign language.

Each misty morning begins with Manuel in the driver's seat, and Pongo and me in the lookout positions. Pongo is a dirty, smiling little black with the distended, potted, hard belly of a pregnant woman. He's pathetic, he stinks a little, and he's wonderful.

He has sponsored me in my membership in the club—the club of Kudu Nuts. This club is composed of hunters who want a kudu—a good big one—so bad it haunts their nights, yet somehow can't seem to get the shot. To explain a kudu is almost impossible. You look at pictures and read that a 48-inch head with two turns is a good trophy. A 50-inch head is an excellent trophy. But when you see them on the edge of a donga you really don't see them. You have an impression of spiraling horn atop a gray, misty, intangible body that quickly fades away.

I won't believe they're here till I can touch one.

Today I really botched it. Atop Tooka's back, Pongo spotted two beauties. They were behind their females on the edge of heavy bush as always, but even as they melted into the donga I could see they were all horns. Pongo and I hunted them perfectly. We hoofed a tremendous circle and picked them up again. They hadn't seen us this time and I got a good look at the granddad of the two. His horns were terrific, a good two and a half turns, at least 55 inches. I had to have that extra look through the glass, and with that and one spooky bark the ghosts faded away. Pongo looked disgusted; for once his watermelon-wide smile was not to be found.

About November 12, the Day of the Sable.

Today is a day of days. We are up at 3, hunting by 4, standard procedure now. Fifteen bouncing, grunting miles from camp we spot a herd of gorgeous sable antelope. Pongo sets off the excitement, grabbing my shoulder and whispering, "Fumbo!" This herd, rare even in Africa, is the first I've seen. We count 16 in the band, 200 yards away in moderately thick brush. They see us and begin fading. I watch through an opening in the bush as the herd passes. There is no doubt. They are the aristocrats of the antelopes.

They walk with heads held high, great back-swept scimitar horns over jet-black shining bodies, knowing they are kings. They walk not as shy antelope, but with the self-assurance of the almighty. The 16 pass in single file. None are terrific heads, but several have 35- to 38-inch horns. I really don't care; this one moment is worth the whole trip. The herd passes, and as I lower the binocular and turn to Manuel, Pongo lightly touches my arm again.

Another is passing. What an animal! His horns dwarf those of the others! He walks with just a little more caution, placing his feet just a little more carefully, head held just a little higher. He is a trophy head, a noteworthy head. I've got to get him.

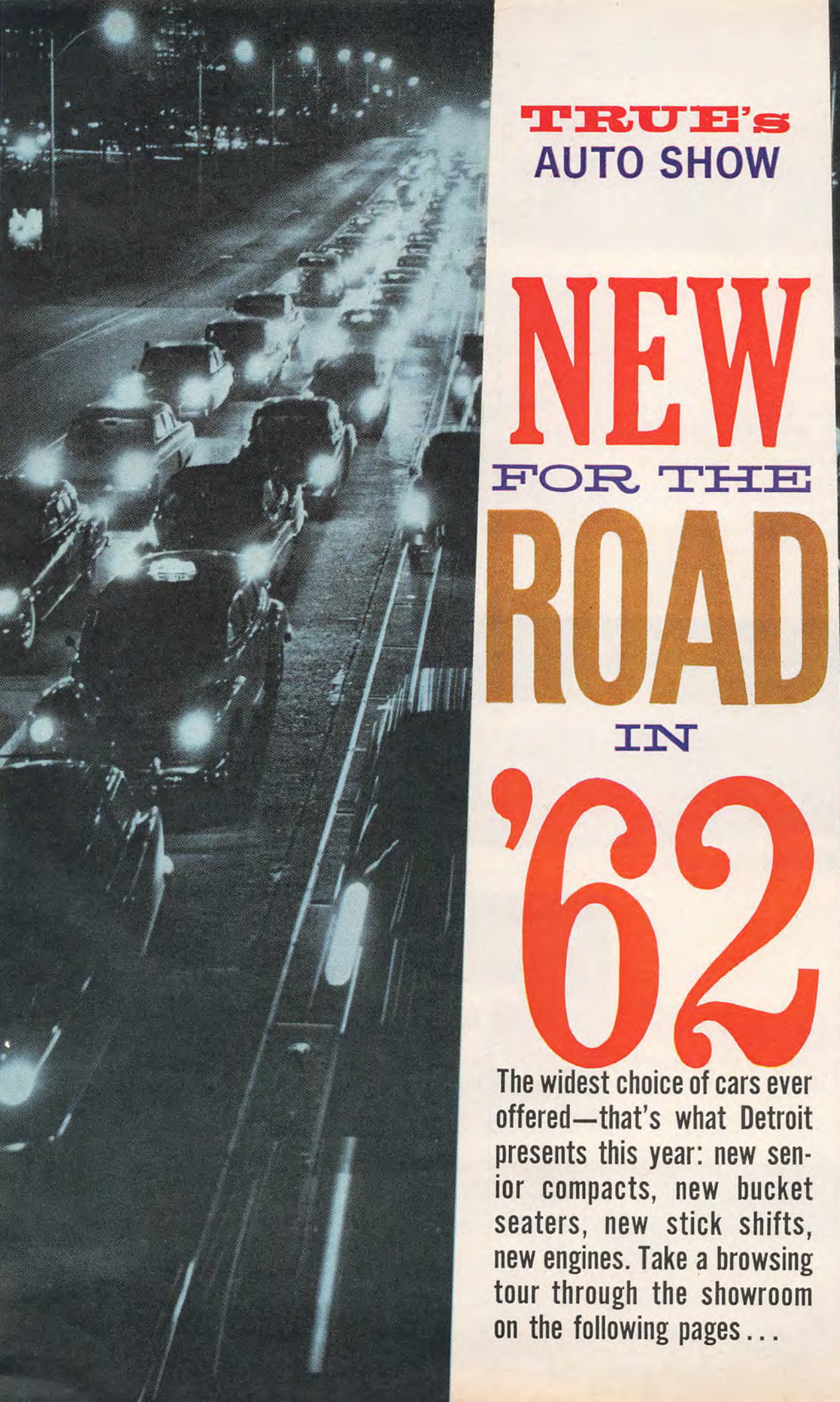
Pongo senses this by the tension in the air, by the pounding of my heart, and by Manuel's bug-eyes. We start a huge circle, heading away from the animal, walking fast and near soundlessly as we squish through sand and bush. An hour later we're crouched atop an abandoned anthill with grass above our heads when the brush sways a hundred yards away. In single file again the great ebony beauties thread their way through the vegetation, exactly in the manner as before. I can't see their bodies but their heads are clear. As they pass they begin milling as though uncertain what to do next.

I think they're scenting us. As I watch, they turn their heads in unison, looking back over their shoulders. They are waiting for the decision of the king! In a few seconds the great animal appears, looks at the others, stops, turns, faces us!

I shoot through the opening, hoping the grass won't deflect the bullet. It doesn't—the .300 wallops him good! This king is even more awe-inspiring close up than from afar. Pongo congratulates me, Manuel congratulates me, I congratulate myself. His horns are 43½ inches. A 40-inch head wins a spot in Rowland Ward's book of records.

Old Hawk Face—Manuel—is still grinning when we return to Tooka and break out three beers. Little Pongo struts about camp this evening making a great show of the cigarettes I've given him. These are the first I've given for quite awhile. Manuel told me when I first arrived to award the natives only for a job well done. In the beginning I disregarded him and in no time I was tapped constantly on the shoulder for smokes. The blacks expected me to share these as they share their food with one another on a first-come, first-served basis. They are true primitives. They show absolutely no evidence of grief, even to misfortunes in their own families. Gratitude is a sophisticated feeling completely beyond them.

Manuel handles them with a firm hand. The relationship is the time-honored sahib-servant working agreement. The blacks do as they are told—so long as they are in sight. I don't know how much they understand. We ask them to leap at a single step from the [*Continued on page* 68]



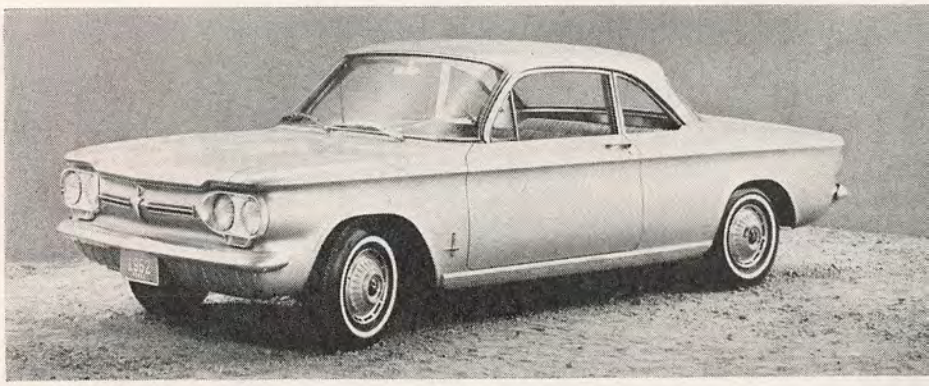
TRUE's
AUTO SHOW

NEW FOR THE ROAD IN '62

The widest choice of cars ever offered—that's what Detroit presents this year: new senior compacts, new bucket seaters, new stick shifts, new engines. Take a browsing tour through the showroom on the following pages . . .

AMERICAN

New automatic clutch transmission, twin master cylinders for doubly safe braking are new for '62. Styling and engine power remain stable.



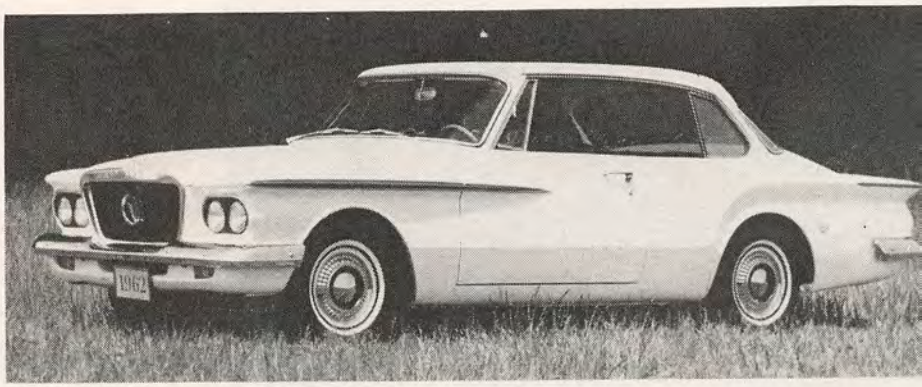
CORVAIR

Chevy's rear-engine compact is substantially unchanged from '61. Available as a 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan and wagon, and Monza coupe.

...Detroit's Popular Compacts Are Getting Cousins...

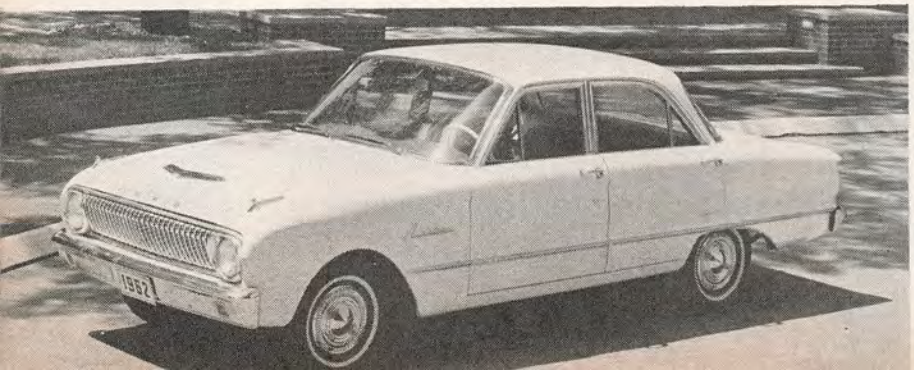
LARK

Studebaker's compacts are larger, longer in '62; 4-door models have 5-inch wheelbase increase. Finned brakes are standard with 210-hp V8.



VALIANT

New Signet, a bucket-seat hardtop, is one of seven models in '62. A 225-inch aluminum Six is optional; 170-inch Six continues as standard.



FALCON

The largest selling compact, now in its third year, announces engineering refinements, a new wagon model, same 90- and 101-hp Sixes.

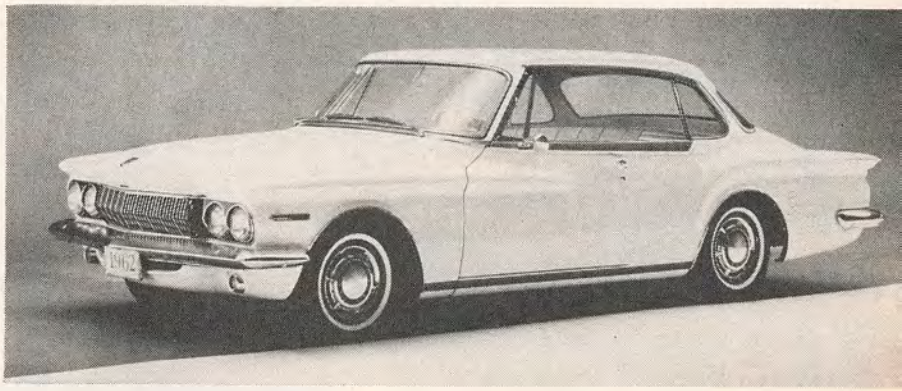
OLDS F-85

Small Olds line features new front-end styling and a new convertible for '62. Aluminum V8 engines are continued from '61 at 155/185 hp.

BUICK SPECIAL

Biggest news at Buick is new cast-iron, 135-hp V6 engine for Special. Aluminum V8 from '61 continues. A new convertible is added to the line.

...By The Dozens In Wide-Choice Lines For 1962...

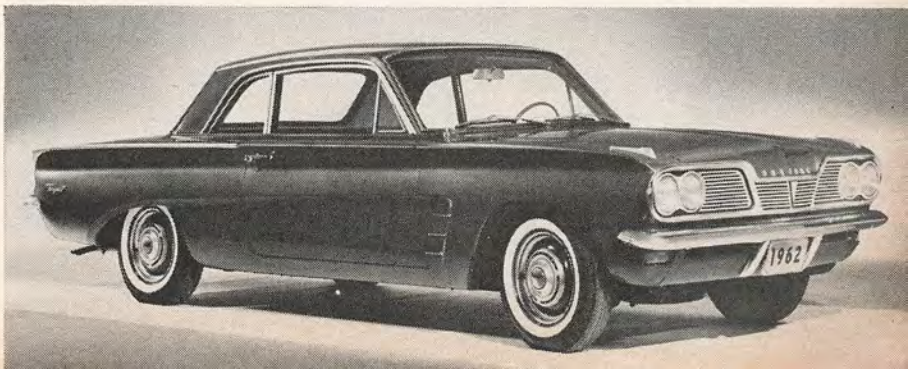


LANCER

Face-lifted Lancer features 32,000-mile lube interval, printed circuit wiring, new airplane-type starter and a Gran Tourismo bucket-seater.

COMET

Joining the Mercury family in its third year, the compact Comet now offers a luxury bucket-seat model and choice of 85- or 101-hp engines.



TEMPEST

The only rear-transmission U.S. car now offers a new 4-speed box mated to 110/166-hp 4-cylinder or 185-hp V8. New convertible also available.

PLYMOUTH

A completely restyled car with improved economy, higher performance, prelubricated for 32,000 mi. New balance center improves ride.

FAIRLANE

An all new Ford "senior compact" selling between Falcon and Galaxie. Available as a 2- or 4-door sedan with 101-hp Six or new 143-hp V8.

...New Senior Compacts Are Neither Big Nor Small...

DODGE DART

Now the "standard" Dodge car, the '62 Dart features aluminum transmission, galvanized body steel, unusual split headlamps, new brakes.

RAMBLER

The 250/270-hp Ambassador V8 and 127/138-hp Classic Six are on same 108-inch wheelbase for '62. Dual hydraulic system for safer brakes.

CHEVROLET II

An all new car to fill gap between Corvair and standard Chevy, available with 4- or 6-cyl. engines in sedans, wagons and convertibles.

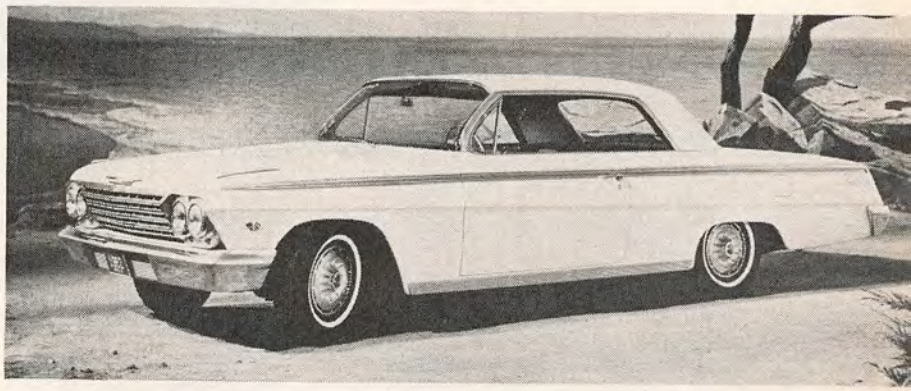
FORD GALAXIE

The big Ford is a 2-ton luxury car with engines from 135 to 401-hp. Radiator coolant, oil filter and chassis lube good for 30,000 miles.

BUICK

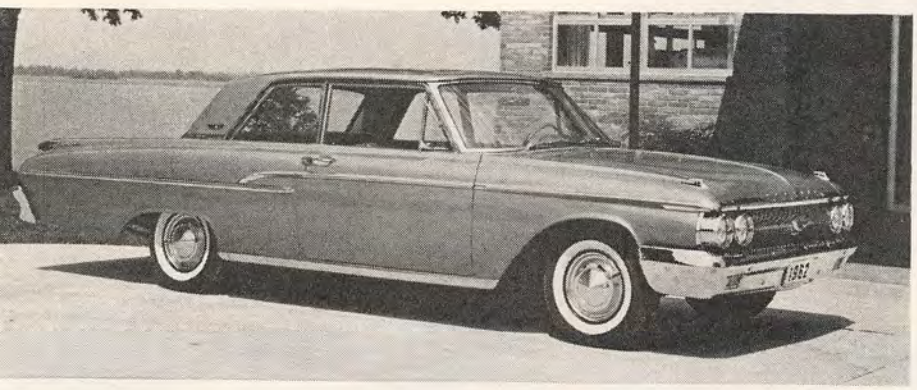
LeSabre, Invicta and Electra lines continue for '62, all restyled and all powered with big 401-inch V8 giving 280/325 hp. Turbine drive.

...New Full-Size Cars Add Performance And Luxury...



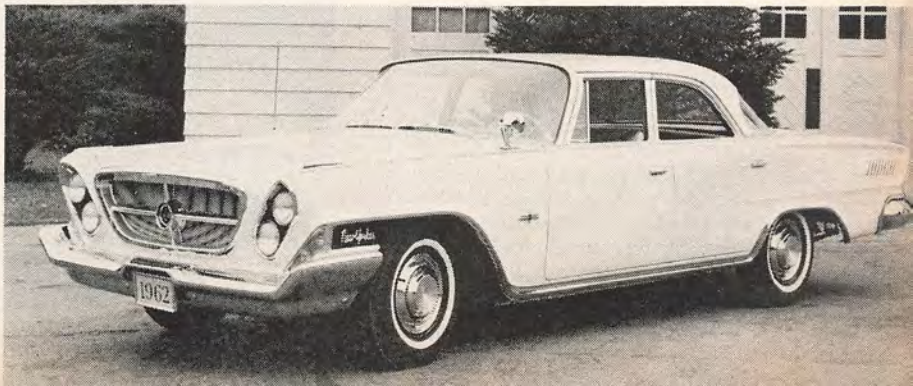
CHEVROLET

An Impala sport coupe, thinner roof lines and a 327-inch V8 are all new development for '62. Turboglide transmission is discontinued.



MERCURY

Cushion-Link suspension, introduced in '61 is continued, styling has been face lifted. Choice of 135-hp Six; 175, 220 or 300-hp V8.



CHRYSLER

Chrysler replaces the Windsor with a new "300" line of full-size cars, continues Newports, New Yorkers and 300H high-performance series.

LINCOLN

Continuity of 1961 styling is key to Ford's '62 Continental. Choice of 4-door sedan or convertible. Engine has unique water-heated choke.

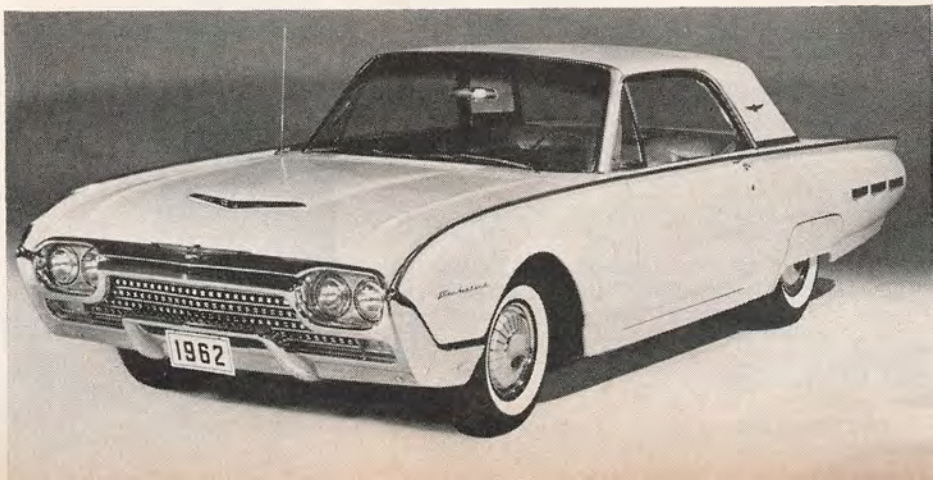
CADILLAC

Lower fins, quieter 325-hp engine are part of '62 face lift. Auxiliary cornering lights go on with turn signals, illuminate way into turns.

...The Big Chariots Make Sleek But Discreet Changes...

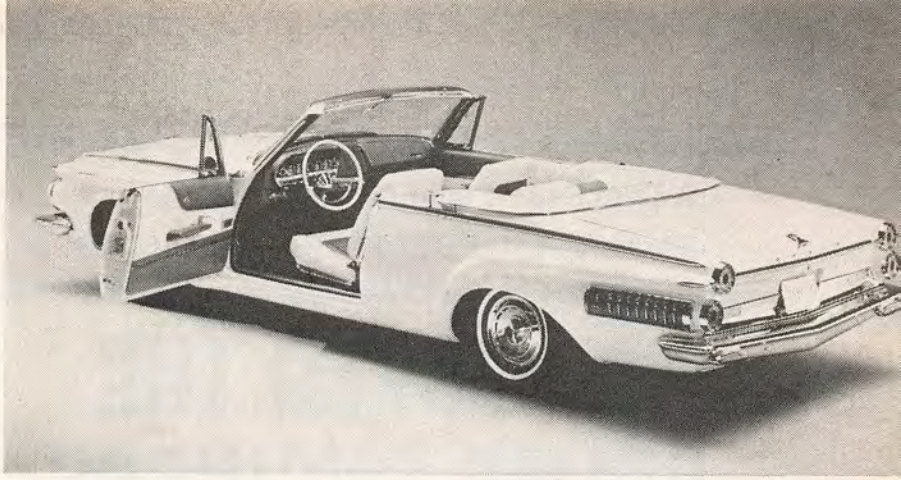
IMPERIAL

Traditional features are continued in '62: curved glass windows, gunsight taillights, free-standing headlamps, plus new two-section grille.



THUNDERBIRD

Ford's highly successful luxury car continues as a 2-door hardtop or convertible for '62. Both styling and engineering have been refined.



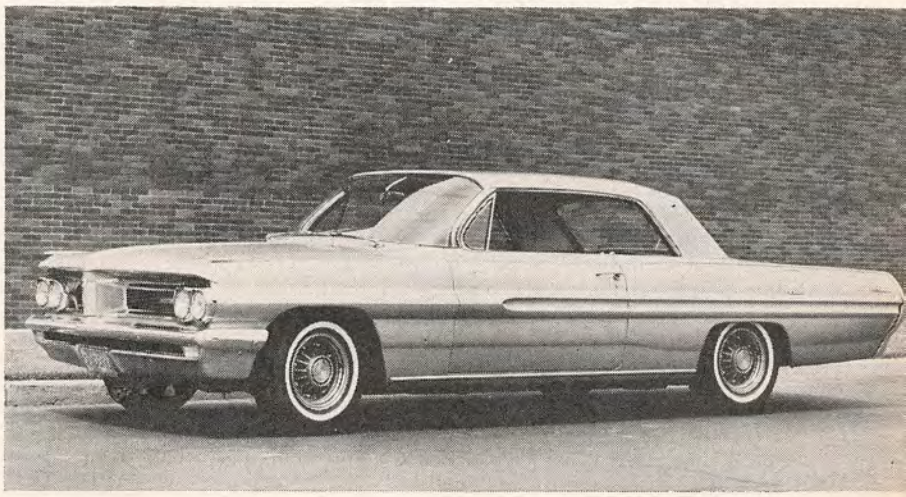
DODGE POLARA

A 5-passenger sports convertible or hardtop with front bucket seats and big 305-hp V8. Emphasis is on high performance and elegant interiors.

HAWK

Studebaker's new sport-styled hardtop has bucket seats, dual exhausts, 210-hp V8 engine, new grille, wood-textured instrument panel, no fins.

...New Sets Of Wheels For The Speed & Sport Man...



PONTIAC

The Grand Prix, a 303-hp, 2-door sports coupe is new. Star Chief, Catalina and Bonneville lines are restyled; engines from 215 to 348 hp.

OLDSMOBILE

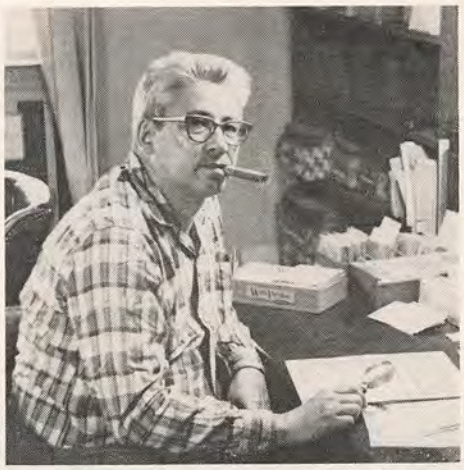
Four-door sports sedan features "convertible" look, 345-hp performance. Other 88s and 98s offer 280 and 330-hp V8s, new Hydra-Matic.

ESCAPE TO RICHES

A True Report on a Man Who Has it Made

By ARTHUR HERZOG

HE LICKED THE STAMP BUSINESS



■ Milton K. Ozaki had collected stamps when he was a boy, but he'd never thought of them as money-makers until, some six years ago, his children asked him to help out with their collections. The old fascination returned, but this time Ozaki noticed something new: stamps, like stocks and bonds, go up and down in price. More or less for the hell of it, he decided to try a little speculation.

He noted that commemorative stamps (stamps issued to mark special events) had been rising in value, so he picked out a 1952 Vatican City souvenir issue, priced at $1.25 per stamp, and bought 100. Within a few months, the price of the stamp had doubled.

Really excited now, Ozaki studied the lists and bought more stamps—all of which went up. He wanted to go into stamp speculation in a big way, but he didn't have the cash; the two beauty shops he owned just didn't bring in enough to supply much investment money. Then he came up with the idea that changed his life.

People used brokers for real estate, insurance and stocks, he figured, but to his knowledge nobody had ever run a brokerage for stamps, buying and selling for clients. It was a virgin field, and Ozaki decided to give it a try.

For $7 he placed an ad in a philatelic journal. "If you want profit as well as fun from stamps," it read, "write me." No hobbyists are more inquisitive than stamp collectors, and to Ozaki's delight orders began trickling in. A month after the ad appeared he had 15 eager customers.

What Ozaki had in mind wasn't stamp collecting, but stamp speculating—for profit. A client had to agree to send him a minimum of $5 a month. With it Ozaki would buy stamps of his own choosing and send them back to the customer. He planned to put together balanced folios, without too many risky issues. He would advise when to sell, and, if the client wanted, he would handle the transaction himself. If a customer wasn't satisfied with the selections, he could return the stamps and Ozaki would refund his money. Ozaki's own profit would be the difference between what he paid for a stamp and the price at which he sold it to his clients.

In theory it sounded fine but Ozaki had to find the right stamps. He was looking for "sleepers"—stamps which showed signs of quickly going up in value. Sleepers betray themselves by becoming active in one corner of the world first. A stamp, for instance, that has remained stable in price for a number of months and then begins to rise in its home country, where dealers know the demand, will probably go up elsewhere too. Ozaki ransacked the stamp catalogs (there are dozens of them, including those of foreign countries), translating currencies into dollars and comparing prices. Then he bought stamps and sent them to his customers in glassine envelopes, telling them to hang on.

Ozaki explained to prospective clients that stamps are potentially better investments than real estate or stocks, and certainly better than the horses. For one thing, stamps are stable during economic depressions. For another, prices of stamps have been skyrocketing since the war. Stamp collectors have sprouted everywhere—there are 20 million of them in the U.S., even more in Europe. All want stamps, and there aren't enough to go around.

At the end of the first year Ozaki had 100 customers, putting anywhere from $5 to $200 a month into their folios. He was often broke, because he had to buy stamps in advance to take advantage of prices, but he was getting results. One man, a manufacturer from the East, read Ozaki's brochure and sent him $3,000 on the strength of it. Three years later the man sold his Ozaki-picked collection for $8,000.

Ozaki says that his clients' collections have risen in value at least 150 percent—even higher if he discounts some of his early mistakes. A stamp from Viet Nam that Ozaki bought, for instance, is up 906 percent. Ozaki's early customers must feel happy when they look at three stamps he bought for them in 1956. A Luxembourg Europa issue: up from $2 to $50 a set. A Laotian stamp: up from $6.75 to $40. A Korean souvenir issue honoring world refugees: from $.45 a stamp to 10 times that.

Three years ago Ozaki decided to take the big gamble and make stamps his full-time work. "I was a little scared," he says, "but I was confident I could do it. And I did." He says proudly that he's got 1,000 customers—and his first customer is still with him. He's adding new clients at the rate of one a day.

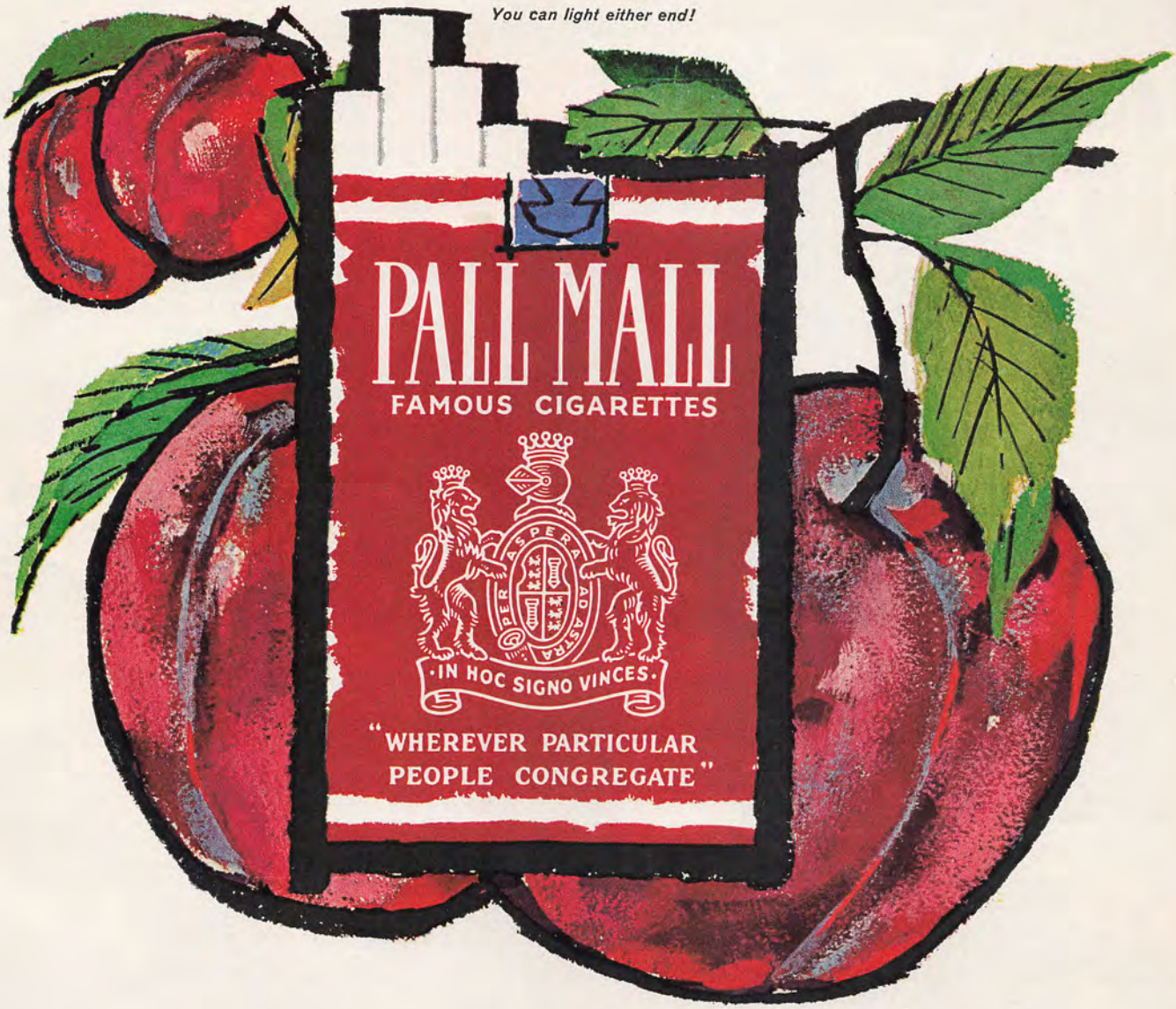
Ozaki frankly admits in his widely read newsletter, *The Philatelic Investor*, that one of his main objects is to make money. At present, his clients are sending him about $100,000 a year, from which his profit is $15,000—the difference between the buying and selling prices of the stamps. (Even so, his prices are below those of the regular stamp dealers.) He doesn't really know exactly what his own private collection is worth, but his souvenir sheets alone are worth $6,000, and those Vatican City stamps, of which Ozaki ultimately bought 500, have jumped from $1.25 to $15. He isn't rich, but he's getting there.

His profitable hobby has also paid off with another dividend; he used to play a lot of bridge, but the beauty parlors began taking up so much of his time that he had to quit. Now he's playing regularly in bridge tournaments throughout the country, and is in the championship class. And even this can be profitable. He was recently attending a tournament out west when he spotted a sheet of 100 blue stamps from Paraguay.

"What do you want for these?" he asked the dealer.

"I'll take $50," the dealer said casually.

Ozaki knew that was more than the dealer had paid for them, but he also knew more than the dealer about the stamps. He paid 50¢ apiece; they were worth $20 each. That's the stamp business, and he loves it. ■



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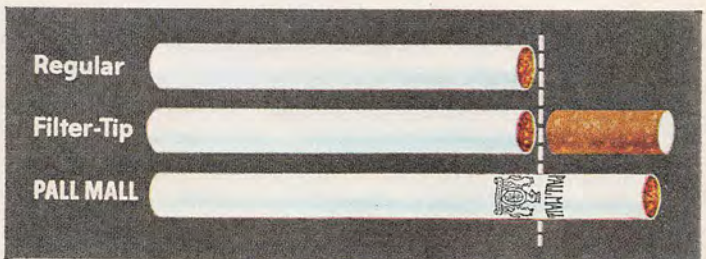

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COATS FOR GUYS WHO KNOW THE ROPES

While the rest of us shiver at the thought of another cold season coming, coat makers are just getting warmed up. Their imaginations fired by the challenge of chilly weather (and competition), winter wear designers have engineered everything short of steam heat into this season's new models. And, as an added antifreeze touch, they've thrown in a lot of hot styling.

Coats not only look warmer this year —they *are* warmer. Non-functional innovations are getting the cold shoulder in favor of practical treatments and styles serve double duty for both appearance and protection.

The four men, left, braving the wind to enjoy a time-honored spectator sport on a United States Lines pier, wear garments that reveal two-fold styling:

- Warm linings—shearling-types and piles —emerge from the innards of coats to give both decoration and added warmth at collars and pockets;
- Suede cloths offer all the style of suede leather without the high cost and high care. They're warm to look at and warm to wear;
- The use of lamination—bonding fabrics to polyurethane foam—cuts down on weight, insulates and improves appearance of tailoring.
- Hoods not only look good; they also keep ears warm.
- Double-breasted coat styles put two lapped-over layers of coat at the chest and midsection to serve as a hearty wind buffer.

In short, it's going to be a good winter for men who want function with their fashion instead of gimmicks with their goosebumps.

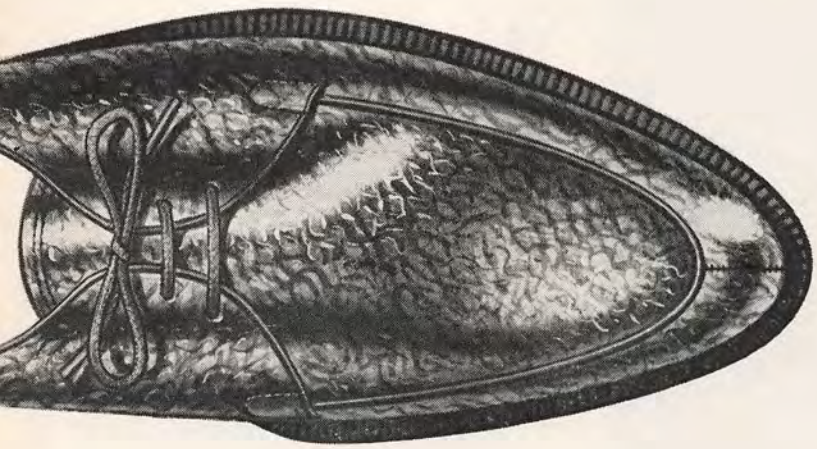
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

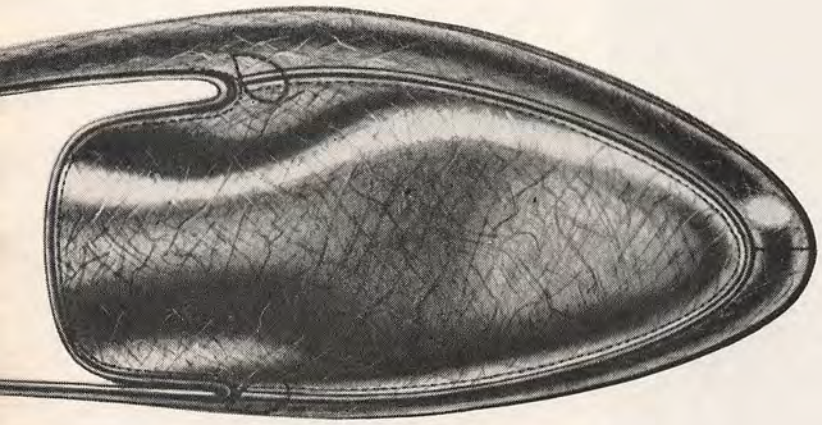
Opposite page: Left, zipper fly front, detachable hood and Glenoit Orlon pile lining add cold protection to Zero King water repellent coat, $45; center, Lakeland jacket is styled in laminated knit worsted fabric by Originit, $39.95; right, shearling-type Dynel lining doubles as trim for nylon suede coat by Robert Lewis, $34.95, with foam interlining; this page, plaid International Trends coat has double breasted styling and a flap yoke, $32.50, in wool blend. Luggage by Crouch & Fitzgerald and Leeds.

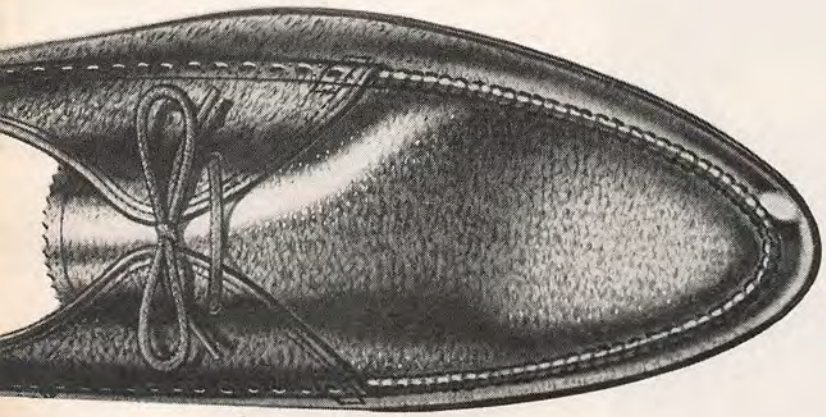
PRODUCED BY JOE WOLFE

Photographed for TRUE by PAUL HIMMEL

For local retail sources, write to Merchandise Editor, TRUE Magazine, 67 West 44th St., NYC







Jerry Grossman

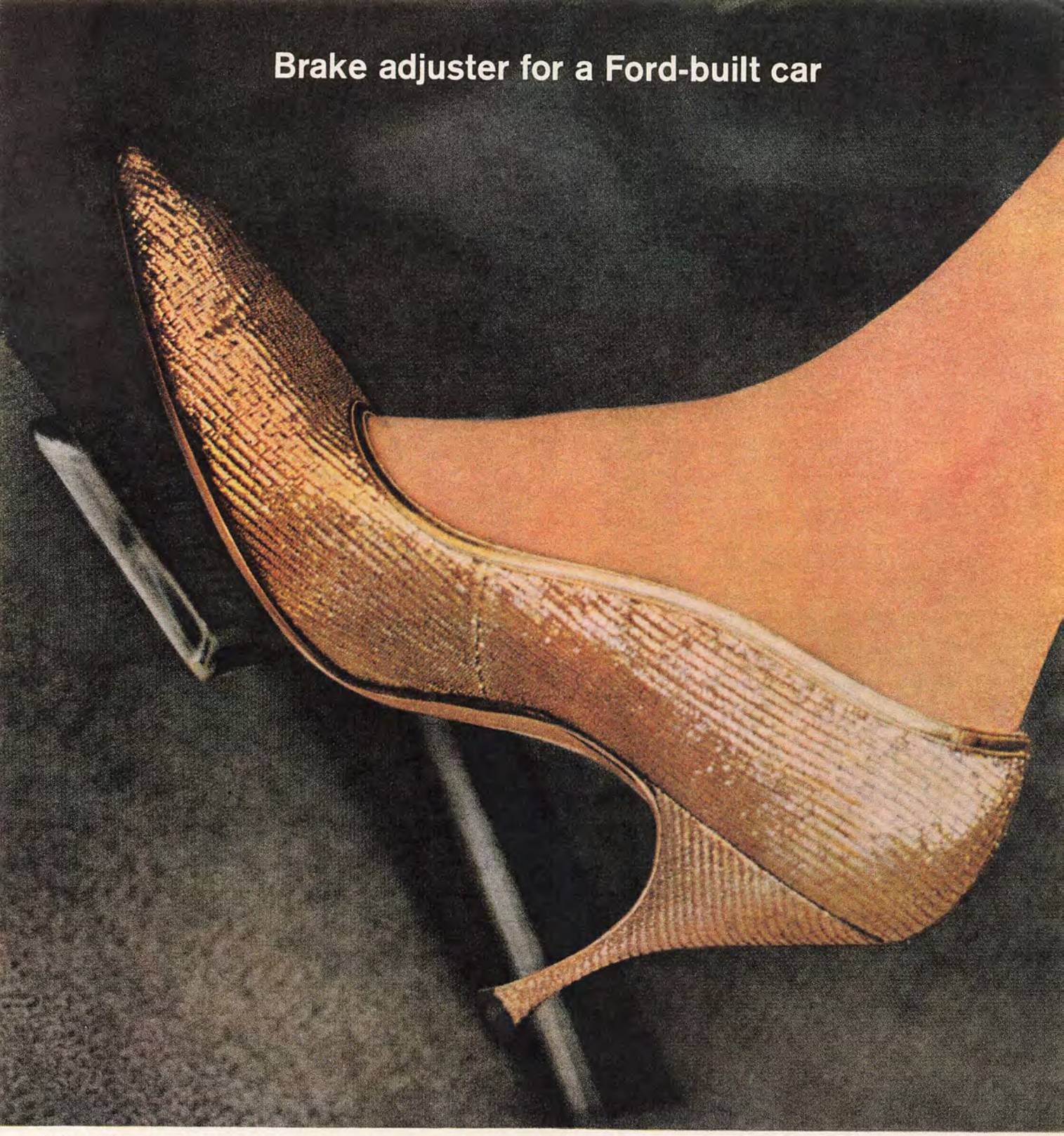
Leather Gets Beefier

It's just natural that men who have their feet planted firmly on the ground are showing interest in footwear that has a solid, substantial look. This fall beefier, grainier leathers are helping to deliver the message that a man is as sturdy as the shoes he wears. Rugged texture tells its story neatly and fashionably; shoes needn't be clodhoppers to get across the practical man's point of view. Like fine woodwork and good tweed, grainy leathers depend upon natural appearance to sustain their good looks.

Since leather and its innate handsomeness work in your behalf, here are some pointers to aid you to keep your shoes in the shape they deserve:

- Never dry wet shoe too close to a heat source. You'll dry out necessary lubricants.
- If your shoes do become too dry and ordinary polish won't correct the situation, try a sparing dose of sulfonated neat's foot oil. Rub on lightly with cloth and let shoe rest a day.
- Here's an ideal way to keep rain-soaked shoes from getting stiff: apply saddle soap when shoes are still wet and let shoes air out naturally with the soap still on them.

Typical of shoes with beefier, grainier look are three models, right. Each utilizes different grainy textures. Shoes like those shown may be purchased at stores selling the following brands: Nunn Bush, Georgetown, Jarman, Portage, Mansfield, Bass Weejun, W. L. Douglas, Bates, Edgerton, Johnsonian, Roblee, Winthrop, Fortune, AG by American Gentleman, Florsheim, Bostonian, L. B. Evans, Crosby Square, Freeman, Bob Smart, Gold Bond, Walkover, Bondshire, Madison Square and M. T. Shaw.



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Angola Adventure

[*Continued from page* 54]

Stone Age to the Twentieth Century. I spent 15 minutes trying to teach one tracker to open and shut the truck door to no avail. Forgotten in the cab for three hours the other day, he was unable to get out.

About November 14, Waterbuck Day.

We initiate a change in hunting routine today, and it pays off. The usual procedure has been to return to camp by 11 a.m. as this is just before the rainy season and it's hotter than hell. Everyone then has a siesta, and we hunt again in the evening. This doubles the necessary driving, so now we take our lunches and hunt farther out. Today, while Manuel and Pongo are snoozing, I walk half a mile into the bush and climb a tree. I can keep fairly cool here and at the same time enjoy watching game. Manuel says this is a waste of time as all the animals are smart enough to sleep now, too, but I've seen seven wild hogs, a troupe of baboons, three oribi, four zebra, and a nice waterbuck which I have collected.

Manuel had told me there are none to be found in this district. This one came within 50 yards of my perch and then disappeared in the bush. I made a small circle, picked him off and am still laughing at the look on Manuel's sleep-puffed face. Thundering over in Tooka, all he can say is, "I'll be damned." Even the natives around camp are curious as we come in this evening. Most of them have never seen this critter.

I wondered why, in such fantastic game country, people suffer from the protein-famine disease, kwashiorkor, but one look at their Stone Age weapons is enough to tell the story. The bulk of their diet is corn meal, pounded by native women in vats made from hollowed stumps and supplemented by daily fishing of the men. Their occasional taste of meat is that of the small antelope.

November 16? Day of the Long Walk and the Gray Ghost.

Today I'm catching up on my writing. I've earned a rest. In fact, Manuel says he wouldn't move out of camp today for any animal in Africa.

At 5 a.m. yesterday I shot at a tremendous kudu—and missed. I have never been more disappointed. Manuel and Pongo sensed this, for we began tracking at once, without discussion. For five hours we tracked! By 8 a.m. it was warm, by 9 hot and by 10 it was sweltering. The air was dense, gold and green with reflected colors of the earth below. I felt as if I were swimming under water, suspended in a lucid sea of air.

Our tongues are swollen—too thick for speech. My hands, arms, face are all a bloody mess from the thorns. Twice we've spotted our prize, but only for an instant as he fades into gray bush. Just as we wearily complete the seven-mile stretch between the Cuando and the Luiana I glimpse him again, and this time shoot on the instant. He's down hard. I want to measure the horns, but it seems disrespectful to apply the tape to him. He's such a beautiful trophy I just sit and look and touch. Finally he's real, and with the sense of touch comes the thrill of possession of a trophy I've dreamed about like the pot at the end of the rainbow.

We decide to rest before the long hike back, and I celebrate by stripping my clothes at the marshy mess of mud and reeds at the river's edge for a dip into a turbid hole used by hippos for their wallowing.

Hours later, taking my turn carrying the heavy-based 53 inches of spiraling horns back to the truck, thoughts of the cool mud bath help ease the stinging flood of perspiration.

November 19? The Sunset Day.

Tonight I'm sipping a Scotch and soda, relaxing with self-satisfaction that comes but rarely in big-game hunting. Besides, it's fun to sit back-propped against a baobab and watch Manuel work. He's checking the truck in preparation for a new adventure. Tomorrow we start a northward trek—60 miles into unexplored elephant country.

Late today I completed my king's trophy room trio of antelope with a tremendous 31-inch roan. He's for the book too. That makes two out of three for Ward's hall of fame. The blazing African sun was setting—too late for good pictures, but the combination of rusty roan and red sun made a picture beautiful in my memory. If there is a heaven for hunters I hope it is a place similar to this.

November 21? The Day We Met the Natives of "Hanging Tree Camp."

The blacks have finally decided the white strangers are safe and are beginning to gather, but I think the mound of sassaby meat we've brought as our calling card is doing more of the enticing than we. First come the men, bodies decorated with self-inflicted keloid scars and faces adorned by their tribal marks. They are near naked. Thirty minutes later their timid women appear, lining up behind the men. Clad only in saris, they are straight backed, high breasted, with children slung casually here and there about them. Long hair is the fashion, achieved by tying foot-long greased pieces of native twine to their tight, kinky hair. The odor of rancid grease is the mark of the beauty shop here.

We've made our camp under a huge spreading tree used by the natives in the past for hanging their prisoners of tribal wars. The tree is close to a village and the chief, with Pongo as interpreter, acknowledges the meat, but asks where do these white-colored people come from? We are the first he has seen. He tells Pongo that the *dovo* (elephant) are all around us, that they pass every day, but that we had better not disturb them. They are dangerous.

The elephant from this southern tip of Angola are known as the largest in the world. The record specimen for size, standing 13½ feet, came from this region. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution, but according to Manuel these elephants have small tusks, averaging only about 35 pounds per side. Manuel maintains that the one in the Smithsonian wears the tusks of another, killed in a different area.

I'm not particularly concerned with tusk size as I didn't come for elephant, but the tremendous size of the tracks I've seen pull me like a magnet.

November 22? The Day of the Fair, and I Think It's My Birthday.

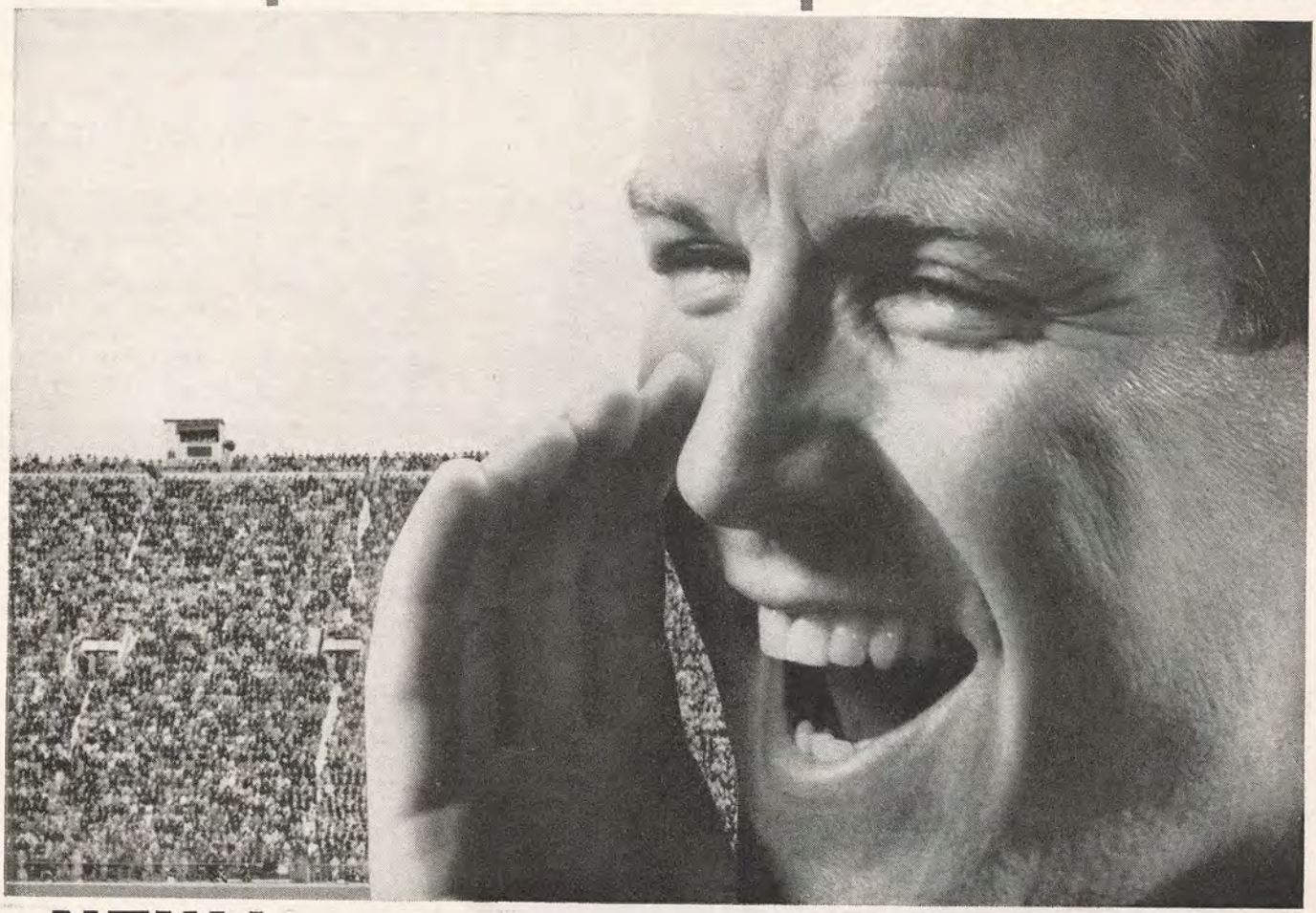
We've been hunting for only an hour this morning and have found fresh elephant dung and smashed trees everywhere. This sparsely populated forest area, extending for miles in every direction, has hosted *dovo* for weeks. Pongo has explained to the truckload of natives now attached to us that we are looking for a very large elephant. These blacks from the nearest village have discovered that this queer white-skinned man and his loud rifle are a good source of meat. Knowing we're after *dovo*, they have crammed themselves into the truck bed until I hardly can move. We manage finally to get rid of a pungent half dozen, but we're still a crowd. Each track we discover causes Pongo to shake his head—not big. But by midmorning we have found it, a track that looks like someone pounded a toed garbage-can lid into the ground.

The track is 25 inches across. I can put both my size 12 shoes in it end to end and not touch either side! This is a lone bull wandering around in the forest apparently apart from a myriad of elephants. We track him only after the natives have stuffed their noses with bits of grass to protect them against both the elephant and his spirit. In 15 minutes' sporing we discover that the lone bull has been joined suddenly by five others. A half hour later I get my first view of the bulls. They look like gray-black buildings somehow abandoned out here in the wilderness. Our bull is feeding about 200 yards away along with the others. He's easily distinguished by his ivory, which is much larger than I expected.

The wind is our primary problem. It is eddying and shifting faster than we can move. We try different approaches, but the damned wind won't stay put. Finally it seems to steady and the three of us start our final approach. The truck load of natives fades back into brush as we begin. They want no part of this. I have given Manuel my Leica, telling him to keep taking pictures as we approach. I can tell he's not too fond of the idea. He abandoned it later as a foolish business when *dovo* charged. Pongo and I go slowly—we're 100 yards away—50 yards. I can hear Manuel tripping the shutter of the Leica. Suddenly I feel the breeze at my back. I turn to Manuel, calling down all the curse words I can think of on the breeze, when Pongo touches my arm.

The young bulls have all raised their heads and stopped feeding. In an instant all five have faded into the forest. Old Goliath remains standing alone. Somehow he knows that he and I must meet. Slowly he turns, his ears come out from his head like great sails and his trunk rises and extends straight toward us. He

SKIN DRY? | FACE IRRITATED? | HANDS CHAPPED?



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takes a ponderous step forward, another, and he comes at a fast walk. My God, how huge he looks!

My .378 is raised, but there are too many branches. I'm remembering somewhere that a frontal shot always will turn an elephant. I hope to God it's true. He looks like a skyscraper descending on me. My rifle is pointed at a 45° angle when I squeeze the trigger, aiming just below the eyes. It belts him, sending a cloud of dust and matted mud flakes cascading out in all directions from his head.

He wheels, and with the turn I shoot again just in front of the ear. He stops, begins to sway. I run to the side—reload—let go another. He doesn't move, just sways. Then like a building with supports cracking in an earthquake, he crashes on his side. The ground trembles, trees sway, dust rises in a smoky mass.

After the crash the shocked forest is unnaturally silent. There's no chatter of birds or monkeys now, not a sound from the truckload of natives hidden far back on the trail. *Dovo* is mine.

There is no thrill like this, for at the charge you wonder whether anything will stop the tons upon tons of purposeful, enraged animal coming at you. Other animals are dangerous, but they're not two stories high. This is the greatest thrill of them all.

Pongo cuts off the tail, and we measure our prize. He's 12 feet to the shoulder, and the tusks are beautiful. But the excitement isn't over. In an hour we're surrounded by natives who stand and look with round eyes. Like a strutting Napoleon, Pongo waves them in, signaling that the meat is theirs. It's like a sanguine carnival. With each minute more and more people arrive, frenzied at the prospect of meat. Soon they're wading knee deep in the noisome, bloody guts of *dovo*, hacking, slashing, chopping into this bonanza of meat.

It will fill their bellies for weeks, and as the parade of new arrivals comes in it is met by the departing line—grinning faces topped by huge chunks of red meat, blood dripping down on half-naked black bodies. Unbounded joy shines from faces everywhere. Vultures, hunching their high shoulders until their ugly heads almost disappear in the classic stance of patient waiting, begin to gather high in surrounding trees. Trails of ants are arriving, carrying away bloody grains of sand. By nightfall almost nothing will remain of the massive carcass.

We chop out the tusks, and Manuel guesses their weight at 70 pounds each—tremendous for this part of the country.

Pongo now places a bracelet about my wrist. It's the native mark of an elephant hunter, a peculiar braided decoration which he has made from the black shiny hair of the elephant's tail. He snubs it tight and fastens it with a last twist of the coarse hairs. It protects the hunter from the elephant's spirit. Sometimes, home in Bellingham, Washington, I take out the strange charm and place it again around my wrist. I've come to believe in its powers. It may not protect me, but it does bring back in a surge of memory the excitement of that hot and humid day.—**William A. Fisher**

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

With micrometer-like precision a woodpecker drills an amazingly accurate hole in which to store food.

What makes a woodpecker pound his head off like that? This plaint, from Fred Stroschin of Milwaukee, refers to one that kept disturbing the peace at a summer cabin by drumming senselessly on the metal flashings of the roof. The bird certainly didn't expect any food out of the metal, so why the sleep-shattering rat-a-tat-tat?

Scientists have an answer. The woodpecker was undoubtedly a male, sending out a message to rivals to the effect that any others of his species and sex had better keep away from the trees in the vicinity, *and* away from his mate.

But most of the time, when you hear a woodpecker hammering, he's busy digging out a meal, in the form of a bug in a pole or tree. The noise is just an incidental sound effect to as neat a piece of craftsmanship as can be found in nature. With a beak that is actually a chisel, a woodpecker cuts straight down to the insect that his amazingly keen hearing has located for him.

Nor does he waste any motion drilling a hole bigger than it needs to be. With micrometer-like precision he makes one just the right size to permit getting the bug out easily. For storing bugs, which he does when he has a surplus, he drills an even more accurate hole, to a tolerance of better than .001 of an inch. It has to be just right. Too small, and he can't ram his catch into it; too large, and the critter can crawl out and escape.

What puzzles researchers as much as anything else is just how the woodpecker can slam into wood with so much force and yet keep from knocking himself out. A boxer who takes repeated blows on the head gets punchy. Woodpeckers take blows far more jolting, relatively, and suffer no ill effects. As nearly as the experts figure it, he can do it because a complicated network of cross braces in his skull makes it elastic, able to absorb shock without transmitting it to the brain.

One thing is sure. The woodpecker is actually hitting as hard as his pounding seems to indicate. Just ask one authority who has reason to know, Dr. Southgate Hoyt of Cornell. He caught a pileated woodpecker, kept it in his lab. One day the bird, whose frequent drumming had weakened a hardwood bar of his improvised cage, finished cutting through it, and flew out. Coming up behind the scientist, he smacked him one behind the ear and knocked him out cold.

The prof's headache was minor compared to the ones suffered by power companies, who fight a losing battle with woodpeckers. A particularly afflicted midwestern power company estimates the birds' depredations cost it as much as $10,000 a year. In a single year it had to replace 100 poles.

Q: What ever happened to the Indian motorcycle? Is it still being manufactured? ***Ron Dink, Agenda, Kans.***

A: The Indian motorcycle was formerly manufactured in this country at Springfield, Mass. However, it has not been made there since 1952. Several English motorcycle makers in recent years have used the Indian name and there is at present an Indian Co. in Chicopee Falls, Mass., that sells these English motorcycles.

Q: On a world scale which is the bigger seller, Pepsi-Cola or Coca-Cola? ***S. E. Harrison, Meridian, Miss.***

A: Coca-Cola leads and has about a 2-1 margin over Pepsi-Cola.

Q: What was the largest bear ever shot? ***Ron Gräfstrom, Van Nuys, Calif.***

A. It was a Kodiak bear, killed at Bear River, Alaska. The greatest length of the skull was 18 13/16 inches.

Q: What were the names of the four players who comprised Army's famous backfield during 1944-46? ***Bud Jones, Arlington, Calif.***

A: The four men were Y. Arnold Tucker, Glenn Davis, Shorty McWilliams and Doc Blanchard. At the present time Tucker and Blanchard are serving as pilots in the Air Force. Davis is an executive on a Los Angeles newspaper. McWilliams also holds a civilian position.

Q: Exactly where is the Mother Lode located? ***Edwin Swenson, Medford, Ore.***

A: It is in central California and extends along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada for about 70 miles from Mariposa to Nevada City. This belt of gold-bearing quartz was discovered by a prospector in 1848 and his discovery led to the famous gold rush of '49. Some of the mines developed then are still operating.

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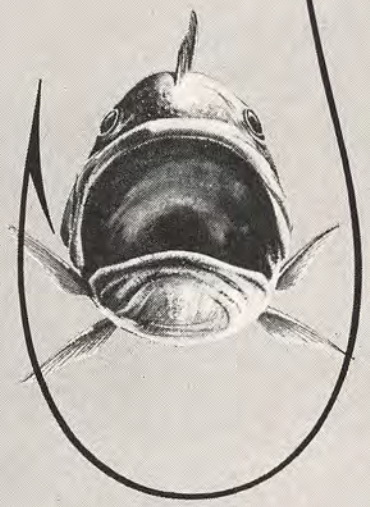

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Q: In what years did Eddie Rickenbacker drive in the Indianapolis 500-mile auto race? ***Kenneth Davis, Arago, Ore.***

A: Rickenbacker's best performance at Indianapolis was in 1914 when he drove a Duesenberg to 10th place. He also drove in 1912 and completed 44 laps; 1915, 104 laps; and 1916, nine laps.

Q: Is a railroad car which is used to transport helium lighter as a load than when it is empty? ***C. L. Palmer, Barstow, Calif.***

A: It is true, of course, that helium is lighter than air in its normal state. But when the gas is being transported by rail it is compressed at pressures as high as 3,500 pounds a square inch. When compressed to this degree helium not only loses its lifting power but takes on a considerable amount of weight. Consequently, a tank car loaded with helium would weigh at least a ton more than an empty tank car.

Q: Who originated the idea of the football huddle? ***H. E. Carney, Jr., Mankato, Minn.***

A: This honor has been claimed for the late Bob Zuppke who was for many years the coach at the University of Illinois. He started using the huddle, it is said, to make it easier for his teams to understand the signal which was becoming difficult because of the tremendous crowd noises.

Q: How much did Rocky Marciano earn as a fighter? ***Emmet Drake, Niagara Falls, N.Y.***

A: Not counting his first nine fights, all minor, Marciano's fights grossed $4,138,294 but his share is not known. For seven title fights he earned $1,460,388.

Q: How many slaves became free as a result of the Civil War? ***Leonard David, Angleton, Tex.***

A: At the time of the Emancipation Proclamation the number of slaves in this country was approximately 4 million.

Q: Which World War II American plane is credited with the most kills in the Pacific theatre? ***George Butorac, Indianapolis, Ind.***

A: The aircraft that is credited with the most kills in the Pacific is the Grumman F-6-F Hellcat. This plane, a monoplane powered by a 2,000-h.p. Wasp engine, first went into action in September, 1943. One example of its effectiveness is the one-day record set on February 1, 1945. On this day Air Group 80 of the U.S. Navy shot down 71 Japanese planes while losing only three Hellcats.

Q: What is the world record speed for stock cars? ***Clair D. Best, Kinnear, Wyo.***

A: The record was set in July, 1961, at Daytona International Speedway, by David Pearson. For the 250-mile race, Pearson, driving a Pontiac, averaged 154.294 mph. Fireball Roberts achieved a faster average in a five-mile test. Also driving a Pontiac, he made 155.709 mph.

Q: How many letters does the President of the United States receive each week from individual citizens? ***Alfred Baldwin, San Antonio, Tex.***

A: The President's mail averages about 40,000 pieces a week. Obviously, he cannot personally read very much of this but every day he does look at a random sampling of the mail. This sampling may consist of every fiftieth letter or perhaps every hundredth letter. The President may dictate replies to two or three of these letters daily. In this way the staff learns how to deal with the rest of the mail on the same issues.

Q: How did the jack rabbit drives of the 30's operate? ***H. M. Tucker, Greenwich, S.C.***

A: Numerous jack rabbit drives were held in Kansas and other western states during the dust bowl days of the early 30's. Their purpose was to eliminate herds of black-tailed jack rabbits that infested the countryside. One big Kansas drive covered 36 square miles and resulted in the killing of more than 20,000 jack rabbits. A large pen was built in the center of the drive area with long wings to funnel the animals into it. After the rabbits were herded into the pen the gates were closed and the animals slaughtered. Only clubs were used to kill them; no guns were permitted. The most

popular kind of club was a broken pool cue with a hole drilled in the large end filled with molten lead. Rabbits which escaped the lines during the drive were hit by thrown clubs. Some rabbit hunters carried two clubs, one to swing and one to throw. Many hunters became adept at hitting a running rabbit with a club at 15 or 20 paces.

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Q: Is it true that Lawrence of Arabia was killed during World War II while acting as a secret agent for the British Government? ***Eric Anderson, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: No. T. E. Lawrence, after serving with the Royal Air Force as an enlisted man under the name of Ross, was killed in 1935 while driving a motorcycle along an English country lane. He swerved his motorcycle off the road to avoid smashing into two boys on bicycles.

Q: Do male kangaroos have pouches? ***John Frikken, Two Harbors, Minn.***

A: Only female kangaroos have pouches. The young crawl into this pouch at birth when they are only about an inch long. They feed on milk from the mammary glands that open into the pouch and don't begin to venture out until they are about four months old. The female, when pursued, will pull the young out of the pouch and throw them to one side.

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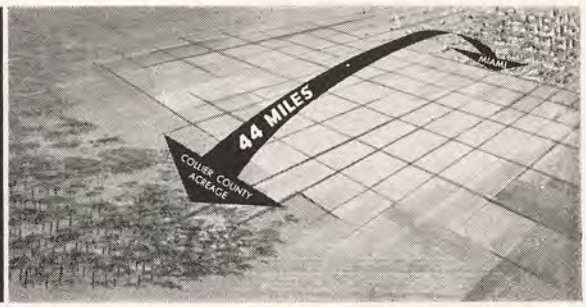

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Our Vanishing Wilderness Must Be Saved

[*Continued from page* 49]

The trip by horseback to Upper Cook's Lake took perhaps four hours. The trails were sodden from persistent rain; the creeks were in flood; the lakes we passed seemed to be running over. The parade of campers and fishermen that moves through this treasure land in summer was past. "About ten thousand people come into the Bridger Primitive Area each year," Carroll said as we put diamond hitches on the pack horses. "Ten years ago there were hardly five hundred ever got in here," he added.

This trip we had the whole range to ourselves. A northeast wind was bitter cold, and the rain it brought had a sting to it. Before we made camp a steady rain, turning to snow, had set in. We pitched our small tents, built a large fire, cooked sourdough bread in a heavy Dutch oven, and went to bed early.

These September snow storms are transistory. Before noon the next day the snow had mostly gone, pink-sided juncos and white-crowned sparrows appeared in numbers, and John and I went fishing. First we fished Upper Cook's Lake and the Lower Cook's Lake that lies a bit below it and about a mile distant. The two are connected by a fast-running stream.

There are golden trout in the lakes and eastern brook both in the lakes and in the connecting stream. I had seen my first golden trout years earlier in a lake at the base of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. The first one we caught at Upper Cook's Lake brought back old memories. I had forgotten how brilliant these trout were, how bright and gay their sides when they are first brought to net. The golden trout of Wind River seemed more pretentious than any I had ever known; and they ran to two and two and a half pounds. Upper Cook's Lake is probably their best habitat. Nature supplies it with a tiny fresh-water shrimp that is red and brown in color and about the size of a pinhead. These small shrimp are apparently the golden trout's secret. For in Upper Cook's Lake they have been known to run to eleven pounds.

The golden trout were more lethargic this September than the eastern brook. They, like most trout in high lakes, were becoming dormant. But not the eastern brook. This was their spawning season; and they were aggressive. I used a woolly worm that had more yellow than black, and fished it wet. The river between the two lakes fairly exploded when I drew the fly gently against the current. I do not think I made a cast without hooking a trout. In less than an hour I had landed 24 eastern brook trout and lost perhaps half as many. They were salmon-colored, ruby-red; and they were thick and broad. They ran from 10 to 15 inches. We kept only three of them and one 14-inch golden trout, for our needs were small and the trout we released were not injured.

"They'll be a half-pound larger by next year," Johnny beamed.

In the week we were out we cut a rather wide circle—going from the two Cook's lakes to Baldy Lake, then high over a pass to the head of Fall Creek, then back to Elkhart Park via Chain Lakes. There are fish in all of those waters, and the rainbow in the Chain Lakes run four and five pounds. We fished most of these waters. But the brightest memories, apart from the two Cook's lakes, was my fishing at Baldy Lake. We had planned to camp there. But the sheep had eaten everything a horse could reach. The smell of sheep pervaded the place; the meadows around the lake had been close-cropped; and the pounding of the turf by these "hoofed locusts," as the naturalist John Muir called them, was evident. We stopped only for lunch; and I fished. I stayed with my woolly worm, fishing from a long tongue of granite that ended in a deep pool. My first ten minutes were fruitless. Then a light wind sent riffles across the water and I felt a light touch, so delicate that I missed the first time. But the second time I hooked my trout and brought to the sloping granite as nice a trout as I ever landed. It was a "native" trout, a cutthroat. The waters I fished were in the Colorado River drainage and tributary of the Green River. These cutthroat are known as Yellowstone cutthroat. The cutthroat in the Columbia River drainage are called Snake River cutthroat. They have a brighter yellow than the one I landed at Baldy Lake. My "native" trout was dark yellow with innumerable tiny brown spots. It was fat but not as broad as an eastern brook; and it weighed one and a half pounds. I released it only to catch another about the same size. I released it, too; and now it seemed impossible to cast without catching a "native."

We had seen fresh tracks of mountain sheep coming into Baldy and as we climbed to the pass on our way to Fall Creek we saw more. We also saw the makings of tragedy for these wonderful animals of the high country. We camped just beyond the pass and a hundred feet or so below the lake that feeds Fall Creek and a few hundred feet above the creek itself. The pass and the slopes on either side of it were open, wind-blown areas. A few whitebark pine were present, some standing in solitary splendor, a few forming a thinnish clump where we camped. But apart from the few trees, there was nothing but rolling slopes. I had never seen them before. But Carroll, who knows these mountains like the rest of us know our own back yards, told how they once had been rich in grass.

"The grazing by sheep has eliminated the grasses," Carroll said. "Mostly sedges left."

"The best grasses in this high country are a timothy and a nut grass," Carroll explained, "but they're about gone."

And he and I walked the many acres on this barren shoulder of the range as he pointed out what had happened by the pounding of the feet of thousands of sheep.

"Too many sheep," he explained. "Just

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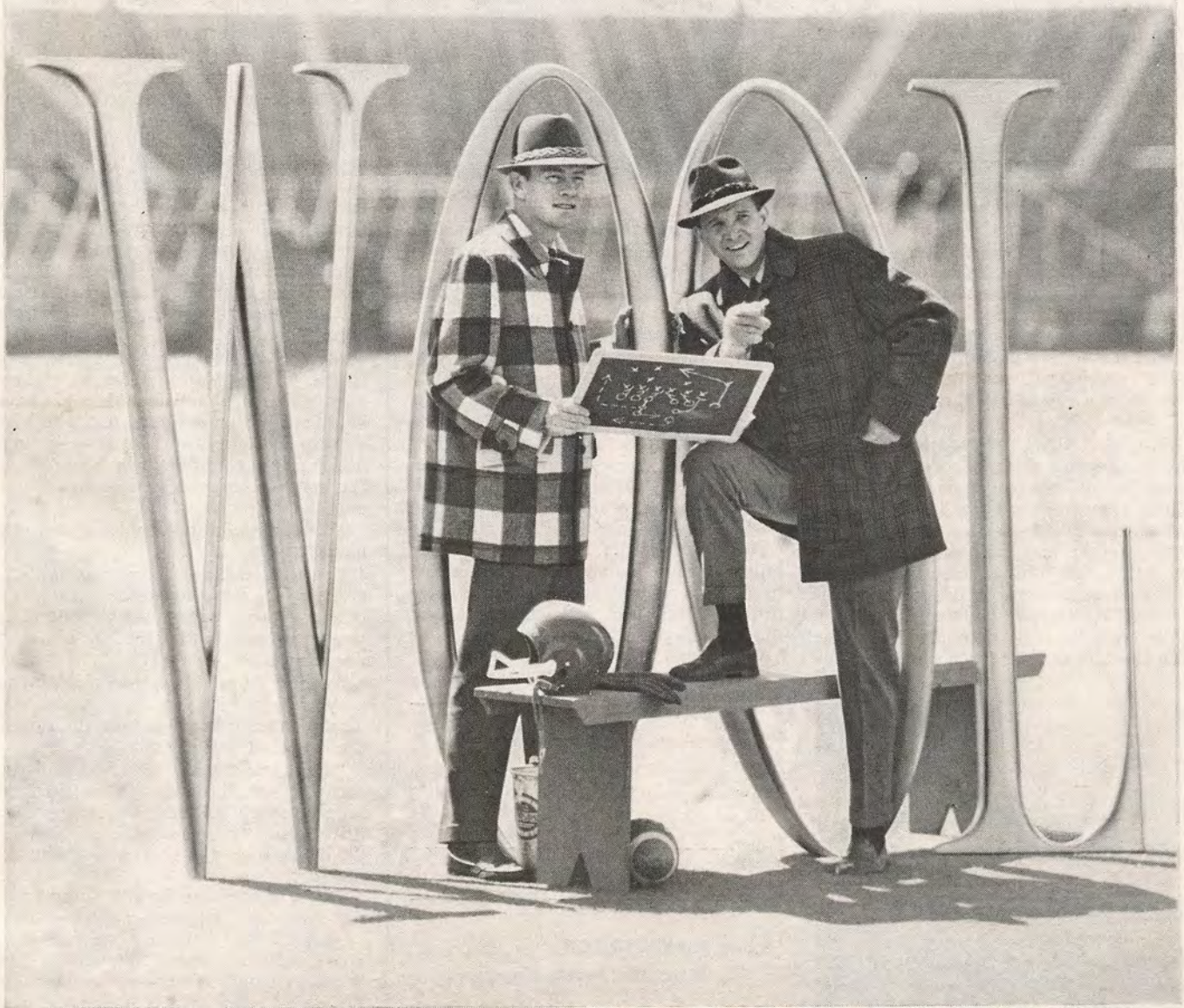

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pace off the distance between the clumps of sedges and bunch grass that are left."

I paced them off; and the distance was from three feet to nine feet. In between was dirt, which would soon be blown away, and coarse sand.

"Horses and sheep don't eat much of this kind of bunch grass," Carroll added.

"Why?" I asked.

"Too tough."

"You said tragedy was in store for the mountain sheep," I said. "How come?"

Carroll went on to explain that mountain sheep depend on these grasses in wintertime for feed.

"The winter wind here is fierce," he said. "It keeps the passes pretty clear of snow." Pointing with his finger at the solitary clumps of sedges and bunch grass, he added, "This winter there will be no feed for the mountain sheep on this pass."

There was sadness in his voice, for Carroll's dream of the wilderness includes not only mansions of stately trees but wild life in abundance. Olaus, too, was depressed over the plight of the mountain sheep. When we returned to camp, we dragged in some deadwood that was the debris of an ancient whitebark pine which had been struck by lightning, built up our fire, and held a seminar on this problem of overgrazing.

On the entire trip we had seen the degradations committed by sheep. The trail ways they had followed in getting into and out of the mountains were badly eroded. Too many sheep had been in here too frequently and for visits that were much too long. Broken turf had been evident along every trail. Lake basins, with some exceptions, were beginning to show the wear and tear. Alpine meadows were beginning to look moth-eaten. The pass above Fall Creek was symptomatic of the peril facing the Wind River range.

Most of the country we traveled was in the Bridger National Forest. It was a primitive area and since then has been classified as a wilderness area. The high meadows and passes under proper range management could be given a respite; in the long turn of a cycle, timothy and nut grass might return.

We discussed the problems of range management.

In a 1911 decision it was said that the grazing fees were fixed to "prevent excessive grazing and thereby protect the young growth, and native grasses, from destruction."

Yet the Forest Service fee for grazing a sheep is only ten cents a month. On Taylor grazing lands outside the forests, the fee is but half of that.

"That amount of rental is cheap—dirt cheap," Carroll stated. "A rancher can keep a sheep up here all summer for thirty cents. That rental is so low that the owner does not worry about what his sheep are doing."

Olaus broke in to say, "It's practically free room and board."

"Right," said Carroll. "Free room and board at the expense of the people. This is public land. It belongs to everyone. Yet we let a few private interests exploit it."

"Either keep them all out or raise the rental," Carroll added. "If a man must

pay only ten cents a month to graze a sheep, he's not going to be too particular about whether the animal has good grazing. If he has to pay a dollar a month, he's going to be sure he's getting his money's worth."

"Trouble is," said Olaus, "that a man who has the right to run sheep on public land pretty soon begins to think he owns the range. Take it away from him, or cut down on the number of sheep or cattle he can graze, or increase the rental, and he hollers as if his property has been confiscated."

"What about the cattle?" I asked, turning to Carroll.

"They are grazed lower down in these forests. The meadows like the ones we saw at Elkhart are called parks by our local people. They are grazed by permittees."

"Any problems there?" I inquired.

"Same as the sheep," said Carroll. "You see, the grazing fee for a cow is five times that for a sheep. Fifty cents a month is all the cattlemen have to pay.

"That's not a fourth or a fifth or perhaps even a sixth of what it should be. Why should Uncle Sam rent me grazing land for fifty cents per cow per month when a private landowner would charge two dollars or three dollars a month? Why shouldn't Uncle Sam be a good businessman too? What right do cattlemen have to get this subsidy?"

"Especially when they help ruin the mountains, making mudholes or dustbins out of our meadows," said Olaus, as he reminded us of the severely pounded grasslands we had seen at Elkhart Park, where cattle still grazed.

"It's all right to let cattle and sheep into the high country," Carroll added. "But let's set the grazing fees high enough so that the public gets a fair return on the value of this public property."

We kept coming back to this theme over and again as we cooked supper. The sun came out briefly before it set and brought two camp robbers and several pink-sided juncos to our camp. Then new black clouds rolled in, bringing spits of snow. By the time we had dinner it was snowing in earnest.

"A big snow in prospect?" I asked.

Carroll did not answer until he had gone over to inspect the horses. "Not a big snow," he said. "The horses always get nervous and sometimes snort when a big snowstorm is on its way. Tonight they are quiet and settling down."

It was a light snow that came during the night. But the temperature dropped fast. In the morning the water in a cup I had left by my bedroll in my small Himalayan tent was frozen solid.

We had seen along the banks both red and black currants. The black ones, though bitter, make excellent jam. The red ones round off a lunch. Blue grouse were in the currants and I heard them go out with a roar. We were to see their tracks over and again in the snow. Wild raspberries were thick in spots, though the fruit had long passed.

We had seen many deer tracks during our week's pack trip. Snowshoe rabbits had been fairly numerous; and the tracks of voles had been conspicuous. Now Olaus, whose book *Field Guide to Animal Tracks* is *the* authority in that field, returned from a hike to announce with

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excitement that he had found tracks both of marten and of mink. This discovery of his started a new seminar that was continued from campfire to campfire.

Carroll began by saying that 20 years ago or more there were trappers in these mountains who stayed all winter. We had seen remnants of old cabins which they had used. They trapped for marten, which then were plentiful.

"There are a few marten left," Olaus said. "But not many."

"What happened?" I inquired.

Olaus, usually soft-spoken, raised his voice to say, "Poison."

"Who and why?"

"You see," Olaus replied, "stockmen got the idea that the coyote was a bad predator. So they got the government to put out poisoned bait. They dropped it from planes all through this country."

"I'm a stockman," Carroll said. "I raise both cattle and sheep; and I value my herd as much as anyone. But actually in all my years here there are very few calves and very few sheep the coyote takes."

"John Muir once said," I interposed, "that the coyote's only sin was his love of mutton."

"A coyote will take a few," Olaus replied, "but he's not the great killer he's made out to be."

"How about deer and antelope?" I asked.

"The coyote takes a few, but my studies show that they're usually the sick or the weak."

"Would you say that the coyote has ever caused wild-life population to drop greatly?" Carroll inquired.

"Absolutely not," said Olaus. "The great regulator of wild-life population is a food deficiency of one kind or another. Take our mountain sheep. Predators don't eliminate them. Hunters take a few, not many. Real disaster hits those fine herds when sheepmen turn grass meadows into dust bowls."

"What relation does poisoning the coyote have to the decline in marten?" I asked.

"The poisoned bait dropped from planes killed everything that ate meat—coyotes, bears, fox, marten," Olaus answered. "They were mostly cleaned out of the Wind River."

"More than that," said Carroll, "birds that eat carrion died when they ate animals who had eaten the poisoned bait. That blasted poison almost wiped out our camp robbers."

"Any coyotes left?" I asked Olaus.

"None in these mountains. They were all poisoned out."

By the time I left this majestic high country, my heart was heavy. Man was fast ruining it. Overgrazing was despoiling alpine ridges and basins. The policy of the Forest Service, as expressed in Acts of Congress, is to put public lands to "multiple use." In places, grazing of stock and the maintenance of wilderness may not be inconsistent. But the concept, as it is applied in Wyoming, is self-defeating. When overgrazing is permitted, the result, in effect, is the dedication of the land to one primary use. Recreation and the preservation of wild life then come second or are not served at all.

Unless grazing is narrowly constricted and closely supervised, livestock take over and the high ranges are ruined for other uses. Men in public office do not usually campaign against overgrazing. The youngster in the Forest Service or the Bureau of Land Management who sees what overgrazing is doing to the high country in Wyoming and who speaks up may not last long. Where the word of stockmen is the law, he is likely to be shifted to "Siberia." There have been and still are great conservationists in the Forest Service. And they have written glorious chapters in the cause. But they are not conspicuous in Wyoming. The realization of its truth made my first Wind River journey a sad one.

I also learned that one of our deepest conflicts is between the preservation of wild life and the profits of a few men. The coyote, with his wise, doglike face and his haunting call, is gone. Fox, marten, and bear have been sacrificed. Mountain sheep are doomed. Is there no place left for any life except man and his greed? Must we see our wild animals only in zoos? Is there no place left for mountain sheep and coyotes? The thought of their eradication was as dismal as the prospect that all trails would be paved, that man will go only where a machine will take him.

But what I had seen in the alpine regions was minor to what I was to discover in the rolling sagebrush country between 7,000 and 9,000 feet, where thick willows mark the streams and where in the fall quaking aspen send streaks of yellow across rolling slopes fringed with the somber green of lodgepole pine.

I had seen the Wyoming sagebrush plateau many times from speeding trains or autos. Though I had cruised Route 30 times without end, I had seen little. I had noticed occasional antelope in the distance, and smelled the sage, especially fragrant after rain. But I, like most of us, had traveled too fast to come on intimate terms with this plateau. Moreover, I had seen the Wind River from the east, where the slopes are mostly barren and gentle. Now I was seeing the range from the west. There these mountains seem to rise straight from the plains. Granite peaks powdered with snow and the dark green of conifers are backdrops for rolling sagebrush plains that unfold more mysteries every trip I take there.

The sagebrush holds the moisture and nourishes good grass in its shade. Salt sage grows up to 6,000 feet. "Salt sage has the best food value of any forage in Wyoming," Carroll told me. "Better than any grass."

It is the mainstay of domestic sheep and of the antelope, especially in the winter. Sage grouse also love it. It's smaller and more delicate than sagebrush. The "desert" where it grows looks dead in midday. But Carroll, Olaus, and I walked it at sunrise and sunset, when it fairly teemed with life. Antelope appear and sage grouse become active. These antelope are the same as the ones we have north and west in Oregon. They are truly American, having been here perhaps a million years. They are white with tan stripes, but the tan is darker here than in Oregon.

The sage grouse weigh from a pound to six pounds and break the silence of the "desert" as they go out right underfoot. Jack rabbits are here too, and the smaller cottontails.

A thousand feet more in elevation makes a vast difference in this part of Wyoming. The salt sage has been mostly left behind. Clear-water creeks—fed from the Wind River mountains—appear. They are clear and cold; and their banks are thickly matted with willows. Birds now appear in abundance—blackbirds,

TRUE

"Junior, why don't you get up and give the lady your seat?"

"Oh-oh. What's the time, boy?"

mourning doves, song sparrows, white-crowned sparrows, magpies. The ruffed grouse thrives here. Moose are in the dense willow that follows the meandering streams. Some stay there the year around.

"Willow is the main winter food for moose," Olaus explained. "The distribution of moose in North America follows the willow."

"Kill the willow," Carroll added, "and you put an end to the moose."

The areas fed by these clear, cool creeks is choice farm land. It is here that Carroll runs cattle and sheep. It is to this region that the antelope come in summer from their salt-sage range. Sagebrush grows thick at this elevation; and good grass flourishes under it. Carroll and I spent many hours both in it and on the land that has been cleared for pasture and planted with grass.

"Used to be lots of field mice here," Carroll said. "Field mice are good for the farmer because they help keep the soil porous. Ground squirrels help too. And mice and ground squirrels keep the badgers alive."

Stopping to emphasize his words, Carroll said, "Know what the federal men did? Poisoned the mice and squirrels."

He stopped to let that sink in and then asked, "Know what happened? The poison killed the blackbirds and the doves. Then what happened? The grasshoppers came in and got to be a real danger because they had no enemies. Then they used more spray to kill the grasshoppers."

"Man and his sprays may be the end of us yet," Olaus added.

And then we went to see a monstrous crime against nature which the Forest Service committed on Piñon Ridge in the Bridger National Forest. We went by car through Cora, Wyoming, to Circle S Ranch, run by Bill Isaacs. Then Bill Isaacs took us in his four-wheel-drive jeep over Piñon Ridge and into the country beyond.

Lower streams in this area do not look prepossessing, since they run through open sagebrush country. But they produce fine brook trout if one has mastered the art of delicate fishing. Higher, in the 8000- to 9000-foot zone, beaver thrive. They feed on willow just as the moose do, and build their dams on tiny creeks. Soon the tiny creek has become a lake a half-mile or more long; and this lake produces trout. The lake or pond attract ducks and other birds. I saw one such pond on Wagon Creek, which has such a small quantity of water that only 6-inch trout would grow there. The beaver pond, however, produces five-pound brook trout. Beaver have indeed helped this part of Wyoming to be one of the choice recreational areas in the entire nation. Antelope reach these higher elevations in the summer; the willow in this high country is the mainstay of the moose; the sagebrush is the habitat of sage grouse.

What did the Forest Service do? At a cost of $30,000 they used planes to spray 10,000 acres of this choice upland with a chemical designed to kill sage. I have seen many areas of our wilderness from coast to coast ruined—some by fire, some by excessive cutting that resulted in severe erosion, some by overgrazing. Never have I seen such destruction *purposely* done.

"Is this the way to improve range?" I inquired.

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"The worst possible way, I think," Olaus added. He went on to explain how sagebrush holds moisture and gives shade to grass. "Better grass with sagebrush than without sagebrush," he added.

We walked the sagebrush and saw that the hormone spray had indeed killed it.

"Look," said Carroll, "it has killed some of the grass too." And so it had. "Without sagebrush, how can our antelope and our sage grouse survive?" he asked.

"Sage is very important," Olaus replied. "Antelope eat a great variety of leafy plants and grass too; but sage is their choice food, especially in winter, when the sage stands above the snow. Sage grouse also must have sage in winter in order to survive."

We stood in silence, viewing the destruction our federal men had visited on the land.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Bill Isaacs said as we got back in the jeep. And in half a mile I saw what he meant. We stopped on a height of land and looked across a vast expanse to the massif of the Wind River range. The quaking aspen now were both orange and yellow; and the lodgepole pine in the distance made a perfect backdrop for the brilliant scene. But at our feet was willow, dead or dying, shriveled and killed by the hormone spray.

"What will the beavers do?" I asked.

"They die," said Bill Isaacs. "And the wonderful ponds they built are soon destroyed."

"And the moose?" I asked.

"This is doomsday for the moose too," Olaus added. "Moose must have these willows in winter. Willow is their mainstay then."

Man is crowding everything but himself out of the universe, I thought. Why must he be so destructive? What of people who want to hear the whir of sage grouse, who thrill at the white, saucy rump of the antelope as it makes its getaway? How about those who want to fish and find the beaver a stout ally? What is to be said for people who love the sight of moose in willow? Must we sacrifice all of these for the almighty Dollar that goes into the pockets of a privileged few?

The official destruction committed in the sacred precincts of this massive range would be called vandalism if others had done it. The damage is so vast, so incredible, so awful that it has a permanent effect. The memory of these sights come back vividly every time I hear or read a speech or paper on "multiple" use. The national forests are designed by Congress for "multiple" use. That is the professed policy. I had long suspected that "multiple" use was a semantics for making cattlemen, sheepmen, lumbermen, and miners the main beneficiaries. After they gutted and ruined the forests, then the rest of us could use them—to find campsites among stumps, to look for fish in waters heavy with silt from erosion, to search for game on ridges pounded to dust by sheep. On Piñon Ridge, I realized that the pretense of "multiple" use as applied in this area in Wyoming was an awful wrong.

"Perhaps we should go to Pinedale next Friday," I told Carroll, "to hear what the federal men say about these spraying projects."

We went. Forest Service men, officials of the Bureau of Land Management, and the County Agent of the Department of Agriculture were present; and they spoke.

If a doctor had performed an operation for reasons as unfounded as we heard that night, his license would be revoked. If a lawyer had stood before a court, claiming national assets on behalf of a client and resting on such fanciful hypotheses, he would be ridiculed. The federal men we heard were not dishonest; they were merely spokesmen of interests that have Wyoming by the throat. They said the removal of sagebrush would increase grass, increase the water content of the soil, and decrease erosion. But as they talked it was plain they were not reciting facts. This was mere conjecture. Yes, they had a pilot plant of a few acres that they had sprayed. But what effect it will have over a period as short as five years, no one knew.

"What effect will it have on willows?" someone asked.

"We think the willow will come back."

"When?"

"Perhaps in a year, perhaps in five years."

"What will happen to antelope, to sage grouse, to moose in the meantime?"

No one knew. The only ounce of rational talk that night was supplied by Carroll Noble.

"Maybe willows and other browse will come back in time. But so will sage brush. Then I suppose there will be another spraying program."

One federal agent reported that an elderly lady had asked him, "what effect will this spray have on wildflowers?" This seemed to me to be as relevant as Carroll's questions and Olaus' concern about the antelope, the beaver, the sage grouse, and the moose. But when the elderly lady's question about the wildflowers was reported, the federal man laughed. And the laughter marked for me a new low in American civilization.

"Our federal bureaucracy seems to exist for a favored few," I said to Carroll as we drove back to his ranch house. "Is there no place in our scheme for people who love the Wind River mountains for all that God left there?"

The destruction invoked by the white man on the continent has been appalling. Our predecessors learned how to transmute a pound of wild meat, a pound of wild fowl, a pound of trout into gold. The value of beaver hides was calculated in terms of whisky. The man who hunted buffalo also thought in terms of market values. Those standards have not changed. They appear in new forms today. The economic benefits of wild life are commonly touted even by the men whose job is conservation. Elk, deer, moose, beaver, mountain sheep become valuable in terms of the revenues they bring into the treasury. They increase or decline in importance depending on whether sportsmen's figures or stockmen's figures are used. Wild life that cannot be eaten or sold or used to enlarge cold-storage lockers or serve as sales literature

for boats or motors is not worth preserving. The consequence is that the years are running short for those who love wild life even when it does not show a profit.

A year passed and the mark of death lay on Piñon Ridge. The beaver had all died or had left. None remained. The biggest dam they had built with engineering skill had gone out. The half-mile pond had shrunk to a small creek and all the five-pound trout were lost. The smaller ones had also died, for this was a dry year and, with the beaver water gone, trout had no place to go. On Piñon Ridge I thought of what the Milnes wrote in *The Balance of Nature*. "By obliterating other kinds of life, man may be destroying himself as well."

I was to see more depredation by government. Gypsum Creek was once a lovely canyon to hike or ride. Today it is a place of desolation, an utter wasteland. Why? The canyon had spindly stands of spruce, and the spruce beetle infected the trees. So the Forest Service decided to cut the trees. They let the job out on contract. There was not enough lumber to make it pay. Loggers did not get their wages. Companies went broke. Caterpillars, dragging logs, tore up Gypsum Creek so there is nothing left—not even grass. Nothing is there but desolation.

"It would have been better—far better," said Olaus, "to let the beetle trees alone. Nature would have restored the balance. The thin topsoil would not have been disturbed. New trees would in time have come along."

Down in the sagebrush country where the antelope roam are thousands of acres of public lands under the supervision of the Bureau of Land Management. These lands are leased on permits to sheep and cattlemen. A permittee usually can expect to have his permit renewed from year to year. Naturally, he begins to think of the land as his own. With the passage of time he wants to possess it. Political pressures mount as evidenced by S. 1491, introduced in the Senate in the Eighty-third Congress by the former Senator Barrett of Wyoming to allow these permittees to acquire these lands. The measure was defeated. But the very fact of its introduction shows the power of the men who ride high in the state of Wyoming.

Now they are adopting a new approach. The Bureau of Land Management is beginning to fence the land under permits. The federal men say it's good land management. The permittees like it because land with a fence around it is closer to being "theirs" than the unfenced public domain. Fencing is indeed an easy step toward ultimate private ownership. The over-all average for fencing is $700 to $750 a mile. But fencing in this Wyoming country costs from $1000 to $1500 a mile; and the federal government pays the bill.

"What do you think of it?" I asked Carroll.

"It's the end of the antelope," he answered.

"Why?"

"Antelope have to migrate to live," Olaus said. "Some go down in the winter to the salt sage. And they need the moisture of the higher country in the summer. With sheep-tight fences they cannot migrate. In cattle country, where the two lower wires are left off, the antelope easily duck under. But in Wyoming we have to do with sheep-tight fences. Sheep-tight fences add one more obstacle for the antelope. Taken with the others, it means their finish."

"Besides," Carroll added, "why should we fence off the public from public land?"

My plane left Rock Springs, Wyoming, at night. John Borzea drove me there from Carroll's ranch and we spent most of the time rehashing all the degradations we had seen. I told a newspaperman who looked us up what devastation I had seen, why fencing should be stopped, why spraying of sagebrush should be stopped, why grazing in the high country should be curtailed.

"The Bridger Primitive Area should be guarded and preserved for all the people, not gutted and exploited by a few," I added. The repercussions of this statement of mine were severe. One letter even charged me with being a communist for harboring those "un-American" ideas. What startled me took place on the plane.

I sat next to a stranger who lived in Texas, and we talked about fishing, hunting, hiking, and riding. He mentioned the antelope in Texas.

"Do you hunt them?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Is it difficult hunting?"

"Oh, no. We go by jeep."

"You mean to tell me you chase antelope by jeep and shoot them on the run?"

"Not on the run," he said. "Our country is fenced. Antelope never jump a fence. We herd them by jeep into a fence corner and shoot them at a distance of a few feet."

My heart sank. Now I knew what Carroll, Olaus, and John had been trying to tell me.

Man is the worst predator of all. Those who would destroy our heritage of the plains and mountains have allies in government. They will succeed—unless the people make conservation a burning issue.—**William O. Douglas**

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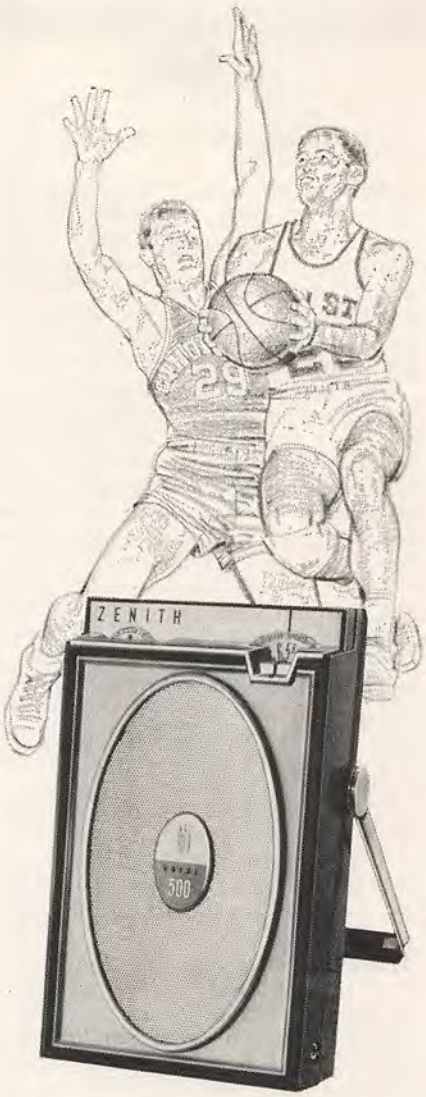

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They're Clubbing Your Ducks To Death

[*Continued from page* 39]

hunting aristocracy is being formed. The unattached hunter, the fellow who belongs to no private club and couldn't afford to join even if invited, is being pushed out into the cold. Says Fred Williams of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, "The opportunities for the lone hunter are getting fewer and fewer."

The lone hunter is, in fact, heading for extinction. Look at the statistics. In the years since World War II the nation's population and prosperity have both been climbing fast. You've heard a lot about the increase in leisure time and spending money. All kinds of sports have had a huge gain in followers.

Duck hunting had its share of the gain right after the war. You can see this in sales of the duck stamp, the federal "license" required for duck hunting in the United States. Some 1½ million duck stamps were sold in the 1944-45 shooting season. By the 1955-56 season, the figure had climbed to nearly 2½ million. All well and good—and as it should be.

But by the 1959-60 season, sales had dropped back almost to 1½ million.

What happened? Why did nearly a million hunters hang up their guns in that half-decade? Because the duck stamp's price rose from $2 to $3? Not likely! Many quit when the daily limit in the East and Southeast was cut from an already-low four birds to three. Hordes of others quit because they couldn't find a place to hunt. Part of the blame for this undoubtedly belongs with the bald fact of national expansion: wild wetlands are being drained as homes and industry multiply. But in the wetlands that remain, the hog's share of land and fowl is falling into the spreading grasp of big-bankrolled private clubs.

So the lone hunter is on his way out. At a recent Congressional committee meeting, Frank Briggs, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Department, stated that some 10% of the nation's hunters now shoot some 90% of the ducks taken each season. Who's in that lucky 10? Mostly private clubbers.

Private clubs would be hurting the lone hunter enough if they merely walled him out of the marshlands. What makes the situation worse is that some are also killing far more than their fair share of our ducks, geese and brant. Behind their growling signs and their fences, where it's hard for even the cleverest game warden to catch them, they can lure birds illegally and shoot over the limit in almost perfect safety.

There has been a lot of grumpy publicity lately about the number of ducks taken illegally by market hunters and trappers, who kill to sell. But according to Charles H. Lawrence, chief of enforcement in the Fish & Wildlife Service, market hunters take fewer ducks illegally than private sportsmen. "The big figure in the over-all illegal kill is made by those hunters who feel it smart to do a little cheating," Lawrence says. "This makes for greater inroads on waterfowl than the outlaw traps and market hunters' guns."

And the big opportunity to shoot illegally is in the secret fastness of private clubs. The Fish & Wildlife Service can keep no statistics on the illegal take on club property except for ducks that are seized; nor do F&WS officers like to talk about the subject, which is a delicate one involving big men in high places. But one veteran F&WS man, begging that his name be kept secret, told a TRUE investigator this year that the illegal kill in clubs is "tremendous." Hoping to shock him into being more specific, the investigator suggested that as many as 50% of the clubs might operate dishonestly. The F&WS man wasn't shocked. He simply grinned sadly and said: "We don't have exact figures."

But the Fish & Wildlife Service has cases—thousands over the years. Couple of years ago, for instance, game wardens got into a Texas lease area and nabbed 10 rich Texans with far more ducks than the law privileged them to have. Twenty-five of the ducks were redheads, a diminished species which hunters were forbidden to shoot.

The president of the Salt Dome Production Company paid all the fines.

Another man was caught redhanded at a club in Missouri. Tyson Gabriel Nichols, a businessman involved in Missouri politics, owns a busy little shootery called the Pin Oaks Flats Club. Like many other rich men's hunting clubs, it's located near a government-protected refuge area—an area where, thanks to us kind-hearted taxpayers, duck abound. Nichols' place sits smack up against the Swan Lake National Wildlife Refuge.

Nichols has been in trouble with the law twice. In 1952 he was caught in the unlawful and unsportsmanlike act of shooting geese from a moving vehicle. In 1960 they got him again, for shooting more than his legal share of geese.

Many of these rich men's shooteries are maintained at least partly for business purposes. It's easy to close a deal with a man after you've meliowed him with a day of unlimited shooting, safe—you assure him—from the inquisitive eye of the local warden. That's why you hear many familiar corporate names in the roster of private clubbers caught breaking the law. In Ohio, for instance, the president of an Ohio plate glass company was nabbed for shooting over bait at his private marsh. Another time, wardens surprised a Gulf Oil executive and some friends in illegal practices behind a club fence. "This is damned embarrassing to my guests!" howled the executive. No doubt it was irritating to him, too. He may have lost a deal that day.

To give the lone hunter a further punch below the belt, these business-and-pleasure clubs often charge off their costs as business expense—"entertainment" they call it—under the federal income-tax laws. Not satisfied with shooting your ducks, they then have the colossal gall to make the nation help pay for it.

Big names in politics also appear often on the dismal roster. In Long Island, New York, several years ago, Otis G. Pike and Stuyvesant Wainwright were battling for a seat in the United States Congress. Pike brought into the campaign the charge that Wainwright had violated federal duck laws, with the tacit suggestion that a man who failed to obey laws shouldn't be sent to Washington to help make them. The voters didn't listen, however, and Wainwright won.

Then, in 1959, Otis Pike himself was arrested on a private marsh and charged with shooting over bait. At his trial he tearfully begged the jury to give him an acquittal. The jury did.

Next election, the voters went along with the jury. Pike is in Congress today, helping to write the laws of our land.

The story of greed behind the No TRESPASSING signs goes on and on. In California, wardens checked 11 clubs in three days and found violations involving 19 men and 389 ducks. Agents in Illinois report so many violations that it would take pages to list them. A TRUE investigator, checking for himself, visited several clubs as a guest and came out horrified. At one club, when the sun came up, he saw corn spread all around him on the

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"And just *how* do you propose holding the moon *without* infantry?"

ground. At another, the son of the manager and another young man killed 45 ducks in a morning. At another, the owner got his ducks by the strictly illegal method of racing into flocks with a speedboat and slaughtering the confused birds wholesale on the water.

How is all this secret slaughter affecting our duck population? It's certain that waterfowl are having a hard time. "Unless there are unusual snows and above-normal rains in the prairie regions of the northern United States and southern Canada," said the Fish & Wildlife Service this spring, "North America's waterfowl resource will be in its most precarious condition in the past three decades."

Well, the snows and heavy rains never came; 1961-62 limits are lower than ever before.

How much of this is due to hunting, and how much to other causes, is hard to say. One indication may lie in the fact that it's the prime ducks—larger, tastier species such as mallards, pintails and canvasbacks—that are having the most trouble maintaining their numbers. These are the ducks hunters like to shoot. The "trash" ducks—bluebills, widgeon, gadwalls, spoonbills—are faring better.

If wardens could get into the clubs and catch the lawbreakers more often, things might be different. Trouble is, a private marsh is often an efficient fortress. It may be almost impossible to approach without being seen. It may have fences, fence riders, dogs. Often, too, it will have some kind of a warning system—perhaps a two-way radio or phone setup—by which the man in the blind can be told when the law is coming. He then puts his surplus ducks in a sack and sinks them underwater, or—if they're trash ducks—stomps them into the mud. The warden, when he gets there, sees only a touching picture of innocence.

Non-electronic warning systems are also common. A few years ago the Cenac Club, a rich men's shooting refuge in Louisiana, was caught unawares by federal agents, and six of the members spent five days in jail for sundry violations. The following year the feds, headed by agent Fred Williams, went back to see if the club had learned its lesson. Apparently it had. Everything was unimpeachably legal.

But on the way back out of the Cenac's domain, the agents noticed a big red flag high on a flagpole near the clubhouse. What was the flag there for? Was it some kind of signal for men out in the blinds?

Williams and his band decided to find out. A few days later they eased into the club and collared the custodian before he had time to raise the flag. As it turned out, everybody in the blinds was clean that day. But as the agents trudged away, they saw the flag racing up the pole. The custodian wasn't going to let it be said that he hadn't done his duty.

Clubs resort to all kinds of ingenious tricks to warn of approaching agents. Several East Coast clubs have windmills, situated high so everybody in the marsh can see whether the blades are turning. When the blades turn, it means, "Stomp your surplus ducks." A club in Connecticut reputedly uses a hi-fi set for the same purpose. A speaker is located near a window of the clubhouse. When the volume is turned up full, the music rolls off distant hills like a clap of thunder.

"The best way to make a case," says veteran retired warden Frank Clarkson, "is to dig deep into the marsh at night, then ease up to them and look down their throats."

A game warden is a busy man, and he can't usually afford to spend that much time on a case. But if his suspicions are strong and he's fairly sure of getting worthwhile results, he'll do it. In 1960, federal agent F. Charles Kniffen made a case through such a patient nightwatch. The case was against the Pin Oaks Flats Club in Missouri. Kniffen knew he wouldn't get any evidence by walking in during daylight, for the club can't be approached secretly. There's nothing but flat, open country for miles around.

Kniffen gathered his walkie-talkie, spotting scope, binocular, sandwiches and coffee. In the dead of night he trudged into the club's property, settled down as comfortably as he could and waited. The shooting started as soon as the sun came up. Before long, Kniffen collared four men with an over-limit bag of geese.

That case was successful in another respect, too. Not only did Kniffen get his men, but he also got a court to take his case seriously. Federal District Judge Randolph Weber fined two of the men $200 and $300. It isn't every judge who will do that. All too often, the courts and district attorneys are inclined to dismiss game-law cases as trivia, not worth fitting into a crowded calendar. A duck case doesn't make headlines or excite voters.

The records are cluttered with cases that died because prosecutors wouldn't prosecute or judges judge. In New York, game agents painstakingly tracked down and arrested a sheriff, a town clerk and a magistrate on charges of violating the duck laws. Publicity forced the case before a grand jury. But in the end the men were no-billed. The game agents undoubtedly wondered, after that, whether it was worth the trouble to arrest anybody.

One federal judge went so far as to state flatly at a meeting that he'd dismiss all game-law cases brought before him. It took a threat of impeachment by Senator A. Willis Robertson of Virginia to make the judge change his stand.

Another federal judge thought so little of the migratory bird laws that he made a practice of killing as many as 20 ducks a morning, in season and out, at his private marsh. State agents knew about this shooting gallery, but they also knew the judge had political power. Finally, though, gossip about the judge began to spread, and he agreed with the agents that something ought to be done before the problem ballooned into a full-fledged scandal. So he made a deal with his Negro guide: the guide (who didn't hunt) stepped up and took the blame, and the judge paid the guide's fine. Thus the judge got out from under without ever having his name besmirched.

This is the kind of thing the lone hunter is up against: big money, political power, apathy in the courts. The great duck-hunting aristocracy is spreading through the land. Unless something stops it, or unless you suddenly make the big time and can join a private club yourself, your days afield are drawing to a close.

Can anything stop it? One glimmer of hope shines from a long-range plan of the Fish & Wildlife Service. The Service is trying to get Congress to advance $150 million, to be paid back out of duck-stamp revenues, with which to buy wetlands throughout the country before these lands are taken over by industry, home builders or private hunt clubs. A new amendment to the federal laws will allow up to 40% of such federal refuges to be opened to the public for hunting.

In another plan, which may or may not be financed out of the same $150 million, the Service hopes to buy buffer zones around existing and future federal refuges. Such buffer zones will prevent private clubs from moving in next to tax-supported refuges and luring in tax-supported ducks.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

AMERICA'S ARCTIC ADVENTURER

Vilhjalmur Stefansson was once called "visionary," but today scientists and generals are beating a path to his door to seek an old man's hard earned knowledge about the top of the world.

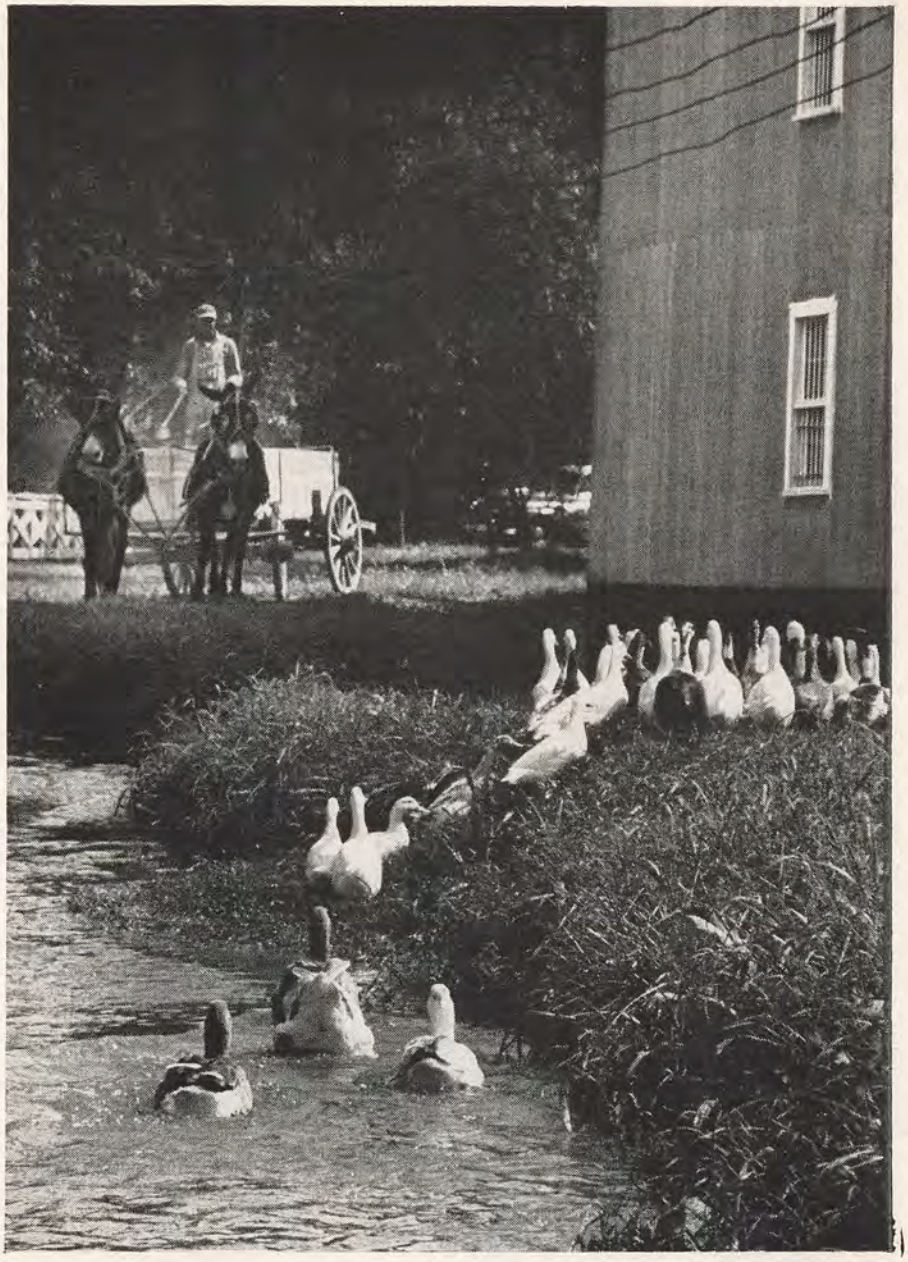
Congress, which gets many requests for funds from many needy sources, is mulling over H.R. 4603 as this is written—the bill containing the request for wetlands money. Whether Congress enacts the bill into law or lets it get lost depends, to a big extent, on whether Congressmen think their constituents are interested in it. As a hunter, you are not only interested; you're vitally concerned. Write to your Congressman and let him know.

Individual states also have power to buy wetlands and set up tax-supported refuges in the same way. While you have your pen and paper handy, write to your state governor and the chief of your state game commission. If possible, be specific. If you know of some fine marsh in the state that seems in danger of being overrun by private clubs, name it and insist that the state protect it for the taxpayers.

National abuses such as that of the private clubs, involving big money and power politics, can only be remedied when the trodden-upon start kicking and howling so hard that they can't be ignored any longer. So kick and howl. Get together with other unattached hunters in the same boat. Make federal, state and local governments pay attention to you.

It's either that, friend, or join a bird-watching society. If you ask them politely, the private clubs might even let you watch their ducks fly over.

—Hart Stilwell with Max Gunther



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Abominable Snowmen Are Here!

[*Continued from page* 40]

that bugs the whole business. Since words are intended to convey meaning, nobody can be accused of stupidity for supposing that this title is intended to indicate either a man made *of* snow, or a man that lives *in* or *on* snow. Since nobody seems dense enough to believe the former, one can only assume the latter.

But this, too, is ridiculous. Many of these tracks have been found on permanent mountain snowfields, and there is nothing at all under these snowfields which could sustain any living creature. While they cross these snowfields when going from one place to another, thus leaving the tracks which have been seen by Sir Edmund Hillary, among others, they actually live in the forests which, admittedly, often come right up to the snowline.

Having thus, I hope, disposed of the business which has done more than anything else to muddle the whole issue, I will now proceed to answer your second question: "But how on earth *could* there be such creatures running about all over the lot?"

This is a very good question because it can be easily disposed of. First, a very large part of the land surface of our earth is uninhabited. A considerable part of this is still unmapped, unused, and has not even been explored. About a seventh of it is said to be covered with permanently frozen soil, and over most of this, which is in the Arctic and sub-Arctic, there sprawls an endless forest of tightly packed spruce trees known as the *taiga*. This runs right around the top of the world from northern Russia, through Siberia, to the Bering Straits, and then picks up again on the lowlands of the Canadian Northwest Territories and continues unbroken right across our continent to Labrador. It is virtually uninhabited, and only in the two last decades have roads been driven into it.

Of the remainder of the land surface, a third is either uninhabitable hot desert or its surrounding scrublands. Little of the latter is permanently settled, and the major part is totally unused and seldom crossed. Of the remainder, nearly half is covered with forests. Although some of these forests are dotted with human settlements, they are mostly what we call wildernesses, and most of them are unmapped. People get lost in Maine every year, and there is a 15,000-square-mile block in northern California that is only just being surveyed. There are areas of over 1,000 square miles in the Mississippi Valley bottomlands that are crossed by only one third-class road and can show but half a dozen settlements.

There are great tracts even in old Europe that are complete wildernesses, but even more fantastic are the uninhabited blocks in subtropical and tropical countries like southern China proper and India, which we think of as positively bulging with population. And Communist officials empowered to look after "minorities" in China reported only five years ago that completely wild, hairy people without speech, clothes, tools or knowledge of fire had been captured in the border province of Yunnan and taken to the capital city of Kunming.

There is another reason why I am so certain that "Abominable Snowmen" can be existing in many areas of the world. This is due to the fact that many huge creatures *have* been discovered, and even in regions where the local people had no idea that they existed. In 1960, for example, the regular "Mountie" air-patrol spotted in the Canadian Northwest Territories, not 100 miles from the new road being pushed up to the Arctic Ocean from Alberta, and within 50 miles of a Mission Station established a century ago, large herds of what is either the second or third largest form of the Ox Tribe. These were groups of pure-blood Woodland Bison (*Bison athabasca*), an enormous ice-age species not known to exist in a pure strain anywhere.

This was bad enough, but at least it was in the seemingly endless *Taiga* forest. In 1938, however, another creature—also either the second or third largest member of the Ox Tribe—turned up in the thickly populated Indochinese Peninsula. This creature is quite fabulous, the males having wide-spreading horns like the extinct Aurochs of Europe, father of all our western domestic cattle, but with huge tassels sprouting upwards from about a foot below their tips. What is even more significant, the discovery of this animal was at first positively denied in scientific circles, although the man responsible took a complete skin and skull to Paris.

I could go on and on: the Coelacanth fishes, thought to have been extinct for 60 million years, turning up on the breakfast tables of the Comorro Islanders; the second largest land mammal, named Cotton's Ceratothere or White Rhinoceros found only in 1910; the forest giraffe or Okapi of the Congo in the same year, and so on. But what is the use? May not these two sets of facts—the general unexplored nature of our earth, and the discovery right up till now of herds of huge beasts right at our back doors—suffice to affirm my contention that many undetected creatures *can* still be existing almost in our midst?

At this point, I believe you will be saying to yourself: "Yes, this is all very well, but those are *real* animals. These snowmen are nothing but stories, however important and reliable the people who have told these stories may be. Is there any concrete physical evidence of their existence?"

The answer is a definite "Yes."

I think we will have to admit that foot tracks are fairly concrete, so let's begin by taking another look at those of ABSMs (as I will refer to them from now on) and at the circumstances in which they were found.

Footprints can appear in all manner of soft and resilient surfaces; both dry, like sand and gravel; or wet, like mud and snow. Despite all the folderol about those found in snow, far more have been found in mud and sand, and of course exclusively so in all lowland areas in subtropical and tropical lands. The story of their discovery is seldom dramatic, but when it is, it is exceedingly so.

The best known is undoubtedly that of the famed mountaineer, Eric Shipton, in the Everest Area in 1951. The next most familiar is the California affair which I reported in TRUE in December 1959. In both cases it was not, however, so much the incident itself that made

"Well, what did the plumber think of your suggestions?"

such an impression, but the definite and more or less unassailable proof that was obtained at the time in the form of photographs and plaster casts, plus the fact that in both areas the tracks were seen by several people at the same time.

Further, these people were educated men with reputations of the highest order. Yet, the world at large was not ready at either time for such an event, nor was the public in any way prepared to accept it.

Eric Shipton was exploring a range of mountains near the Everest Block named the Gauri Sankar, on the South Tibetan Rim. He was accompanied by one Michael Ward and the Sherpa, Sen Tensing. On the afternoon of the 8th of November they stumbled upon a fresh track made by a *Meh-Teh*. This was in powdery snow on the southwestern slope of the Menlung-tse. The individual imprints were absolutely clear-cut. Their maker walked on two feet. The track was followed up for over a mile to an ice moraine, into which the men could not follow. The *Meh-Teh* had jumped some crevasses and had dug its toes in to do so just as any human would.

The tracks and prints were photographed, and the form of these prints and the stride of the track corresponded with similar discoveries of dozens of others, both previously and since. The photographs, and molds based on them, were exhibited in London alongside those made by bears and a large monkey. I may add that the keynote of this exhibit was "Now you can see for yourself that these so-called abominable snowman tracks are only those of a bear—*or a monkey!*" If you will compare the tracks pictured with this article with those of a bear or a monkey you will see how ridiculous this is. How even a stay-at-home scientist in a museum could be so stupid, I fail to understand.

The California affair was altogether different. There, enormous footprints turned up night after night all over a new road being bulldozed into a wilderness area not 100 miles from the town of Eureka. They were inspected by several dozen hard-boiled and highly practical-minded bulldozer operators, loggers, road-engineers and even by press photographers. They were up to 22 inches long, appeared night after night out of the impenetrable forests, went up and down impossible slopes, meandered around the machinery left parked at night, and then wandered off back into the wild with 60-inch strides. They caused a great stir which prompted some enquiry. This brought to light the fact that such things had been reported off and on for a century all over the area and as far away as Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Further, they linked up with similar sightings in British Columbia.

Tracks, which play such an important part in the whole business of ABSMery, have been found all over the world. Several of the casts made from these tracks are so clear and perfect that the musculature of the bottom of the feet that made them has been worked out in detail. In some types this proves to be very human in form, as with the so-called

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"I hope that makes up for my not having anything clever to say."

Almas of northeastern Asia. In others, it is absolutely not human, as in the *Meh-Teh*. In the *Oh-Mahs* of California, with a second pad under their big-toes and their apparent webbing of all the toes up to the last joints, we have something almost—but not *quite*—human.

This is really quite an impressive showing, and when we come to properly appreciate the fact that tracks have been reported by Mongolians, Chinese, Nepalis, Tibetans, Russians, Persians, Africans, Malays, Hollanders, Belgians, and members of most other European nationalities all over the world, and by Canadians and other North, Central and South Americans—year in and year out for over a century, it becomes very hard to see how anybody can really doubt the existence of ABSMs.

Also, you will have to admit that such theories as the *hoax*, the *misidentification*, the *tall-tale* or the pure *lie* become so utterly ridiculous that they are not worth even discussing. The real trouble about them, however, is that they are just about the only points of view you ever read on the matter. And one and all, they are nothing more than attempts to disprove the whole business by trying to debunk one small aspect of it. No better example of this can be given than the circus put on by Sir Edmund Hillary early this year.

Hillary stated in an article published before he went to the Himalayas that his secondary objective was to get what he called a *yeti* (an over-all local misnomer for any ABSM). He is a mountaineer, not a zoologist or anthropologist, so he went clean through the country in which the ABSMs live and up on to the sterile, foodless, mountain snowfields. Also, he had a party of no less than 600 along with him. Failing, as a result, to get within miles of any ABSM, he was faced with two choices: either admit failure, or somehow disprove the whole idea.

He chose the latter course; had a "scalp" made from a skin taken from a rare local animal named a Serow; borrowed one of the old caps made to look like an ABSM scalp (and which was admitted to be a fake by the villagers he got it from); invited a most excellent Nepalese gentleman named Kunyo Chumbi to come along and flew off around the world, displaying the cap on television and handing out hairs and bits of skin to scientists. With these bits went a challenge to identify the hairs and dried blood. It took a scientist in Paris just one day to identify the hairs (as being from a Serow) but, strangely, microphotos of them did not match those made of hairs pulled from other scalps in Nepal by other scientists! On the basis of this confusing and meaningless test Sir Edmund presumed to claim that no ABSMs existed.

Then Hillary was asked: if the debunking of this scalp disproved the existence of all ABSMs everywhere, how about the tracks which he himself had several times reported? To this he produced the amazing reply that they were all made by a string of foxes following a leader and all landing precisely with all their feet in exactly the same hole, and then all these holes being enlarged by melting precisely to the same size and shape. (We have been unable to trace any reference to any species of fox ever being collected in these upper montane regions.)

To the two questions, how then did these tracks invariably show not only clear toe marks of a very special arrangement, but also distinctive musculature impressions, and how could such tracks be made in mud which does not melt, he gave *no* answer!

Equally fatuous was the suggestion made by a gentleman named Michael Peissel who wrote that the tracks in the Himalayas were made by men wearing a kind of *mukluks*, which had worn out in front so that they left toe impressions. He further said that such tracks are deliberately pointed out by the Nepalese as a tourist attraction! Should this be so, even in that area, all said men must have had *both feet* constructed in one of the rarest known ways—an abnormality in which the second toes are longer than the first, and are also bigger, and separated from the others; while they must all have been positively enormous people with feet almost as wide as long, and all have been twice the weight of a normal large man.

Apart from tracks, the physical evidence for the existence of ABSMs consists of a few alleged scalps (and they are definitely not *all* made from the skins of goat-like animals), a few whole skins reported by Mongolian scientists; some mummified hands; several collections of fresh droppings; a lot of hairs; some analyses of old blood; and the identification of some odd internal and external parasites taken from said scalps and droppings.

Apart from this, everything is reportage—of weird calls made by, appalling smells from; animals found killed by; cairns on mountain tops being moved by; rocks being hurled by; beds being made by, and a few other minor categories.

Perhaps the most concrete evidence we have are two or three mummified hands. Two are preserved in a monastery in a small place in Nepal called Pangboche. There is a great mystery about one of these because it has only been photographed once, but then by one of the greatest students of the subject with the very highest standing—Prof. Teizo Ogawa, of the School of Anatomy of Tokyo University. It is the most perfect shot and shows some most significant features. Professor Ogawa has not yet completed his examination of it, nor published his report, so that he has made no final pronouncement on its identification.

The other hand has now *definitely* been pronounced, and by none other than Prof. B. F. Porshnev, head of the Special Commission to Study ABSMs set up by the Soviet Academy of Sciences, to be that of a Neanderthal subman, such as inhabited Europe and northern Asia during the last ice advance. Significantly, a fresh footprint from central Asia of a form of ABSM called a *Guli-Yavan* almost exactly matches one left in an Italian cave some 50,000 years ago by a Neanderthaler. The cave got sealed by a stalactitic curtain and, when broken into in 1952, these tracks were found, as fresh as if they had been made the day before, in the clay covering its floor.

The other most definite and concrete evidence we have is the scat or droppings. This constitutes a substance that cannot

be manufactured or faked. And in several cases there was no other animal known that could deposit them. Also parasites found in these droppings have been found to be odd in several respects, notably that some are known only from animals, some only from human beings, and others from nowhere previously. The same goes for certain mites taken off the scalps and other hairy bits of ABSMs examined.

This brings me to the question I know you have been hankering to ask: "Then, why hasn't anybody seen one?"

This question often crops up in newspaper accounts and articles on the subject in a rather glib form, such as: *"These creatures, never seen by a white man . . .* (etc.)" This to me is an astonishing statement because there are literally dozens of reports of all the different kinds having been seen all over the world, and by all manner of people from the humblest peasants and most primitive tribesmen to military doctors in the Soviet Army, famous British mountaineers, and even roving American scientists. In fact, there are as many cases of "sightings" on record as there are of tracks.

The whole business, indeed, was kicked off in modern times by a very definite sighting. This was made by none other than the famous explorer and mountaineer, Col. C. K. Howard-Bury, when on the first real attempt to climb Mount Everest in 1921.

On November 21 of that year the party was on the way from a place named Kharta to the famous Lhapka-la Pass when somebody spotted a number of large dark objects moving about on a high snowfield well above them and at some distance. These were observed by the whole party and through binoculars, but they were too far distant to identify. When the mountaineers reached the area on the next afternoon they found large numbers of huge tracks which they described as being "three times as big as normal footprints."

They were obviously left by some creature walking on its two hind legs, but Colonel Bury later said he thought that they had been made by "a large stray gray wolf!" The Sherpa porters disagreed, saying definitely that it had been a party of *Meh-Tehs*, and this name got garbled by an Indian telegraphist and came out as *Metoh-Kangmi*. This, an Englishman in India said, was Tibetan for "Abominable Snowman." (The expression happened to be Nepali, and the Englishman did not speak either that language or Tibetan, but let it pass.)

Actually, there had been others in that general area who had reported seeing the same or similar types of creatures. There is a gentleman by the name of Hugh Knight who is supposed to have met one face to face. It was shaggy and carried a crude bow and arrow. Then there was the famous botanist-explorer named Elwes who reported to the Zoological Society of London that he had seen one run over a ridge in 1916.

After Howard-Bury, there was a positive rash of sightings by Europeans, most notable being the case recorded by one A. N. Tombazi, a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, while on a photographic expedition to Sikkim. This gentleman observed one through field-glasses for some time; it was grubbing for roots with a stick on the other side of a valley, and later he found its footprints (which were just like those of Shipton's ABSM).

Numerous Russians have also seen ABSMs, quite apart from the one reported in the Pamirs by A. J. Pronin of Leningrad University, which caused so much excitement in 1957. I can quote but one example: that of Prof. V. K. Leontiev, chief of the Conservation Department of the Dagestan A.S.S.R., which lies between the Caucasus Mountains and the Caspian Sea.

While on a routine reconnaissance of one of the enormous game reserves in his territory, this experienced field naturalist saw one of the local ABSMs, called there a *Kaptar*, and observed it at a range of from only 50 paces until it disappeared ahead of him seven minutes later about half a mile ahead. His description is completely scientific and most detailed, and he took accurate scale drawings of the imprints it left. It was about seven feet tall, clothed in shaggy hair, had very wide, stubby feet with widely spread toes and an enormous big toe. Its head was small above the ears. It was stoop-shouldered and had a rolling, shambling gait, but when Professor Leontiev fired a shot at its feet, it waltzed about and then made off up a very steep slope with incredible speed.

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The full report is some 40 pages long and a masterpiece of Russian devotion to detail.

Detailed as the Russian accounts are, they are as nothing to those recorded by Mongolian scientists. Unfortunately it would be worthless repeating these because, in our lofty western manner we consider anybody living in the area east of Russia as what we choose to call "natives" and anything they, like our American Indians, Africans, and others say, we discredit. Let me therefore turn to the account of a Hollander of higher education, which was published in a scientific journal in Java.

This gentleman's name was Mienheer van Herwaarden, and the incident occurred in 1923, in an area surrounded by rivers called Poeloe Rimau, in the province of Palembang, in the island of Sumatra. Van Herwaarden had been hunting wild pigs and "gone to bush" to await their appearance at a feeding ground. Something in an isolated tree caught his notice and, going to look, he saw clinging to the trunk a creature covered with thick black fur and with a considerable mane depending from its head and running down its midback. After observing it from only a few feet he started to climb the tree but the creature immediately moved upwards. After talking soothingly to it but getting no response, he tried bolder tactics and again started climbing, but this time the creature scrambled out on to a limb that sagged with its weight and then it dropped about ten feet to the ground and started running away. Van Herwaarden raised his rifle and had it in his sights when it was still but 30 yards away but then, he says, he could not press the trigger because the thing was absolutely human but for its fur and mane —and it was a female! Its mate was by this time also calling from the nearby forest.

One further case will I think suffice to lay to rest the fatuous statement that nobody, let alone a "white man" has ever seen an ABSM. This occurred to an American long resident in Canada, named William Roe, in the year 1955, near Tete Jaune Cache in Alberta on a peak named Mica Mountain. Mr. Roe was taking a lone hunting trip, he having spent a lifetime in the wilds and being very fond of observing animals and doing a little hunting. When at a high altitude in a mixed coniferous and broad-leafed bush forest he came upon what he at first thought was a grizzly bear, at about 20 paces, feeding on berries by pulling the branches of a bush and stripping the berries with its other hand or paw. This surprised him but then the thing turned and he saw that it was a huge, humanoid female, clothed in short, thick fur. They stared at each other and he raised his rifle but, like all the others, could not press the trigger. The ABSM shambled off and, throwing its head back, gave out a strange half-yell-half-laugh. Roe followed it up and observed it on a nearby ridge; he then searched about and says that he found a place where it had slept and eaten various vegetable materials.

Combined with the numerous other reports of sightings of this type of ABSM, one has no reason to doubt this story. It is quite detailed in the original and makes a number of points that are exactly in accord with what all the others have stated. Among these are two medical doctors in California four years ago returning from an emergency late at night to a place named Redding at the head of the Sacramento Valley. Seeing what they took to be a person sitting by the roadside, they slowed down and dimmed their headlights with a view to offering a lift.

Suddenly the "thing" leaped up, took the road in two strides and crashed into the thick bush! Almost exactly the same thing was reported a year later by two hunters on the road where the first footprints occurred in 1958, and I have literally dozens of others from all sorts of people, including a young lady, now 21, who says she met one in the morning mists a little distance from where she was camping with her parents when she was 10 years old.

So, you may well say, people all over the world *say* they have seen or encountered these creatures, but why have not they, or we, captured one? This is also a very fair question, so I will give you another reasonable answer . . . *we have.*

Such a statement, of course, calls for full documentation. Here it is, starting with the first record we have of such a capture on our own continent—and in southern British Columbia, Canada, no less; and not 100 miles from the United States border.

The particular incident occurred on the morning of July 3, 1884, on the railroad track bordering the Fraser River, near a small place called Yale, which is not 100 miles from the great city of Vancouver and only 20 from the long-inhabited shore of Harrison Lake. It may be called "The Jacko Affair." I herewith quote it in full from a Victoria, B.C. newspaper named *The Daily British Colonist.*

"Yale, B.C., July 3, 1884—In the immediate vicinity of No. 4 tunnel, situated some 20 miles above this village, are bluffs of rock which have hitherto been unsurmountable, but on Monday morning last were successfully scaled by Mr. Onderdonk's employes on the regular train from Lytton. Assisted by Mr. Costerton, the British Columbia Express Company's messenger, a number of gentlemen from Lytton and points east of that place, after considerable trouble and perilous climbing captured a creature who may truly be called half man and half beast. 'Jacko,' as the creature has been called by his capturers, is something of the gorilla type standing about 4 feet 7 inches in height and weighing 127 pounds. He has long, black, strong hair and resembles a human being with one exception, his entire body, excepting his hands (or paws) and feet are covered with glossy hair about one inch long. His fore arm is much longer than a man's fore arm, and he possesses extraordinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting it, which no man living could break in the same way. Since his capture he is very reticent, only occasionally uttering a noise which is half bark and half growl. He is, however, becoming daily more attached to his keeper, Mr. George Telbury, of this place, who proposes shortly starting for London, England, to exhibit him. His favorite food so far is berries, and he drinks fresh milk with evident relish. By advice of Dr. Hannington, raw

TRUE

"My wife and I are slowly drifting apart. Can you suggest anything to speed it up?"

meats have been withheld from Jacko, as the doctor thinks it would have a tendency to make him savage.

The mode of capture was as follows: Ned Austin, the engineer, on coming in sight of the bluff at the eastern end of the No. 4 tunnel saw what he supposed to be a man lying asleep at close proximity to the track, and, as quick as thought, blew the signal to apply the brakes. The brakes were instantly applied, and in a few seconds the train was brought to a standstill. At this moment the supposed man sprang up, and uttering a sharp quick bark began to climb the steep bluff. Conductor R. J. Craig and express messenger Costerton, followed by the baggage man and brakesmen, jumped from the train and knowing they were some 20 minutes ahead of time, immediately gave chase.

After 5 minutes of perilous climbing the then supposed demented Indian was corralled on a projecting shelf of rock where he could neither ascend nor descend. The query now was how to capture him alive, which was quickly decided by Mr. Craig, who crawled on his hands and knees until he was about 40 feet above the creature. Taking a small piece of loose rock he let it fall and it had the desired effect of rendering poor Jacko incapable of resistance for a time at least. The bell rope was then brought up and Jacko was now lowered to terra firma. After firmly binding him and placing him in the baggage car, 'off brakes' was sounded and the train started for Yale. At the station a large crowd who had heard of the capture by telephone from Spuzzum Flat were assembled, and each one anxious to have the first look at the monstrosity, but they were disappointed, as Jacko had been taken off at the machine shop and placed in charge of his present keeper.

"The question naturally arises, how came the creature where it was first seen by Mr. Austin? From bruises about its head and body, and apparent soreness since its capture, it is supposed that Jacko ventured too near the edge of the bluff, slipped, fell and lay where found until the sound of the rushing train aroused him. Mr. Thomas White, and Mr. Gouin, C.B.E., as well as Mr. Major, who kept a small store about half a mile west of the tunnel during the past 2 years, have mentioned having seen a curious creature at different points between Camps 13 and 17, but no attention was paid to their remarks as people came to the conclusion that they had either seen a bear or stray Indian dog. Who can unravel the mystery that now surrounds Jacko? Does he belong to a species hitherto unknown in this part of the continent or is he really what the train men first thought he was, a crazy Indian?"

Now, whatever you may think of the press, you cannot just simply dismiss everything reported by it that you don't believe in. Further, this report is excellent, being factual, giving names that were obviously carefully checked even to titles such as the C.B.E. of Mr. Gouin, and hardly being at all speculative. In fact, it is really a model report and one that some modern newsmen might well emulate. Then, the persons concerned

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were not a bunch of citizens with names only to identify them; they were mostly people with responsible positions who must have been widely known at that time throughout the area, for the railroad played a very important part in the opening up and development of lower British Columbia. The reporter, moreover, himself took a very common-sense view of the business when he inquired what manner of creature this might be and stated flatly that it was completely human but for being covered with silky black hair and having exceptional strength in its arms.

Unfortunately, following this excellent report the news on "Jacko" is pretty slim. The creature was held in captivity for some time, but there is no record of his ever having been examined by scientists. He was simply accepted as an odd event in a world in which odd events were happening all the time. Perhaps some part of him has been preserved and is lying in somebody's attic, or even in a museum. It's happened before.

There have been quite numerous other reports of captures, from all over the world; I have over 50 on file. None, however, is as plain as the case of poor little "Jacko"—*outside of* Russia, Mongolia and China, that is. To give these even in brief would call for a large volume, so I quote but one that has for long seemed to me to be outstandingly straightforward. This case comes from official records of the Soviet Army Medical Corps to the Special Commission appointed by the Russian Academy of Sciences to investigate ABSMery, under Professors Porshnev and Shmakov. The incident occurred in 1941, and was put on record by one Lt. Col. V. S. Karapetyan. It states, in his own words:

"From October to December of 1941 our infantry battalion was stationed some 30 kilometers from the town of Buinaksk (in the Dagestan A.S.S.R.). One day the representatives of the local authorities asked me to examine a man caught in the mountains and brought to the district center. My medical advice was needed to establish whether or not this curious creature was a disguised spy.

"I entered a shed with two members of the local authorities. When I asked why I had to examine the man in a cold shed and not a warm room, I was told that the prisoner could not be kept in a warm room. He had sweated in the house so profusely that they had had to keep him in the shed.

"I can still see the creature as it stood before me, a male, naked and barefooted. And it was doubtlessly a man because its entire shape was human. The chest, back, and shoulders, however, were covered with shaggy hair of a dark brown colour. [It is noteworthy that all the local inhabitants had black hair.] This fur of his was much like that of a bear, and 2 to 3 centimeters long. The fur was thinner and softer below the chest. His wrists were crude and sparsely covered with hair. The palms of his hands and soles of his feet were free of hair. But the hair on his head reached to his shoulders, partly covering his forehead. The hair on his head, moreover, felt very rough to the hand. He had no beard or moustache, though his face was completely covered with a light growth of hair. The hair around his mouth was also short and sparse.

"The man stood absolutely straight with his arms hanging, and his height was above the average—about 180 cm. He stood before me like a giant, his mighty chest thrust forward. His fingers were thick, strong, and exceptionally large. On the whole, he was considerably bigger than any of the local inhabitants.

"His eyes told me nothing. They were dull and empty—the eyes of an animal. And he seemed to me like an animal and nothing more.

"As I learned, he had accepted no food or drink since he was caught. He had asked for nothing and said nothing. When kept in a warm room he sweated profusely. While I was there, some water and then some food (bread) was brought up to his mouth; and someone offered him a hand, but there was no reaction. I gave the verbal conclusion that this was no disguised person, but a wild man of some kind. Then I returned to my unit and never heard of him again."

Yet I know that you will still be saying "But, why haven't we *got* one?" There are several reasons. First, the vastness and impenetrability of the areas where these comparatively rare creatures live. Secondly, the fact that for the most part being hominids, if not full men, they possess both a degree of what we call intelligence and a goodly quota of what we call animal instincts. Even primitive peoples are often uncanny in their ability to keep out of sight and their senses are unbelievably acute. All of this renders even a chance encounter quite unlikely.

But the main reason is that up until fairly recently we have never gone about the problem of finding one with much knowledge or common sense. We have looked for them in the wrong places, and we have gone about it in the wrong way. We are now, I hope, going about it in the right way, and I have every reason to believe that we will be successful. I, for one, am looking forward with a good deal of pleasure to seeing what the "experts" have to say when they come face-to-face with one of the thousands of "Abominable Snowmen" which are living today on our mysterious planet.

—Ivan T. Sanderson

Last of the Small-Time Spenders

[*Continued from page* 28]

With the championship in his hands, Marshall could not resist the temptation to thumb his nose at his enemies. Instead of going back to Boston for the playoff game against Green Bay, winners in the Western Division, he announced that since Boston obviously didn't deserve him he was going to play the game in New York. Instead of drawing 50,000 rabid local supporters he drew 30,000 neutralists. And he lost the game, 21-6.

Apologists for Marshall have been saying for years that he has been unable to operate on the scale that befits him because he has been limited by a home park with a seating capacity of only 32,000. But Marshall didn't have to play in Griffith Stadium. He came to Washington of his own accord, fully aware of the situation he was going to be faced with. To spite a handful of Boston columnists, Marshall locked himself into a small, rundown, outmoded park for 25 years.

Contrary to the myth, Washington did not open up its arms to Marshall and dance with him in the streets. The opening game, a night game against the Giants, was attended by less than 20,000 people. Marshall began to fill the park because he had the great good fortune to come to Washington with a once-in-a-lifetime rookie, Sammy Baugh, a great coach, Ray Flaherty and, as it turned out, a championship team. If he had gone instead to, say, Los Angeles, he would have been drawing crowds of 100,000.

No city in the country, it goes without saying, would support the teams he fields today.

There is always something sad about a man who has outlived his era, whether he has done it gracefully or awkwardly. In 1933, when the rules were rewritten, George P. Marshall knew what had to be done to save pro football and he rode over those who stood in the way. In talking about that hectic week, Marshall says something very significant. "There were three votes against the rule to allow passing from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, and that was a funny thing. Those votes were cast by Benny Friedman, Potsy Clark and Curly Lambeau, three of the greatest passers of all time."

Marshall can see in Friedman, Clark and Lambeau the truism that every man has a vested interest in his own time and his own way of doing things. Like the rest of us, he cannot see these same forces operative in himself. He no longer quite understands that when the locomotive of change begins to put on a head of steam, you either get on board or get out of the way.

George Preston Marshall, having done neither, can only wonder what happened over these past 10 years and when things go wrong—as things seem to be doing with increasing frequency—go out and fire another coach.—**Edward Linn**

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The Man Who Dried Up the Country

[*Continued from page 32*]

and over and over again, these words:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come. . . .

The laborers in the vineyard were now out among the heathen New York thousands, herding the drinkers into the sawdust aisles. If they saw someone wavering, they would reach in and pull them right off the hard, backless wooden benches. As the "I come, I come. . . ." dirge was transporting a large part of the congregation into a high emotional pitch, Billy, drenched in sweat, was kneeling at the edge of the platform, shaking hands with and God-blessing each convert and inadvertently baptising some of them with holy saliva.

Sitting up on the platform, right behind Billy, casting a righteous eye on the proceedings, was John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The 43-year-old oil magnate, who had thrown some of his old man's loot into the $350,000 pot to build the tabernacle and defray other expenses incidental to bringing the evangelist to the big town, was a mortal enemy of Jack Barleycorn.

Also on the platform were Billy's wife, a double-chinned, broad-beamed nickel nurser who kept an eagle eye on the gate receipts and who was known affectionately in the Bible Belt as Ma, and their three sons. Twenty-five-year-old George, the oldest boy, who looked like a chip off the old block but surer than hell wasn't, was already Dad's helper, taking over at matinees for the young folk. To the more penetrating observers, George's heart didn't seem to be in his work, though, and his eyes often looked suspiciously bloodshot. George was to be the cross that Papa had to bear—the result of Billy's being so dedicated to drying up the country that he never noticed, until it was too late, what was going on right under his own nose.

Before he left New York 10 weeks later, Billy was to import the booze message to 2 million people. By his own count, he mesmerized 98,264 imbibers into abandoning brass-rail entertainment. The only dark cloud was an announcement by the Federal Council of Churches that the actual end result of Billy's Gotham stand had been only 208 genuine conversions—an average of one bull's-eye out of every 10,000 shots.

When, in the end, Billy himself hit the trail from which no man returns, there were mixed opinions about him. The New York *Herald-Tribune* called him the country's number-one spiritual leader and awakener—a man who had preached to 85 million people and gotten more than a million to take the pledge against drink. The *Overland Monthly*, though, had this to say about the former ball player: "He has played a continuous ball game with the people in the bleachers, with preachers as outfielders, with Christ as pitcher, God as catcher, the Devil as the ball and Billy always at bat and collector of gate receipts."

The whole reprehensible business got under way in Chicago one hot summer night in 1887. The 24-year-old Sunday (that was his real name) popped out of a saloon with three other members of the Chicago White Stockings baseball club when he heard some hymn-singing issuing from a mission across the street. Dropping in for laughs, Billy joined the congregation of derelicts as they rustled to attention when Harry Monroe, a reformed counterfeiter who ran the place, got up to knock booze.

Monroe was apparently a most persuasive talker and Billy sat there drinking in every word. When the spiel was over and Monroe asked the boys to come up and take the pledge, Billy, an emotional type who would have cried at a card trick, was the first convert.

The conversion of the White Stockings player who batted left-handed, threw right-handed and who had once circled the bags in 14 seconds from a standing start (only 3/5 of a second off the record), was front-page stuff. Billy took quite a riding from the bench jockeys of the opposing clubs but he stuck to his guns.

One night at a Christian Endeavor social, Billy joined a faintly-attractive Scotch girl named Helen Thompson in a round of cake and lemonade. Helen was informally engaged to someone else and Billy was keeping up a correspondence with a milk maid in his native Iowa, but the chemistry of the thing was such that Helen's fellow and Billy's girl were soon way out in left field and Billy and Helen were betrothed.

It wasn't for another four years, after he and Helen had been married, that Billy, now playing with Philadelphia, quit baseball to devote full time to Christian work. After a few years with the religious department of the Chicago Y.M.C.A., Billy began to study for the ministry at Northwestern University in suburban Evanston.

It just so happened that the headquarters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was in Evanston (as it still is) and Billy quickly got palsy-walsy with Frances E. Willard, the militant president of the White Ribbon girls. He was so steamed up about liquor even then that he often spent entire nights poking around alleys to locate drunks to reform.

Billy Sunday was 40 years old when he was ordained and received into the Presbytery of Chicago in 1903—a late start, to be sure, but he sure as hell made up for lost time. He never had a parish of his own nor, apparently, did he have a desire for one. A born scenery chewer who was nourished by the limelight, Billy latched on as an assistant to J. Wilbur Chapman, a popular evangel in the tall-corn regions. Billy, taking up the collection and occasionally preaching, had ample opportunity to make a study of the peasants. There they'd sit, eyes wide and mouths agape, accepting a screaming, gesticulating Bible banger and booze knocker as a substitute for the enjoyable things of life.

Billy, who was to do his warming up in the tall-corn regions for several years, always played up the fact that he was born in a log cabin in Story County, Iowa. The son of a Pennsylvania Dutch bricklayer and an Indiana farm woman, Billy had been the youngest of three children—all boys—one dead, the other to fade into obscurity. "My Daddy never saw me," he'd invariably tell his rural congregations, "'cause he was killed fightin' for Mr. Lincoln 'fore I was born." Billy had been placed in a soldiers' orphans' home in Davenport, picked up

TRUE

"The Riviera will be fine. Now how about someplace for her."

a smattering of red-schoolhouse learnin' in Marshalltown, then gone to work for an undertaker there. Because he could turn on the tears as easily as he could start water from a pump, Billy doubled in brass as a professional mourner. "So, folks," he'd always tell the yokels for a yock, "I stopped buryin' people and started buryin' booze."

Although the demon rum was always Billy's big target, he never allowed the oyster-soup and church-supper set to forget about the other sins, either. Sunday's influence was eventually so great in what Sinclair Lewis was to call, in the opening chapter of *Main Street*, that bewildered empire known as the Middle West, that at one time not a single engineer or fireman on the Burlington run between Chicago and Omaha drank, smoked or cussed.

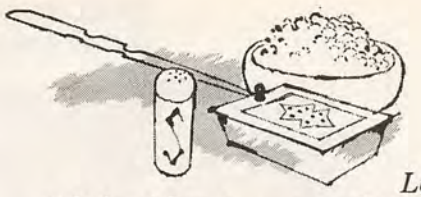
Billy Sunday did not, of course, originate the idea of prohibition. He simply appeared in the right place, at the right time, with the right bill of goods to become the symbol and catalyst of a mass movement already well under way. An old map of the Anti-Saloon League, drawn in 1893, the year that blue-nose gang first cast their shadow over this land of liberty, shows that only 18 states were then completely wet. Six states were already all dry. The balance of the country had already been partly dried up. Most of that promising area was in the Middle West and its fringes and that's where Billy rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

One of Sunday's first notable jobs—one that cast the shadow of coming events—was in the town of Princeton, Illinois, back in 1906. Checking into Princeton for a five-week campaign, Billy, flashily dressed and wearing two-tone high-button shoes, hustled around town glad-handing everybody. "Glad ta meet ya!" he'd say, pumping the hand of a citizen on the street. "Come to save ya!"

Behind the scenes, Billy was rounding up the bankers, the lawyers and the most important business men. His big selling point to the money men was that if booze was outlawed in Princeton, hangovers and absences-through-drink among the working classes would be done away with and the big boys would get more production out of the help. "I'll preach against booze so damned hard," Billy told them at a secret conclave, "that before I leave this town *everybody'll* be against it. Then it'll be up to you fellows to get behind a local-option election and outlaw the damned stuff."

The plot was that the big boys were to start the ball rolling by hitting the trail themselves and taking the pledge. When the wives of the little fellows saw what was happening they would want to keep their husbands on the right side of their employers and would shove them into the aisles and send them up to take the pledge. When the campaign was only half over, most of the men in Princeton were going around smelling the breaths of other men to make sure everybody was drinking nothing stronger than Sunday's favorite drink—cow juice.

Less than a month after Billy left town, his disciples whipped up a local-option election. To drink or not to



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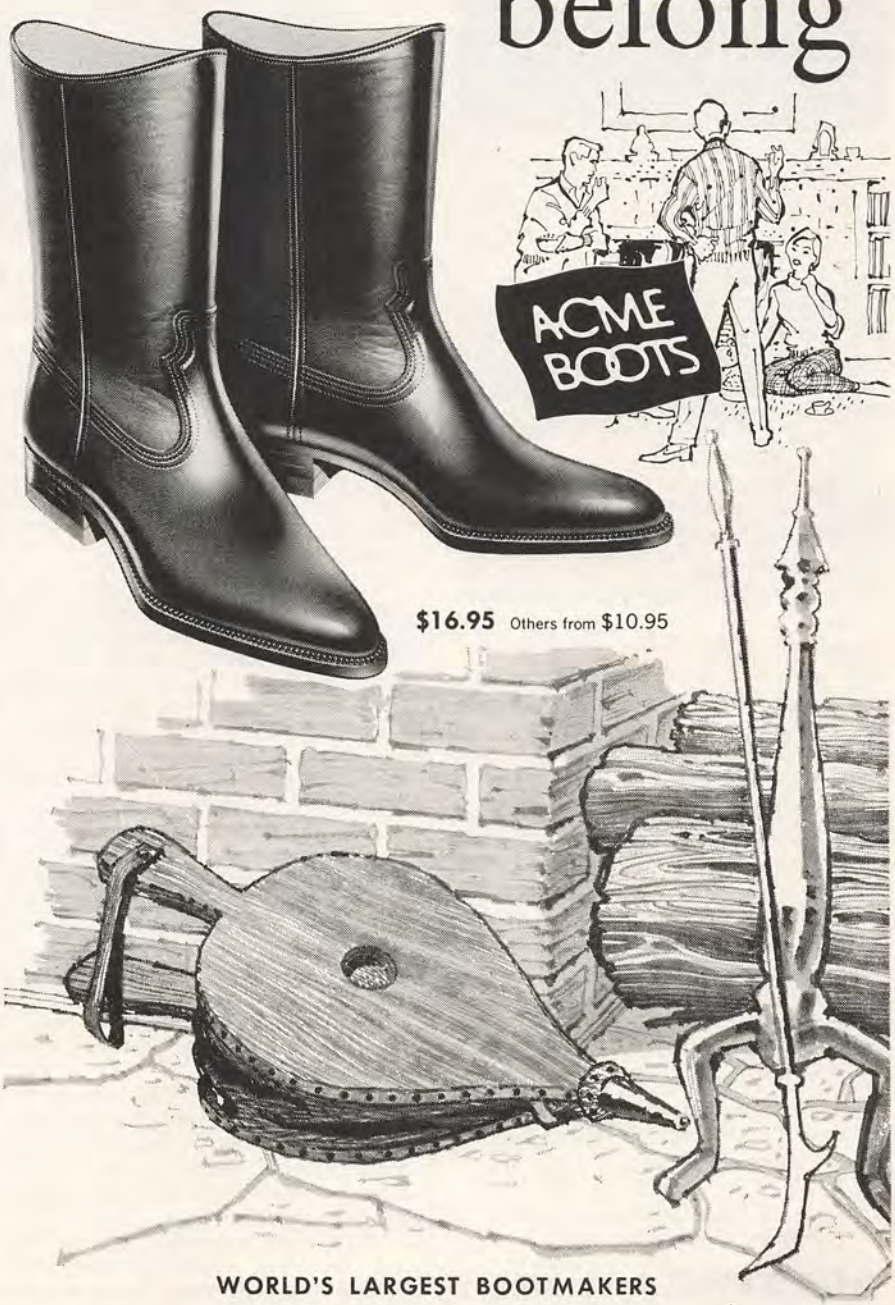

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Too Good To Be TRUE

"It's been taken care of."

drink: that was the question. The Drys won at the polls by a thumping majority and Princeton's eight watering holes closed with a sigh and a bang. Thereafter the burg's imbibers drank booze smuggled over Princeton's town limits or drank bottled-in-barn stuff—a preview of what Billy Sunday was one day to bring about on a nation-wide scale.

News of Billy's accomplishment in Princeton swept the Bible Belt like a prairie fire. In the years that followed, Sunday, sometimes going it alone, sometimes in cahoots with the White Ribbon girls, scared the living hell out of the saloon keepers. He was such a persuasive ear bruiser that some of the liquor boys developed the shakes when they heard he was coming to town.

After he had been going strong for half a dozen years, leaving aridity in his wake in a dozen states, Billy decided to tackle a whole state in one fell swoop—and West Virginia was the target. Traveling around in a special railroad car supplied by the W.C.T.U., and in a chauffeur-driven limousine where there were no railroad tracks, Sunday whipped up dry sentiment from the rear platform and from the rear seat.

Of a night, Billy would hole up in his railroad car or in a hotel suite with the regional blue noses. There they'd be, the gang of them, mapping the next day's strategy, talking in low tones, conspiring at every pore.

Billy, never in his life accused of lacking complete confidence in himself, couldn't have been less surprised when, at the November elections, West Virginia kicked Jack Barleycorn over the frontier by adopting a dry amendment to its constitution. "What in holy hell," he roared when apprised of the result, "did you expect?"

William Ashley Sunday had pretty well mopped up in the Middle West and the South and had graduated to the big cities, coast to coast, when he laid that egg in sinful old Gotham. By now, though, with the exception of New York, Billy was being received practically everywhere like a conquering hero. A delegation would receive him when he hit a city, put him in the back seat of an open car, and let him wave and mug to huge crowds that lined the downtown streets. In Pittsburgh, Sunday got so many steel workers to take the pledge that by the time he was through monkeying with the statistics he was claiming that production per work hour had increased. This was a campaign that made quite an impression on powerful men who were focusing a beady eye on national prohibition.

For a man who hated the stuff, Billy sure put booze on a paying basis. The tabernacles that were built for Billy's revivals—sawdust on the ground to lay the dust and deaden the sound, and perhaps make the bar flies feel at home—were thrown up out of private funds. Then Billy repaid the expenditures out of what was collected in the dish pans. His own take was everything that was raked in during three services on the final Sunday of a campaign. "Now don't you be forgettin' Old Billy," he'd tell his audiences days before pay day. "Even if he don't drink, he's got to eat and support a family." It was a dismal year when Billy didn't sock away anywhere from 75 to 100 grand.

By now Billy had two homes—a summer lodge at Winona Lake, Indiana, and a winter place in Hood River, Oregon. Billy's Winona Lake neighbors could often hear the great booze crusader experiencing extreme difficulty reducing his tone to a bellow as the dawn was breaking over the still waters and his son George was roaring up in a taxi and being poured through the front door.

In this vale of tribulation, happiness often depends on how a man looks at things and one man's meat is another man's poison. The entrance of this country into the first World War while regarded by the country as something less than a blessing, was just what Sunday needed. Here was the chance of a lifetime—to slip over prohibition while the boys were overseas fighting for democracy.

Billy got his head together at Winona Lake with William Jennings Bryan, a power in the prohibition movement who had three times made unsuccessful runs for the Presidency. "Mr. Sunday," the Great Commoner said to Billy at that meeting, "we need you now as we have never needed you before.

"You have the ear of great numbers of our people," said Bryan. "Start quoting those statistics that the W.C.T.U. is compiling—statistics that show how other nations, even those we are fighting against, are adopting prohibition to help the war effort.

"Make it frighteningly plain," Bryan went on, seeing that his man was with him, "to the fathers and the mothers and the sisters and the brothers who look up to you that it is in their power to shorten the war. Tell them to go to their elected officials and demand that the grains that are used to make the beer and the whisky in this country should be used for food instead. In that way, the war will be shortened, countless lives will be saved and their boys will be home sooner."

We can easily picture the two conspirators that day as they joined in a little prayer for the success of what they wanted to do for the boys. And we can see them drinking a toast of Bryan's favorite beverage, grape juice, to a dry U.S.A.

Sunday, now doubling in brass as a dry crusader and a four-star patriot, was popping up all over the map. One day he'd be in the Chicago stockyards, on orders from nobody less than President Woodrow Wilson, peddling liberty bonds. Another day he'd be in Hollywood, steaming up a recruiting drive with Douglas Fairbanks and other noncombatant movie idols. By night he'd be Jove hurling the thunderbolts at the faceless clams in a tabernacle.

Artfully, cunningly, Billy was integrating the dry propaganda into the war effort—doing it as no other single individual ever had. "Why," he'd roar at a bond drive, "has our ally Russia outlawed vodka? Why, to keep its fighting men from collapsing from drinking it—*that's* why!" France, that den of iniquity, had banned absinthe, Billy was yapping at recruiting drives, and Finland and Norway and all of Canada except sinful Quebec had enacted prohibition laws.

"Our enemy," Billy was roaring in the tabernacles, "has outlawed schnapps and cut its beer production in half. Why? To keep the brains of its soldiers clear and their bodies strong *so they'll be able to kill more of your boys!*"

There were, by the time the war broke out, 2,392 of the 3,030 counties in the country that were already bone dry, a big chunk of them the result of Billy's work. Now, in large part because of the steam Sunday was generating, throngs of citizens were descending on Washington while the boys were addressing themselves to the fire on the Western Front. Words put in their mouths by Billy and other Drys, the visitors were grabbing key congressmen by the lapels and laying down the law. Some Drys, by later admissions, were catching certain solons in compromising positions and then blackmailing them to get behind an amendment outlawing liquor.

The pressure got so unbearable that key congressmen and senators, knowing damned well which side their political bread was buttered on, whipped up and passed, in December 1917—only eight months after the boys had gone to war—the Eighteenth Amendment. It prohibited anything stronger than a near-beer of such dismal alcoholic content that no self-respecting bottle baby would permit it to journey down his gullet.

The rule of the game was that the legislatures of 36 states had to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment before it became law. Good old righteous Mississippi jumped to the head of the dry parade by ratifying in January 1918. Billy and the other Drys banged around the country, throwing the fear of God into the legislators lest they step out of line. By November, 1918, when hostilities ended in Europe, it was too late for the boys to do anything. In January 1919, a year after the first state had ratified, the 36th state swung into line and it was all over but the moaning. The soldiers, trickling home from the holocaust and looking back on the gay days in Paris began to wonder if the war had been so bad after all.

William Ashley Sunday didn't realize it, as he awakened on the morning of January 17, 1920—the first day of prohibition—that he had really outsmarted himself and that from there on it was to be downhill all the way. Without booze to fight, he was Don Quixote without a windmill. So, at the age of 57, with at least a good round million in the old sock, Billy decided to go into what he chose to call semi-retirement, dividing his time between Winona Lake and Hood River.

His oldest child, Helen, was now 30, married and raising a family. His youngest, Paul, was away at boarding school. George, 28, and Billy Junior, 20 (and said to be Sunday's favorite child), formed something called The George Sunday Realty Company and put up their sign in, of all places, Hollywood. There was a method in their Southern California madness, though: to the peasants migrating to the Golden State

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from the rural precincts of the Middle West, the name Sunday was magic.

The trouble was that the two boys caught the Hollywood spirit, broke out in fancy Spanish-type houses, complete with swimming pools, and, though they were both married, began to toss all night booze-and-biscuit brawls. The cops frequently hit both houses. Then one night George, having established himself as the best customer a Hollywood bootlegger ever had, took the gas pipe in an almost-successful try at ending it all. Another time, George turned up in a Chicago gutter and, regaining consciousness in the cooler, divested himself of every stitch of clothing, mounted an imaginary horse and announced that he was Lady Godiva.

If Billy Sunday had really thought that he had dealt a mortal blow to booze when he dried up the country, he must have had another think coming with the appearance of the bootlegger and the speakeasy and the resultant lower moral standards and higher crime rates. The manufacture, sale and distribution of bootleg beer, wine and whisky had become a coast-to-coast industry and a national disgrace. The scorn in which decent men held the Eighteenth Amendment was quickly breeding disrespect for *all* laws.

The bootlegger was actually encouraged to carry on his nefarious business—peddling poison that made men blind, near-poison and a small percentage of good stuff—by respectable people who had never gotten drunk before and who were now getting regularly swished just for the hell of it. Men like Al Capone grew in stature, purchasing, with their bootleg millions, police departments, district attorneys and judges. The whole moral fibre of the country was beginning to come apart at the seams.

William Ashley Sunday, surveying the shambles for which he was in such large measure responsible, must have been a grievously disappointed man. If so, though, he never admitted it. He kept shouting that all that was necessary was for the law to mesh into high gear. He began preaching again—this time against the evils of bootleg booze. But only the fanatics were listening to him now; the multitudes were gone and he was down to puny little gatherings along the kerosene circuit.

When Al Smith, a man who made no bones about the fact that he took a snort whenever he felt the need of it, ran for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1928, with a soaking-wet plank in his platform, Billy Sunday jumped into the fray. Stumping for another Iowa boy, Herbert Hoover, Billy roared through the Dry Belt giving Smith holy hell. When, on election night, Hoover gave Smith a drubbing, Billy announced to the press: "I'm the happiest man in the world."

Billy's happiness, though, was to be short-lived. The next few years were to be hell on earth for him. Next to booze, Billy was probably most opposed to divorce. Yet Billy Junior was to become a tabloid star by being sued for divorce, marrying again, being sued for divorce

by his second wife, marrying a third doll, getting divorced by her, and, shortly after taking a fourth bride, landing on the front pages for battling with her.

Billy was now spending big chunks of the loot he had raked in preaching against booze trying to dry up son George. Specialists were brought from as far away as Europe, but they got nowhere. Tucked into sanitariums under assumed names, George always escaped—to lay hands on grog and a girl.

Then came the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Billy was now a voice crying in the wilderness, and F.D.R. had hardly gotten his White House chair warm when the good old beer spigots were going full blast again with the hard stuff just over the horizon.

George Sunday, though, just couldn't wait for legal whisky. One day in September 1933 he took on a load of varnish remover and jumped out of a window in San Francisco. Billy, up in Portland, Oregon, with Ma, to begin a revival to try to stop the arrival of whisky, cancelled it to rush down to the bedside of his son.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

DARING DIVE FOR DERELICT GOLD

People said no one could salvage the gold locked in the sunken S.S. *Niagara*. Here's the story of a handful of men who sailed through a minefield to prove the skeptics wrong.

But George, without regaining consciousness, died.

"I guess," said the 70-year-old evangel, a suddenly aging man with a broken heart, "that all my life I've been too busy saving strangers to save my own flesh and blood."

Billy Sunday, who had lost his daughter to death in the midst of his other travail, returned to New York City in 1934 for a two-week stand. But times had changed. He was preaching in a church this time, not a tabernacle. And he was no longer the lithe athlete wrestling with Satan, but a bent old man. He was not bellowing now, but almost whispering into a microphone and he was, at one and the same time, both a tragic and a comic figure as he dished out the same old stuff against drink.

A year later he was dead, and for the last time William Ashley Sunday was front-page copy throughout the land. Wherever he is now, he must be a bitterly disappointed man. To the day of his death he kept repeating, as the chorus used to do when the sinners were coming up the sawdust trail to take the pledge, that Prohibition had to come back to the land of his birth.—**Alan Hynd**

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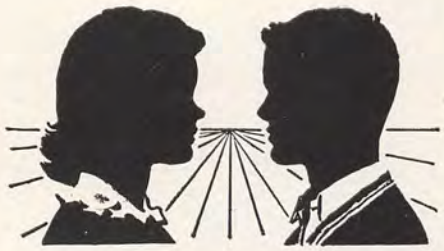

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by Jimmy Breslin

THE MISTAKE THAT WON A PENNANT

The Philadelphia Phillies defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers on the last day of the 1950 season to win the National League pennant and in the dressing room after the game everybody agreed that, unlike most things in Philadelphia, this was a team with some life in it. The "Whiz Kids," as they were called, had played with verve throughout the season and many suspected they used brains, something athletes usually get along without. In beating Brooklyn, they showed all their best qualities, experts said.

Granny Hamner, the shortstop, had his own ideas about that. He dressed quickly and left the park. "I need a drink," he kept saying. "Alone." Hamner knew exactly how the Phillies won the pennant. They were champions because of one of the worst mistakes which can be made on a ballfield.

The game was played at Ebbets Field and the Phillies had to win or wind up in a tie for the pennant. The score was 2-2 in the last of the ninth. Cal Abrams of Brooklyn was at second and Duke Snider at bat. Granny was worried. At the time there was an unwritten law in Brooklyn, "You should never recommend a doctor or a furrier—or pitch right handers to Snider."

Robin Roberts, the Phillies' great righthander, was on the mound. Hamner, with the sense that made him the team's unofficial manager, signaled for a pickoff play. This would either get Abrams off the bases, or keep him close to second and cut down his chances of scoring on a hit.

After giving the sign, Hamner crept toward second. Richie Ashburn, in centerfield, started in to back up the play. The Phillies seemed ready. So was Roberts. He was ready to throw to Snider. The sign had been flashed at him, but Robin slept right through it and pitched to the plate.

Hamner screamed obscenities. Snider hit the pitch toward center. Abrams took off for third and it looked like it was all over. In baseball, you score from second—period—on a hit to center. But because of the pickoff mess Ashburn was directly behind second—half the field away from where he should have been. But in a 1,000-1 shot, the ball came right at him. Richie grabbed it and threw to the plate. Normally, aging widows can throw harder than Ashburn. But this was simple. Abrams was out by 15 feet and the Phillies went on to win in the 10th. Roberts thought it was great to have such an alert fielder behind him.

After the game, Ashburn was lauded for his great throw from "centerfield." Baseball writers, with their usual flair for unique words, said Roberts had pitched a "heady" game.

The Phillies were quickly rewarded for their brilliant pennant-winning play. They lost in four games to the Yankees in the World Series.

The Case of the Murdering Doctor

[*Continued from page 37*]

Bertrand makes ends meet with the length of time he devotes to a patient."

"It *is* an odd thing, isn't it?" the fellow shin-splicer agreed. "And I understand he charges only $5 a visit."

The other doctors and their nurses, becoming increasingly curious about Doctor Bertrand by the beginning of 1951, began to make it their business to keep ears cocked, as they passed Bertrand's door, for snatches of conversation between the doctor and his patients. It wasn't that they were doing anything so unethical as eavesdropping; it was simply that if one lingers in a certain place sometimes, one can't help overhearing things. For example, on an evening about that time, a nurse with nicely pointed ears caught the physician-psychologist-philosopher-divine asking a patient: "You say you have two girls and don't know which one to marry?"

"That's right, Doctor," came the answer.

"And these girls are both from well-to-do families?"

"Yes, Doctor, they are."

"What are their names and addresses?"

"Why do you ask, Doctor?"

"I was just thinking," answered Bertrand, "that I might have a talk with the ladies, the better to advise you."

On another night a listener overheard Bertrand saying to a patient: "That will be $5 please."

"Doctor, I'm a little short of cash," a male voice replied, "and I was wondering if I could pay you later."

The air inside Bertrand's office may have been colorless before the patient disclosed his fiscal plight, but now it quickly turned blue. Bertrand, still spouting oaths, opened his door and chased the indigent one right out into the street.

This kind of doctor-patient relationship can lead to professional curiosity. So it was not too surprising when a fellow tenant of the Medical Centre stopped him one morning as Bertrand was whizzing by with a brisk smile.

"I've been meaning to ask you, Bertrand," said the M.D., "where you studied medicine."

The good Doctor Bertrand, dressed as usual in neat black suit, snow-white shirt and black bow tie, glared at the inquisitive one for a few moments, the normal sparkle leaving his eyes. Then, running his tongue over his lips, he gave his answer: "In the United States—if it's any of your business." And he proceeded on his way to vanish into his little office.

"You know," the snubbed medico said to his nurse, "I'd swear I've seen that fellow somewhere before. It's been some time—but that damned face is familiar." The doctor was thoughtful for a few moments. "He's been in trouble of some kind—serious trouble."

In March, after the quadruple-threat practitioner had been operating in the Medical Centre Building for five months, his office hours changed. Now he was behind his frosted-glass door only from 6 to 10 at night and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings. The mystery of the changed office hours wasn't a mystery very long. One morning, a few minutes before 8 o'clock, a nurse in the Medical Centre was passing a big dry-cleaning plant on her way to work when who did she spot popping into the employes' entrance, decked out in coarse workman's clothes rather than in spiffy professional attire, but the oily Doctor Bertrand.

It wasn't long after Doctor Bertrand had gone to work by day for the dry-cleaning outfit that other occupants of the Medical Centre Building began to notice something else at night. Although Bertrand was in his office every evening, the door was now usually locked. Sometimes the light was on and sometimes it wasn't; but when patients happened to call, they couldn't get any response from the other side of that locked door, even though Bertrand was obviously in there.

By now, of course, the little man had become such an object of curiosity to others in the building that his every move was noted. Thus the reason for that locked door became presently obvious to the others in the building with late office hours. Each evening, the Bertrand door was left unlocked until a certain caller arrived—a dumpy pot of a woman whose friendly little eyes, behind gold-rimmed glasses, would never see 50 again. Sometimes the more nosy of the observers, sneaking a listen outside that frosted door, could hear low talk between Bertrand and the woman. Sometimes there was laughter and the sound of clinking glasses and, sometimes, more personal sounds.

All the while, the M.D. who thought he had seen Bertrand somewhere before, kept worrying about our boy. Finally, one evening as he was leaving his office and Bertrand was arriving, the two men locked gazes under the lobby lights. It was then that the suspicious practitioner realized, in one devastating flash, why Bertrand had looked so familiar. It had been years since he had seen that face—more than 14 years, to be precise—and it had aged. But to the sharp eyes of the discerning physician, it was the face of the man he knew who had once branded himself with the mark of Cain. And the story of the man came back to him.

This fellow who was destined to make such a big splash in Dominion criminal waters had been born into a proverbial poor-but-honest French-Canadian family in the quaint little Quebec village of St. Polycarpe, some 40 miles southwest of the center of Montreal and not far from the Ontario border. There was nothing whatever in the background of Leo Rheal Bertrand to point a finger toward the crooked and lethal road he was to traverse. After a spotty rural education he worked at odd jobs around his native village and, somewhere along the line, picked up enough knowledge of the violin to become a fiddler at country dances. Handsome and sallow-skinned, with flashing dark eyes, and glistening black hair parted on the side and always neatly barbered, Leo scraped up the scratch to deck himself out in a mail-order tuxedo, which he sported when fiddling at the dances. Thus he became known in his native habitat as The Tuxedo Kid.

By the time he was 18, Leo was fiddling to a fare-thee-well with the damsels, besides running the bow over the violin strings. Something of a natural-born ham, he had a way of fluttering those eyes of his at any particularly attractive dish who danced past him at the rural

TRUE

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bashes. When, between dances, he managed to sneak the doll outside and spout a few lines of corny poetry in a deep baritone voice, she didn't stand a chance.

In short order, Leo had swiped so many girls from so many fellows who outweighed him that he decided it would be the better part of wisdom to clear out. So, at the age of 19, he trotted over to Hull, Quebec, just across the river from Ottawa, and began driving a taxi.

It was while Bertrand was pushing the hack around that he got to know a dish who was a dish named Rosanna Asselin, who, though coming from his own neck of the woods, had till then escaped those questing dark eyes. By now something of a connoisseur of the pouty sex, Leo could see in Rosanna certain qualifications which made him slap on the brakes, and she, for her part, was smitten by this Cary Grantish fellow who, with the slightest excuse, climbed into that tux. The trouble with Rosanna, however, was that she had square heels. And so Leo and Rosanna took each other for better or for worse—and for Rosanna it was to be a hell of a lot worse than better.

The echo of the wedding bells had no sooner died away than Leo's roving eye began to get the better of him. Poor chap, he just didn't seem to be able to help himself. Nor did his fair passengers, falling for that handsome countenance, those boudoir eyes and that voice alive with hormones, exactly encourage him to keep his libido down when, as he hacked them home of a wintry night, they invited him inside for something to take the chill off.

Along in the fall of 1934, with the two-year-old union rapidly coming apart at the seams, Leo, peering into the future, put on quite a show for his wife. As she was shortly to tell her folks, he said he was deeply grieved that he had been so unfaithful and now he was reforming and was going to make up for everything.

When he saw that Rosanna was impressed, Leo got down to what he really had in mind. He was, he told her, going to load up on insurance, naming her as beneficiary, so that she would be protected in case anything ever happened to him. Then, seemingly as an afterthought, he suggested that Rosanna take out some insurance, too—$5,000 worth, say, with double indemnity in case of accident—naming him as beneficiary.

"I would need the money to live on, if anything ever happened to you, my dearest," he said, "because without you I would be a living dead man, unable to work for a living."

And so Rosanna took out the insurance.

A couple of months later, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rheal Bertrand set out in a newly acquired family car—a broken-down sedan with faulty brakes, creaking springs and a tubercular motor—to pay a visit to her family. Christmas was coming on, and the Bertrands had a fine time with Leo's in-laws. Then, late on the afternoon of December 20, the happy young couple kissed their hosts good-by, jumped into the mobile wreck, and, with Leo at the wheel, headed back for Hull along the Montreal-Toronto highway. They had well over a hundred miles to go, and they hadn't been traveling very

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long when the black winter night closed in.

It was almost midnight when Bertrand, looking somewhat the worse for wear, appeared in a garage in the town of St. Zotique. "I'm in trouble and need help," he blurted out to the garage man.

"I'm about to close," said the garage man.

"But my car ran off a pier. It's in the lake."

"Oh," said the garage man. "Then we'll have to go and see if we can pull 'er out."

Driving out in the wrecking truck to a pier jutting into Lake St. Francis, the two men were silent. Finally the garage man asked, "Where you headed for?"

"Hull."

"Where you comin' from?"

"Down below Montreal."

"*Mon dieu*, you're way off your route."

"Yes," said Bertrand, "I must have made a wrong turn somewhere."

As the pair drew near the lake, the garage man asked whether the water was deep where the accident took place.

"The car's completely covered," Bertrand replied. There was a short period of silence. Then he added, "My wife's in the car."

There was no immediate answer. But suddenly the vehicle came to a screeching stop. "What'd you just say?" asked the driver.

"I said my wife's in the car."

"Under the water?"

"I'm afraid so."

"My God, man! Your wife'll be a dead one by the time *we* get there!"

"I suppose," answered Bertrand, cucumber cool, "she will."

When the Bertrand sedan was eventually hauled to the surface of the lake, there, in the front seat, was Rosanna, big as life and dead as a door nail.

When the gendarmes listened to Bertrand's account of the tragedy, they saw nothing particularly suspicious—at first. Leo explained that, in the dark night, he had gone off the road on the way home and before he realized it, found himself driving on the pier jutting out into the lake. "You might as well go to the end of the pier and turn around," his wife had suggested. And so, he said, since he had great respect for his wife's judgment, he had gone to the end of the pier. It had been while he was turning the car around there that "something somehow went wrong." The brakes had refused to hold as the car started to roll toward the water. He had screamed to his wife to jump out of her side while he jumped out his. But the little woman, it was now shockingly clear, hadn't quite made it.

"Hey," said one cop to another, "what's this?" What the law meant was that the inside handle to the door on Madame Bertrand's side was missing. "Your wife," said the officer to our boy, "couldn't have opened this door anyhow."

"Oh, dear," said Bertrand, throwing the line away. "I forgot about the handle on that side."

"What do you mean?"

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"You know," said one of the great legal minds to the other, "I think the sonofabitch shoved that car in the water to drown his wife."

When the police learned that Bertrand had taken out insurance on the drowned doll only a short time before her death and that he hadn't, despite the promise she had repeated to her parents, got around to putting any on himself, they figured they had a case. So Bertrand was charged with murdering his wife to get $10,000 double indemnity.

But as the Quebec authorities were presently to learn, charging a man with murder and getting a jury to go along were two entirely different kettles of fish. Bertrand got himself a mouthpiece who knew a loophole when he saw it. And the man with the words, after a few squints at Leo the Thespian, figured he had his loophole.

Quebec's case was purely circumstantial. It claimed that Bertrand, who made his living driving an automobile, must have turned off the road deliberately that night to get to a spot where he could drown his wife. While contriving his double-indemnity plot, he had removed the door handle and put it in the tool box.

Now Leo got on the stand in his own defense. In telling the jurors of the terrible accident that had taken from him the girl he loved, he opened wide the emotional floodgates. While some of the jurors thought that Bertrand was a faking fiend, others, awash in Leo's tears, bought the act. So the citizens in the justice box couldn't come to an understanding except to agree to disagree.

For his repeat performance, Bertrand had perfected the act. And this time his 12 so-called peers not only sent him out of the courtroom a free man, but wished him Godspeed. That was in December, 1935, after Leo had been in the deep freeze for about a year after his arrest. First thing he did after sniffing the ozone was to get his paws on that grief-assuaging insurance swag.

Ten grand, all in a lump, was nothing to scorn, and in those days it was good for a lot of mileage. But Leo Rheal Bertrand could do to a bankroll what a magician can do to a white rabbit. After settling with his mouthpiece, breaking out in a spanking new roadster, and indulging in assorted luxuries, some blonde, some brunette, Leo was on the blushing side of the ledgers again.

For almost a year he knocked around in several assorted jobs, earning just enough to keep the wolf at the door lapping milk instead of him. Then one night, quaffing some devil's brew in a smoky trap, he fell in with certain sneaky characters who assured him that he could solve his fiscal dilemma by going with them to a bank. So, never one to scorn a bundle, Leo joined up, and the select little group, pulling guns rather than pens, stormed a likely looking depository of concentrated wealth in the Ontario town of L'Orignal.

The jug-looting plot at L'Orignal seems not to have been a good one, because Bertrand and his pals were interrupted in the midst of their labors by the gendarmes. So, in October, 1936, when he was in his 24th year, Bertrand found himself blinking up at a steely-eyed judge who resisted his charm enough to heave a 15-year book at him.

Leo had hardly settled into the routine of the penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario, when he began to make plans for that

TRUE

"Of course there's two sides to every question—the man's side and the wrong side."

distant day when he would be free again. Always a fellow who liked to put his time to advantage, he started to correspond with several diploma mills in the United States—those fly-by-night outfits which would, for whatever the traffic would bear, confer upon their "students" mail degrees that were as high-sounding as they were worthless. By the time he was sprung in 1950, at the age of 37, Leo had tucked under his arm four impressive-looking sheepskins proclaiming him to be a doctor-doctor-doctor-doctor.

Although the sheepskins were as genuine as artificial leather, there is no question that Leo was smart, with a well-above-average I.Q. He actually had boned up on medicine, philosophy, psychology and the Bible during his years at the felons' club, and in addition he had studied classical music, history and literature. This self-acquired education, combined with his intelligence and the instincts of a blackguard, made him a character who couldn't possibly have been up to any good when, that fall of 1950, he hung out his shingle in the Medical Centre Building in Ottawa.

But if Leo thought his Medical Centre dodge was going to be a highly lucrative snap, he soon had another think coming. He seemed to be functioning against too austere a background to lure the quality suckers. And so he had fallen into his old ways—trying to lay hands on a quick bundle. He had romanced each of the well-fixed dolls the sharp-eared nurse had heard him querying his patient about, but when both the girls caught on to what he was up to and gave him the bum's rush, he was still on the chilly side of the boudoir.

It was after Leo had been forced by simple hunger to go to work in the dry-cleaning plant pressing pants, that he got a gander at precisely what he was looking for—the little pot of a woman who was presently to be the rightly reason for his locked office door. Her name was Rosa Charette, and she was a 55-year-old widow who worked with a needle in another department of the plant. Bertrand, with his knowledge of women, could tell at a glance that Rosa, who had dyed her hair from gray to brown, drenched the backs of her ears in cheap perfume, and rouged her sagging cheeks to a stoplight red, was a ripe one. But he had to get the answer to the big question: was she worth picking? One day at lunchtime, while Leo was chatting with Rosa, he carefully elicited the information that her husband, who had gone permanently underground a few years previously, had left her with almost $75,000 in insurance. Leo, to put it bluntly, got right to work.

Rosa, however, happened to be a moral woman, and Leo recognized this handicap. When he first lured her to his little office of an evening, after a day's work at the cleaning plant, he was the perfect gentleman. As a physician, ordering her to take off her clothes while he gave her thorough examinations, he was clinically aloof. As a psychologist, he was the soul of understanding. As a man of the cloth, he offered up a little prayer for her well-being toward the close of each of those

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cozy night sessions. And as a crook—for which he had a record instead of a sheepskin—he strung along the gullible goose with a tale of pressing pants only until he had established his practice. It was hard, as everyone knew, for a beginning doctor.

One evening, after good Doctor Bertrand had been fooling around with Rosa for a couple of weeks, he skidded to a stop in the middle of his good-night prayer, opened his eyes, gazed into hers and murmured those three little words which, in any language, at any time, under any circumstances, women invariably fall for.

"I love you too, Doctor," Rosa replied, right on cue.

Although Bertrand was perfectly free to marry, since he was a widower, he seems to have been in no hurry to hustle Rosa to a preacher. What with the relationship that he had now established with the old girl, that 75 grand of hers was as good as in his pocket. So things just continued to rock along nicely behind the frosted-glass door.

Rosa lived with relatives in a cozy little house in a middleclass district of Ottawa, and the little doctor used to get invited there for Sunday dinner and the evening. The boy sure had his nerve with him because, while memories are short, they are not always so short that they can't connect a man with front-page stories about him 15 years previously. Weekend after weekend there he sat, at the table and in the parlor charming everybody with big and little stories and occasionally playing the violin. But nobody made the connection—yet. Rosa's kin considered her one lucky woman to have snared, at her age and with her looks, this handsome real genuine professional man.

Maybe it was the presence of the relatives that intimidated him, or maybe it was just that Rosa was too stubborn to part with her coin without a license. At any rate it must have become apparent to Leo that he wasn't going to get his mitts on the money until he agreed to go the ritual route. So, toward the end of August, 1951, the ecstatic couple prepared to take the vows.

Always the sentimentalist, Bertrand insisted upon making a production of the marriage arrangements. "I want us," he said to Rosa, "to give ourselves to each other."

What the little fiend meant was that he wanted to sign everything he had over to Rosa—and wanted her to sign everything she had over to him. In Rosa's set, couples on the edge of the matrimonial precipice often did this, so she happily accompanied him to the office of an attorney, who made out the necessary papers. When the ink was dry, Leo had the authority to walk into Rosa's bank and nip out with part—or all—of that dough, while Rosa, lucky girl, had gained full rights to two suits of street clothes and a tux, almost a dozen books relating to her prospective spouse's four professions, and, of course, those four mill diplomas.

Why Bertrand, now that he had control of the money, didn't just clean out

the account and clear out of the country is something that only he could explain. Unfortunately, he is no longer around to set us straight. Perhaps he didn't want to commit an illegal crime—the kind that can be proved. Certainly, either before or after getting tied to Rosa at a quiet civil ceremony, he did decide to dispatch her in such a way that the murder would look like an accident. ("Having got away with the murder of his first wife," Stanley Handman, a veteran Canadian author and student of the Bertrand case, told me, "Leo no doubt figured he could do the same thing again.")

So Bertrand, instructing his adoring spouse to remain with her relatives while he scouted around for a honeymoon nest, took enough out of the bank to buy a new car, then lit out for the primeval wilderness of Gatineau County in Quebec. He found exactly what he had in mind—a tiny hunting lodge in a forbidding stretch of woods at Lac Ste. Marie, some 40 miles north of Ottawa. Renting the place for a couple of weeks, he returned to Ottawa, picked up his bride, and left with her in the new car on the afternoon of November 10.

Toward midnight of the same day, Leo walked into the headquarters of the Quebec Provincial Police at Hull and informed the clerk on duty that he wished to report an accident. The officers were busy just then, and the clerk told Leo to have a seat. ("There happened to be some classical music coming over the radio in the next room," Handman says, "and the little monster, who had just murdered his second wife, began to hum a few snatches and then, for the benefit of the clerk, launched into a dissertation on classical music.")

Presently Detective Lieutenant Paul Coulombe, a natty, mustachioed man in the middle years, walked in and asked Bertrand what the trouble seemed to be.

"It's about my wife," Leo answered. "She's been burned in a fire."

"Badly?"

"I'm afraid so."

While Coulombe sat listening—and wondering why Leo's phizz looked familiar—Bertrand told his tall tale. He and his bride, he said, had driven to the honeymoon lodge, but had had to park the car a couple of hundred feet from it because of snowdrifts. So the newlyweds had each carried in a bag, Leo also taking a lamp. He left Rosa just inside the door of the lodge, with the bags and instructions to light the lamp, while he returned to the car for the rest of the luggage.

"I had just reached the car," he explained to the detective, "when I heard this terrible explosion. I turned around and ran back, but the whole place was a sheet of flame."

"Then," said Coulombe, "you haven't actually gone into the ruins."

"I couldn't. They were far too hot."

"How do you suppose the fire started?" the detective asked.

Blandly Leo replied, "The lamp probably—when poor Rosa lit it."

"And Rosa—where is she?"

"In the ruins, I'm afraid," Leo said with a sigh. "I don't suppose there's very

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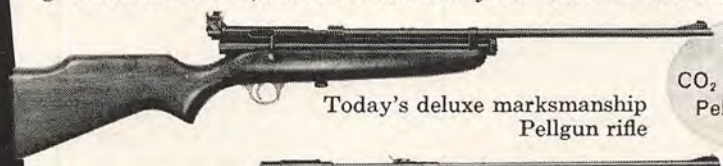

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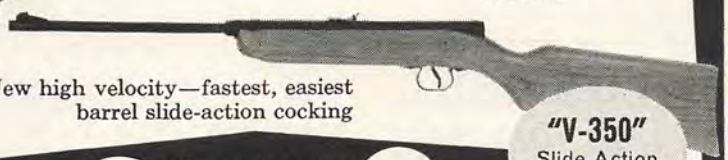

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much left of her." He was superbly calm in his loss.

In the morning, Coulombe and Bertrand, with Detective Sergeant John Ross, journeyed up to the ruins. There, just as the groom had reported, was the bride, burned to a crisp. All that was left of the lodge was a heap of smoldering ashes.

After a fast look, Coulombe told Leo, "You go for a walk. But not too far. We wish to talk privately."

With Leo out of earshot, Coulombe said to Ross, "That man's calmness puzzles me. Here he's just lost his bride."

"What's his name?" Ross asked. "I didn't catch it."

"Bertrand. Leo Rheal Bertrand."

"Bertrand," Ross repeated. "Seems to me there was a man by that name tried for murdering his wife about 15 years ago. Got off after two trials."

Coulombe snapped his fingers. "But of course! Why didn't I make the connections?"

Poking around the ruins, and athrob with the darkest suspicion, the two men came upon the lamp Rosa had been supposed to light.

Coulombe examined it carefully. "She never lit this lamp at all," he said. "The wick was never turned up. Something else set *this* fire off."

Next the two detectives came upon the head of an ax. There was, of course, no way of proving it, but they began to wonder whether Leo had used the ax on his wife before the fire.

Outside the ruins, they found an empty five-gallon can that had apparently been blown free by the blast. Whoever had been using the can had rammed in a wad of newspaper for a cork. Coulombe removed the wad and sniffed it. "Smell this," he said to Ross, handing him the wad, still wet with whatever liquid had been in the can.

"It's a chemical of some kind," Ross decided.

"We'll have it analyzed," said Coulombe. They turned up another five-gallon can, burned out and empty, in the ruins.

It was analysis of the wad of paper that did it. The wad was saturated with a chemical bearing the trade name Varsol. And Varsol, a highly combustible cleaning fluid, was used in the plant where Leo worked.

The case against Leo Rheal Bertrand, nailed for the murder of his second wife, was a sounder one than the first charge had been. Briefly it was this: Bertrand had married Rosa for her money. Then, having control of it, he just couldn't face a future of waking up with Rosa beside him every morning. So, luring her to that little lodge in the wilderness, he had gone to work with his ax. Then, having snitched two five-gallon cans of Varsol from the plant, he had poured the liquid over Rosa and around the little lodge. Using, probably, a piece of soaked string for a fuse, he had touched off the fire and beat it.

Suspicious as the whole business had been, Leo just might have got away with it had he not, by force of habit, replaced the paper cork in the can. The chemical had made such a good job of Rosa that when her charred remains were touched they simply disintegrated. It would have been a doubtful job for the prosecutor to convince a jury that the presence of an ax in a woods cabin, in the absence of other tangible evidence, was enough to send a man to the gallows.

Leo, jaunty and confident as ever, faced his third murder trial in February, 1952—right in Hull, where he had first begun to make a black name for himself. But the trial this time was rough going for him. The Crown produced two medico-legal experts of the Quebec Provincial Police—Bernard Peclet and Dr. Jean Marie Roussel—and then showed the jurors how that business up at Lac Ste. Marie could have been nothing but murder. The wadded paper cork was considered the clincher.

The wise money figured it was all over for Leo but the black hood, when the kindly little fellow got pitched another horseshoe. On the seventh day of the proceedings, Justice Valmore Bienvenue was smack in the midst of his charge to the jury when he slumped over. He was carried to his chambers, from which, in a few minutes, came the news: the justice was dead. A mistrial was automatic.

Tried again, Bertrand's luck finally ran out—years, in the opinion of even the most charitable, too late. He was sentenced to hang, but he still had a few capers left. The jury, while considering his fate, had asked that a priest come into the jury room to hear their confessions, and the request had been granted. Now Leo, shaking the bars, demanded another trial on the grounds that an outsider had entered the jury room during the deliberations. He had an interesting point, but he couldn't get anybody wearing a judicial robe to go along with him.

Still hunting for a hole as Judgment Day drew nearer, Leo proclaimed himself a complete nut and exhibited some weird behavior in his cell to drive home the point. The idea, of course, was that it's against the law to rope a nut. But the dome doctors, after examining him, found Leo to be as sane as they made 'em. Diabolical, perhaps, but sane. Thus, at long last, Leo Rheal Bertrand mounted the gallows steps in Montreal Jail one steaming day in July, 1953. Unique to the end, Leo, who had been born just four decades previously, proved, as he was jerked to the hereafter, that life did not begin, but ended, at 40.

—Archie McFedries

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The Bank Burglar Who Burrowed Money

[*Continued from page* 43]

Seattle police and the People's National remained unaware of Van Steenbergh's molelike assault. During the day, above the tunnel, tellers dispensed cash to drive-in customers; and every night, armed patrols made their appointed rounds, passing within a few feet of the tunnel entrance. Nobody noticed the blue Renault, which was parked frequently at night, or the growing mounds of debris that were accumulating in the vacant lot.

The incessant downpours of rain which plagued Seattle all winter aided Van Steenbergh in escaping detection. The earth he removed from his tunnel quickly blended with the rain-soaked soil and weeds of the embankment. A fence that collapsed in several places further helped obscure the shaft's entrance. Heavy snowfalls which might have complicated his operations did not occur.

For his own part, Van Steenbergh continued to lead the life of an upright citizen. During the day he worked periodically as a flight instructor at nearby Boeing Field and made occasional runs on air freighters out of Seattle. Generally he was liked and respected. He had graduated from another Seattle flying school with a fine record. An excellent student as well as a good pilot, he had even found time to tutor two other students while obtaining his commercial flying license in record time. One of his flying students that winter was a Seattle detective who found him a pleasant, competent teacher.

Women were attracted by his good looks and good manners. "He was clean-cut and kind of handsome," recalls one secretary. "He looked a little bit like that movie actor Tab Hunter. He was always immaculate and had a nice gentle way about him. I never heard him use profanity."

The home into which Van Steenbergh had recently moved was about 10 minutes by car from the bank. Nearby residents noted that their soft-spoken new neighbor often departed for work at 10:00 p.m., but since they had learned he was a flyer, thought little of it. "We didn't know what the job was," remembers one housewife. "We were just happy to see that such a nice young man had regular work."

By Halloween Eve, Van Steenbergh had burrowed 18 feet beneath the driveway and commenced slanting his shaft upward, expecting to strike the floor of the bank. Instead, to his consternation, crumbling earth and then cold air signaled he had broken through to the earth's surface. At first he was sure that he had missed the bank entirely, but when he peeked out cautiously, he discovered he had emerged into a crawl space about four feet high beneath the bank. Its function was to provide access to plumbing and electrical installations.

Exploring his grotto with a flashlight, Van Steenbergh saw a ladder leading up to a steel plate. He pried up the plate without difficulty and found himself staring at an array of mops, brooms and buckets. He had penetrated the bank's utility room, directly adjacent to the vault. Wary of alarms, Van Steenbergh did not venture out. He replaced the manhole lid and descended the ladder, noting that the cement foundation beneath the vault was about 18 inches thick.

In the crawl space Van Steenbergh was able to sit snug and dry beneath the

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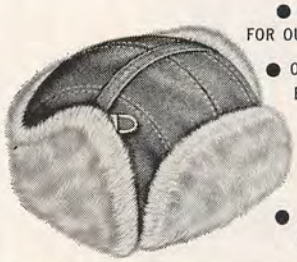

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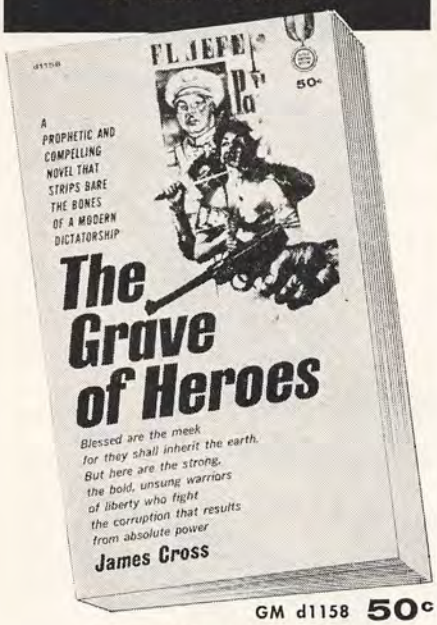
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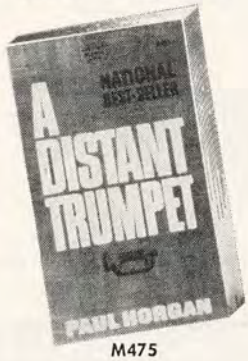

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bank on many a rainy night and plan his attack on the vault overhead without fear of interruption. After chipping away with a chisel at the concrete, Van Steenbergh concluded he needed heavier machinery. He cruised around in the Renault until he found a tool rental shop and discussed with the proprietor the type of tools necessary to penetrate thick concrete. He was shown a power hammer and star drills and assured they could do the job. Thanking the man, Van Steenbergh departed. That night he returned and, via a jimmied back door, helped himself to the recommended equipment.

Although the Seattle police were notified promptly by the outraged proprietor of the shop, they attached no particular significance to the thefts. It was assumed they had been committed by a vagrant who had pawned or resold the tools to obtain money for liquor. No warning bulletins were issued to local banks, jewelry stores, or other concerns with concrete vaults that a burglary might be in the making.

There remained the small matter of obtaining electricity for the power hammer. But by this time Van Steenbergh was as much at home around the bank as a man in his own back yard. He simply plugged his electric cord into a convenient wall outlet in the utility room. From then on the People's National was supplying the electric current for its own burglary, but nobody noticed this. Nor did anyone comment on the fact that Van Steenbergh is said to have been popping in and out of the bank during banking hours to visit his safe-deposit box, pacing off measurements which would give him the exact position of the center of the bank vault. As an observer has since commented, Van Steenbergh possibly could have set up a sub-basement headquarters and staffed it with blue-print brandishing assistants and no one would have been the wiser.

When Van Steenbergh set about breaching the foundation with the stolen power hammer, the tool gave off such a hair-raising clatter that he dropped it and fled, certain that police sirens would be converging from all directions. But not a soul ventured around to ask what was going on.

The fact was that residents in that section of the city have become nearly oblivious to man-made noises, due to the rumble of heavy trucks along nearby Highway 99, one of the main arteries into Seattle. Furthermore, the area lies directly beneath Boeing Field's approach-path and take-off pattern, and the low-flying parade of huge jets creates a thunderous commotion. But the nerves of the pilot-turned-burglar were so shaken that he shut down his tunnel works temporarily and flew east to visit relatives during the Christmas holidays.

By the time he returned he had decided that it was ridiculous to expect even as somnolent a community as south Seattle to put up with the racket of the power hammer night after night; the safer approach was to blast a hole right into the bank vault. So he telephoned a powder company and chatted with a man about the use of dynamite in blasting rock. He was directed to a town 60 miles south of the city, where he purchased $25 worth of dynamite in plastic form and sufficient fuses. He set up his private munitions dump in a patch of woods handy to the bank. He now busied himself for some time at the public library, methodically boning up on blasting techniques. From the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington he also ordered a handy book on explosives.

In mid-February, Van Steenbergh tried to crack the foundation with a charge of gunpowder. It had no effect, and neither did a large firecracker which he inserted in one of the holes he had drilled. The explosions and drilling did stir up immense clouds of dust in his cavern, but the resourceful burglar borrowed a garden hose from the utility room and sprinkled it down in tidy fashion.

[*Continued on page* 120]

TRUE

"Oh, him? He sometimes gets mean when he drinks."

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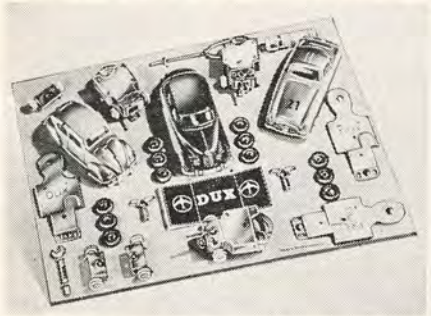

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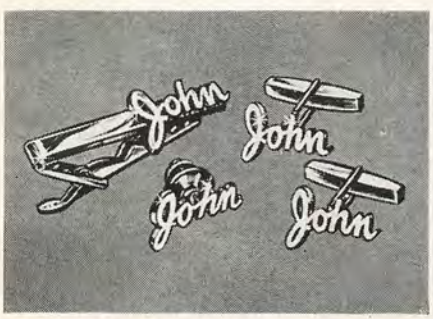
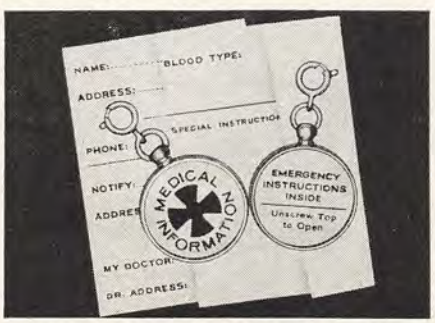
AUTHENTIC WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS. Warm and friendly as a handshake. 18 exclusive full-color Christmas cards, religious, serious, humorous, designed by famous Western artists. All new and different for Lazy RL Ranch's 15th Annual Roundup. Send $3.50 for 25 assorted cards, or 10¢ for sample card, illust. cat. Lazy RL Ranch, P.O. Box 950C, Boulder, Colo.



YOUR NAME ON JEWELRY adds a unique touch to your wardrobe. The script letters are actually hand-written and cut of a gleaming silvery rhodium. The name is done on cuff links, tie bar and a tie tack. Makes a really personal gift. Be sure to specify first name. Links are $2.00. The bar is $1.50 and the tack is $1.50. Sunset House, 203 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



MEDICAL INFORMATION CONTAINER may save your life. It attaches to your keyring or to your gal's bracelet or necklace as an ID. Gold-plated, the 1" charm-sized container holds a printed sheet on which you list identification, whom to notify, your doctor's name and address, special instructions, allergies, etc., $1. American World Products, Box 217, Oceanside, New York.

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Genuine Leather—$3.98

Genuine top-grain cowhide belt will add a handsome note to any attire, while "secret" zippered inner pocket holds currency far from prying eyes. Conservatively fashioned 1¾" wide belt is clinched with a gleaming buckle sporting any 2 or 3 initials. Available in brown top-grain cowhide leather with gold-plated buckle; black leather with a silvery rhodium buckle. Specify waist sizes (28 to 44) and color. $3.98

Special: 2 Belts $7.75

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Worn like a wrist watch. A press of the plunger automatically shows score per hole in lower window; registers total for complete course in upper windows. Lets you keep score without getting out score card and pencil. A deluxe gift for men and women golfers. Precision-made, with gold anodized case and genuine one-piece pigskin strap. Fully guaranteed. $2.95 each. **SPECIAL: 2 for $5.75.**

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Developed in one of Europe's great arms factories, this rifle has high penetration power, astonishing accuracy. Powerful enough to knock over small game. Ideal to sharpen your aim for bigger game hunting. All parts are precision-made of steel—no die-cast parts. Needs no cartridges, no pumping, easy to shoot. Opens like expensive English rifles. Opening action cocks powerful air compressor piston. You insert pellet, snap closed and shoot . . . with deadly accuracy and power. Genuine rifled barrel, adjustable rear sight. Caucasian hard-wood stock. Equal to rifles that sell up to **$25.** Our price, only **$9.95,** plus **$1.50** postage, and hdlg. Pellets are **$3.98** for 1,000. Darts, 72 for **$2.75.** Not shipped into N. Y. City. Not sold to minors. Completely guaranteed. If this does not meet your most rigid requirements, return for immediate refund. You can't lose. Send for this powerhouse today!

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Fashioned from rare U.S. Indian Head Pennies. Each coin over 50 years old, polished and buffed to a golden finish. Coins themselves are collectors items—sure to increase in value. Attractively gift-boxed. A rare bargain at **$3.95** a pair, plus 50c PP & Hdlg. SPECIAL: two pair, **$7.75** plus 50c PP & Hdlg.

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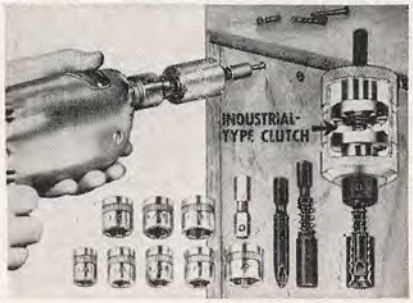

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An "ARCO" exclusive! Fits **every** electric drill, drill press for screw, nut & bolt driving. Packs real power because of rugged, non-slip **Industrial-type Clutch. Special Bit Holders** prevent bits from running off screwheads. No screwdriver attachment under $10 has these features—and with this outfit, you get a socket set, too! Includes 2 flat bits with bit-holders for #4-8 & 8-14 slotted screws, #2 Phillips bit, 6 hex & 2 square socket wrenches with holder. 1-yr. guarantee $7.95

At your dealer, or order direct postpaid on 20-day Money Back Guarantee. (COD plus postage)

ARCO ARROW METAL PRODUCTS CO.
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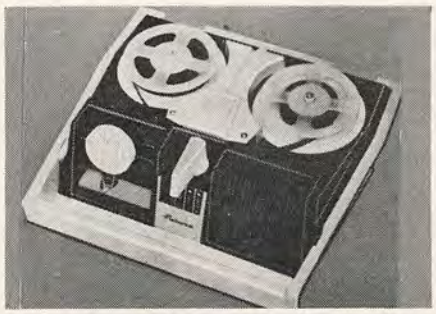
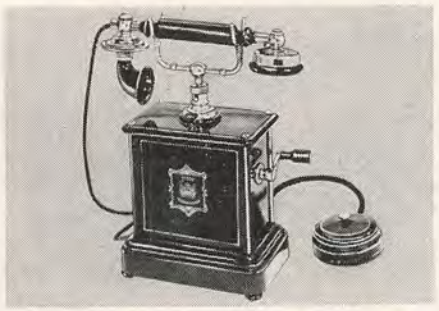
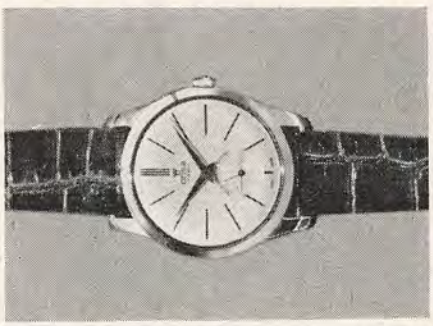
TRUE



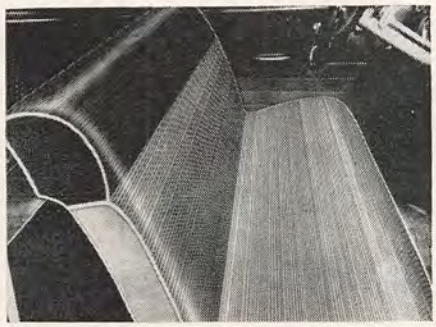
TRANSISTORIZED TAPE RECORDER eliminates bulky tubes. The size makes it easy to carry. It uses 2 "D" batteries and one 9 V transistor battery (not included). It rewinds, records and plays with ample volume and clear tonal quality. Included are two 3" reels and 150 ft. of magnetic tape, along with an instruction manual. $29.95. Edmund Scientific, Barrington 4, N. J.



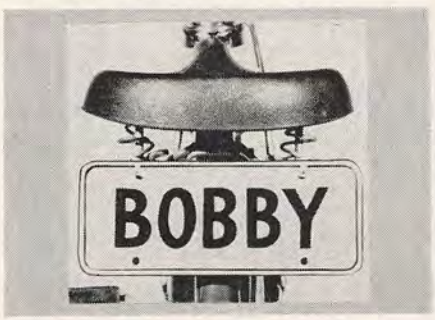
FRENCH CRADLE TELEPHONES are imported from Paris, have been rewired to serve as an actual extension phone, or in pairs as an intercom. (Crank rings bell.) Also decorative as radio or lamp bases. They have original shiny black finish, nickel-plated metal work. With hook-up diagram, $21.95 each; pair, $39.95. Paris Imports, Dept. T-4, 509 E. 80 St., New York 21, N. Y.



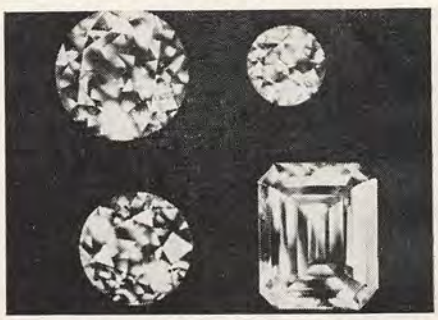
ONSA, official watch of Sabena Belgian World Airlines, comes with Lloyd's of London guarantee, for one year, against loss, theft or breakage. Swiss made 17 jewels, never break spring steel mainspring. Roman Numeral face, sweep second hand, goldtone case, leather strap. $39.95 in velvet-lined gift box. Empire Merchandising, Dept. T, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.



DENIM CAR JEANS protect your expensive car upholstery. Easily installed, the smart-looking covers are attached with special tacks that are supplied. Sanforized, washable. $2.98 for the front or rear cover, and $5.75 for both. Add 25¢ for postage. Specify split or solid front seat. Order from Novel Manufacturing Co., Dept. JT, 31 Second Ave., New York, N. Y.

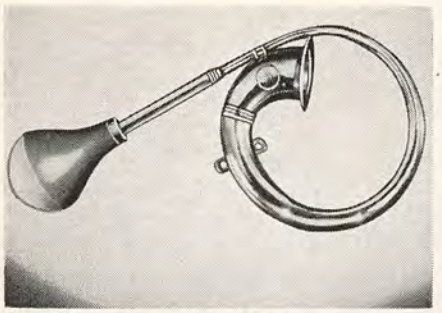


CHILDREN'S LICENSE PLATES are personalized with child's name or nickname (up to 8 letters). Embossed on 25-gauge steel tag in baked enamel colors. The tricycle and bicycle sets will use them. For wagons, scooters, bikes, and other vehicles. Specify name when ordering plates at $1.00 each. Best Values Company, Department P-3, 285 Market Street, Newark, N. J.



TITANIA JEWELS. This man made miracle rivals the brilliance of diamonds. The cost, though, is as low as $12 per carat. 1-carat Titania, in 14-Kt. gold Solitaire setting, $27. Man's ring with 1 carat Titania, in 14 Kt. gold, $35. Can be cut to order to fit any sie or shape. Write for free catalog. Regent Lapidary Co., Department T-11, 511 E. 12th Street, New York, N. Y.

goes shopping



ENGLISH CARRIAGE HORN, first used on horse-drawn carriages in the 1800's, is still making its strident voice heard in faraway places such as Bombay, India. On car or boat its unique appearance and raucous bellow will attract as much comment as any horn made. Solid brass; imported; a big 44" all around. $13.95. Regimental Imports, Dept. TR-11, 509 E. 80th, New York 21, N. Y.

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OLD-TIME MECHANICAL WONDERS OF THE 1880'S

IRON BANKS

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CAST IRON CONTRAPTIONS THAT SWALLOW COINS

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT ENCOURAGE VIRTUES OF THRIFT

B.

These wonderful mechanical cast iron coin banks were first designed and produced in America in 1869, and now, as then, they are hand-poured into individual sand molds, hand-painted in a rainbow of colors and hand-assembled. The originals are worth hundreds of dollars. These are made from his originals by a collector—you won't find them in a store. A labor of love, they are a wondrous joy for young and old, big, colorful, heavy, indestructible, and all with authentic working **action.**

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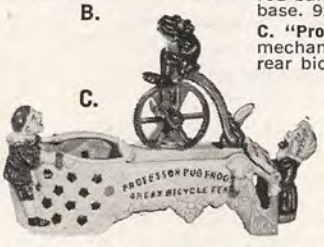
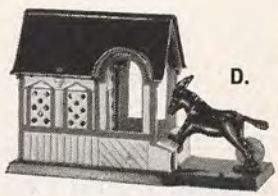


C.

C. "Prof. Pug Frog." Elaborate mechanism. Place coin over rear bicycle wheel, wind crank, press lever and Prof. Pug makes a loop-the-loop tossing coin into clown's basket. 11x8". $23.95.

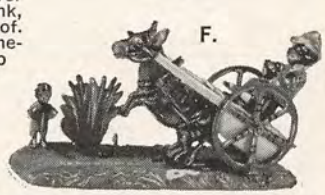
D. "Mule Entering Barn." Place coin between mule's hind legs and he bucks into the barn kicking coin over his head into hayloft. As mule enters barn, small dog runs out startled. 6x9". $17.95.



D.

E.

E. "Magic Bank." Put coin on counter in front of "cashier," press hidden lever, and cashier whirls around inside bank to deposit money. 6x9". $13.95.



F.

F. "Bad Accident." Put coin under driver's feet, press lever. Boy jumps from behind bush scaring donkey who rears throwing cart backwards depositing coin. 6x11". $19.95.

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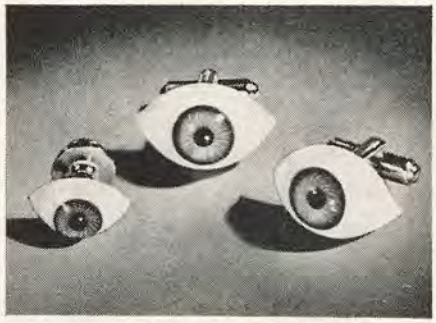

EYE CUFF LINKS and tie tack aren't real, but they look it, and you'll have a ball convincing your friends when they see these beauties peering out from your shirt sleeves or tie. Leave 'em on your dresser and you can keep an eye on the old lady, too. Hand tinted eyes are really eerie! Set, $3.95. ADF Co., Department TR-11, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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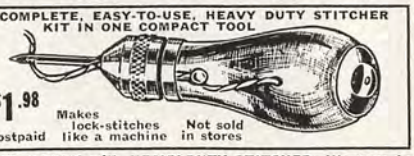

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TRUE

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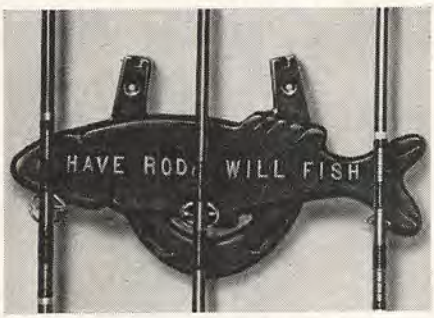

ROD HOLDER, made of cast aluminum, will prevent warping of your buffed rods. Attractively designed, it will hold three rods and keep them safe. The manner in which the rod hooks are set avoids any damage to the guides. Raised lettering is on a dull black finish. Good looking and practical. $1.98 plus 25¢ postage. Medford Products, Dept. T-11, Box 39, Bethpage, New York.

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goes shopping

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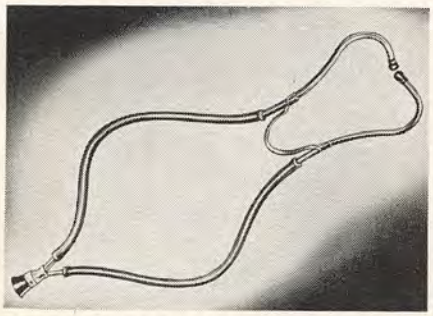

U.S.M.C. STETHOSCOPE. Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this is a U.S. Medical Corps stethoscope. Brand new surplus, ideal for doctors, engineers and mechanics (to check trouble spots in motors, etc.), educational for kids and adults. Handy in the country. $2.95. Banner Supply, Dept. TR-11, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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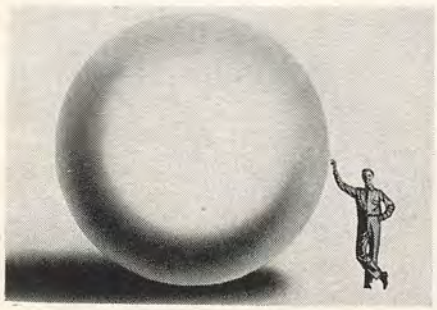

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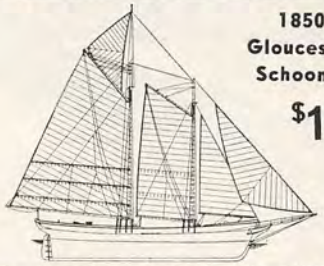

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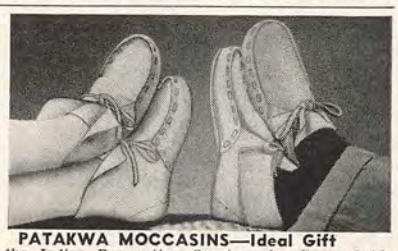

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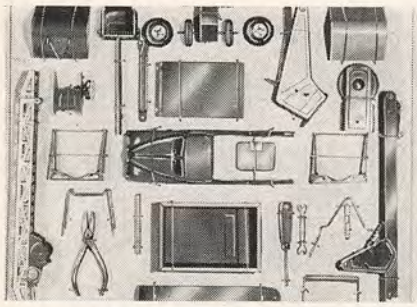

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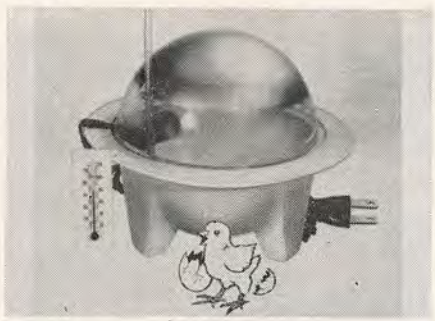

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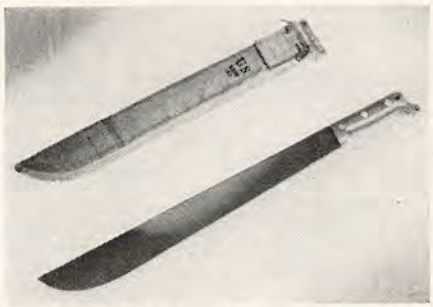

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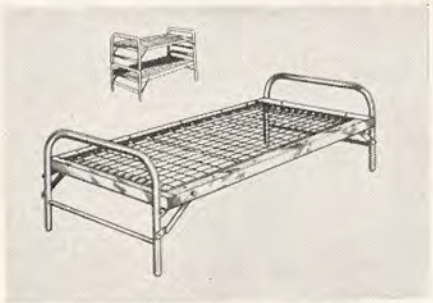

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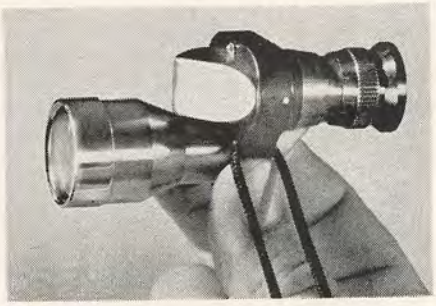

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CITY_____ STATE_____

The Bank Burglar Who Burrowed Money

[*Continued from page* 110]

Deciding the time had come to shoot the works, he spread the plastic dynamite liberally around his drill holes, lit a fuse and retired to the utility room to await results. The booming explosion shook the People's National from stem to stern, but it took out only about five inches of concrete.

It was again enough, however, to scare the daylights out of Van Steenbergh and he hastily decamped out of the tunnel, feeling certain that on Monday somebody in the bank would notice that strange things were happening. True, tellers, bookkeepers and vice presidents began to complain about dust and plaster cracks turning up in the walls and on the ceilings. A search for the cause of the mysterious paint-and-plaster fallout was organized but the search party unfortunately went *up* instead of *down*. Mounting to the second floor, the group looked the place over thoroughly and finally decided that a large paper cutter whose thumps could be heard throughout the bank was probably to blame. It was also theorized that the ear-splitting vibrations of the Boeing jets overhead might be causing the damage. At any rate, no further action was taken. At the close of business on Friday afternoon, February 17, when the multi-ton steel door of the vault was swung shut and its timer set for Monday morning, no qualms were felt over the fact that it contained upward of $150,000.

About 11 p.m. that night, Van Steenbergh ventured back beneath the bank, drilled more holes into the base of the vault, stuffed them with plastic dynamite, spread another layer underneath them and, after setting a fuse, scrambled out of the tunnel.

At 1:40 a.m. this volatile mass of nitroglycerin let go with a detonation that almost lifted the People's National off its foundations. Van Steenbergh, sure that its concussion waves must have set off every alarm in the bank, whizzed away in the Renault. The muffled boom had indeed reached several residents in the noise-numbed neighborhood. A block away, two women engrossed in a late TV movie were startled by the reverberating explosion, but decided it had "something to do with those sonic booms airplanes make over at Boeing Field."

When Van Steenbergh drove cautiously past the bank on Saturday afternoon, prepared to see it tilted lopsidedly, there was no sign of excitement. Within the bank, however, a janitor was complaining to a teller who had come to catch up on some paper work that the floor of the utility room was deep in fresh plaster dust. Mops and brooms had been knocked helter-skelter. Cracks had appeared in floor and ceiling. Were repair men working around the bank when he wasn't there? What was going on, anyway? The teller could offer no explanation. The mystified janitor cleaned up the mess and left. So, at the end of the afternoon, did the teller.

Just before midnight Van Steenbergh was back in his tunnel. Squirming through the explosion's debris, he gazed rapturously at a hole in the vault floor big enough for him to crawl through. By a fantastic stroke of luck the hole had been blown dead-center in the vault without triggering any alarms.

Clambering up, Van Steenbergh began prying open drawers with a screwdriver. For the rest of the night he made trip after trip through the tunnel, loading the Renault with banknotes and heavy bags of coin until the little car sagged on its axles. At dawn he drove away with over $45,000 and buried most of it in his woodland munitions dump. Sunday night, unable to resist the temptation to return to the scene of the crime, he went back and made a clever effort to cover up his tracks. A non-smoker, he spread a large number of cigarette butts and burnt matches in the crawl space to set a scene of professional safe-cracking yeggs at work. Then he made his way out of the tunnel for the last time, collapsing part of it behind him to destroy any evidence that might connect him with the theft.

At 8:45 a.m. that Monday morning, the People's National discovered it had been divested of a goodly portion of its liquid assets. Amazed by the painstaking tunneling and blasting that had taken place, police immediately assumed that professionals were the perpetrators and began dragnetting the city for known criminals in this category. The Seattle police also suspected that whoever did the looting might have worked on the construction of the bank 10 years before. A check was started on the original construction crew. The FBI moved in with mine detectors and other electronic equipment. State police, entering into the search, combed the Puget Sound area for clues.

If ever there was a time for a successful robber to lay low, this was it. But Van Steenbergh saw things differently. In downtown Seattle he opened a savings account in a rival bank, made payments on his house, and put down $1,000 for a station wagon—using some of the stolen cash. As must have occurred to nearly everybody in Seattle except Van Steenbergh, the FBI and the police were keeping close tabs on all large cash transactions. Serial numbers on the bills that Van Steenbergh handed over for the station wagon matched those from the burgled vault.

Early the next morning FBI agents were deployed around Van Steenbergh's home. Escorting him to headquarters, they soon had him writing down the whole story of his Big Dig. Not long afterward he was sentenced to 20 years in Federal prison. Unhappily for the young man who had bungled the almost-perfect crime, it will take him longer to get back into circulation than the money he stole in his subterranean treasure hunt.—**Evan McLeod Wylie**

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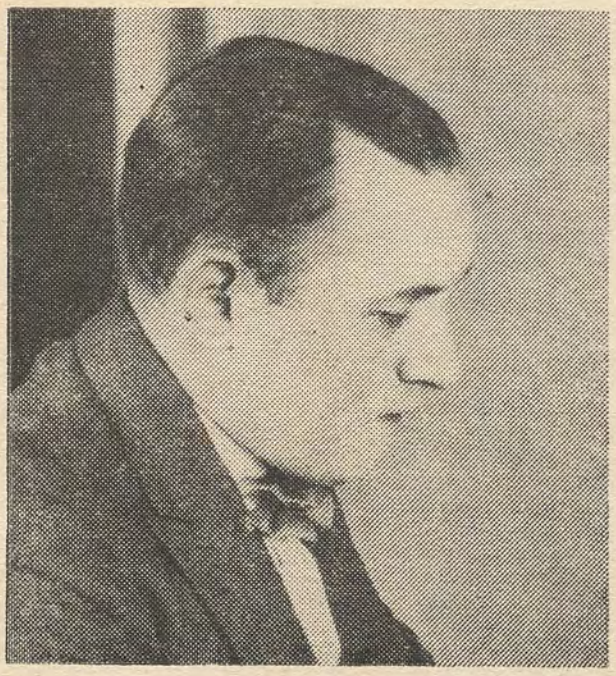

THE MODERN MARCO POLO

Robert L. Ripley roamed the world collecting strange facts for his fabulously successful "Believe It or Not." But when his wacky journey through life was over, the strangest thing in his collection of oddities was himself

By BOB CONSIDINE

It was late spring 1929, and into the lobby of the New York Athletic Club strode a tall, trim, determined-looking man in his mid-thirties. As he approached the reception desk, he called out, "Where can I find Bob Ripley?" If his voice had not carried so well, and carried with it such a ring of authority, Joseph V. Connolly might have found Ripley not 50 feet away, emerging from an elevator. But Ripley, at the time threatened with a breach-of-promise suit, mistook the stern-looking Connolly for a process server and ducked out a side door and into the vastness of Central Park. There he spent the rest of the day, procrastinating, until Connolly was able to get into Ripley's room and trap him a few days later, a meeting that would alter Ripley's life in a manner beyond his wildest dreams and set in motion a personal drama more bizarre than anything he ever portrayed in his "Believe It or Not" cartoon.

Connolly, one of the great editors of all time, was head of King Features Syndicate, by far the world's largest purveyor of comic strips, columns, and assorted newspaper features. He had a prolific imagination and relentless drive. He had the vast wealth and other resources of the Hearst newspaper empire behind him. And before him he had a two-word telegram from William Randolph Hearst, Sr., then at the very peak of his power and majesty. It said simply: SIGN RIPLEY.

This was the turning point in Robert L. Ripley's life. With the limited syndication he enjoyed before signing with KFS, Ripley earned about $10,000 in 1928. He could and did live well by most standards, but in niggardly fashion compared with what was to come. In 1930 his earnings were upward of $100,000, and at the very bottom of the depression, a few years later, his income reached $500,000 annually—an exalted level at which it was maintained by revenues from radio shows, lectures, freak shows, movies, and countless other ventures. Suddenly Ripley could indulge his every whim, and there were some dandies.

Connolly always insisted that Ripley himself was his own greatest oddity. Ripley acquired a baronial 29-room home on his own island, and kept a 28-foot boa constrictor there as a pet. He had a huge apartment in Manhattan and a palatial home in Palm Beach. He stocked and

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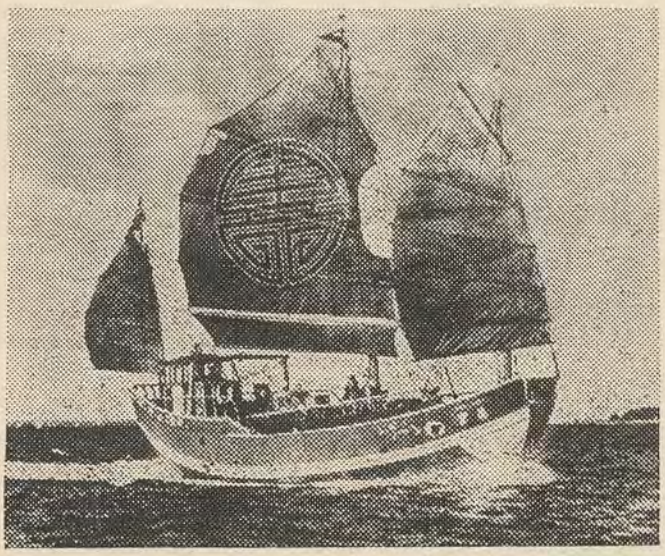
maintained a full-blown harem, and at various times there were as many as a dozen women residing in one or another of his castles—ethnic products of China, Japan, the Soviet Union, France, Greece, and Germany. He cruised the world—earning the title of "Modern Marco Polo"—with a retinue as exotic as that of any Oriental potentate.

For journeys in United States territorial waters Rip purchased an authentic Chinese junk so overly powered with twin diesels that at full speed—which was the only speed Rip recognized—the patched old sail of the magnificent vessel billowed *backward;* and many a tipsy Long Island Sound seafarer was jolted into sobriety as Ripley's junk roared by, sail working at cross-purposes, deck covered with the Caliph's sun-bathing babes.

He lived it up, this strange, mixed-up man. He would own the most expensive foreign cars obtainable, but never summon up enough courage to drive. He would pioneer in transatlantic radio broadcasting, but he would never dial a telephone, because in his curious mind there lurked the suspicion that he might be electrocuted in the process. He consumed enormous quantities of liquor and may have set a record for amorous dalliance, but he considered smoking and card playing evil and would have nothing to do with them. He was, to those who



Ripley entertained his Oriental harem on his Chinese junk, the *Mon Lei,* which often amazed onlookers by sailing backwards.

knew him best, the very personification of shyness, but no contemporary matched him in flamboyance or in seeking notoriety.

Ripley and "Believe It or Not" became household words in 17 languages and 30 countries where the cartoon was syndicated—and a readership survey in the United States once showed that it topped every feature in reader interest with the single exception of first page news. "That's one for Ripley," and, "Tell It to Ripley" passed into the language just as "Annie Oakley" and "the real McCoy." His newspaper audience was estimated in excess of 75 million readers. And it seemed as though at one time or another all of them wrote to him; his mail reached the staggering average of a million letters a year, and, in one *week,* while he was conducting a contest to find "Believe It or Nots," hit 465,000. His fame was such that letters merely ripped, to indicate that they should go to "Rip," would reach him. And his appeal as a collector of the odd, weird, grotesque, amazing, and peculiar was so powerful that his radio and TV shows were successful for nearly two decades, despite a mumbling, fumbling, stumbling start, compounded of simple mike fright and gross ineptitude.

The golden public triumphs were interwoven in Rip's life with personal failures of an increasingly somber hue. The gap between public success and private tragedy, in fact, seemed to widen steadily from 1929, when he was propelled toward his greatest heights as a cartoonist, collector, performer, and entrepreneur. He would travel a long, long way from a boyhood of poverty in Santa Rosa, California. He would travel a million miles or more and return to Santa Rosa in death, without finding whatever it was he had been seeking, or realizing fully where he had been.

The early years of LeRoy Robert Ripley were strictly Horatio Alger. All the required ingredients were present: the small-town locale, a boy with great ambition and enormous drive, the widowed mother, the kind benefactor, and the big break. Ripley later tried to embellish the facts—for example, he changed his birth date from December 26, 1893, to December 25—but the truth itself was more than enough.

LeRoy's mother was born Lilly Belle Yucca in a covered wagon on the old Santa Fe trail. Her husband, Isaac Davis Ripley, born of old American stock in West Virginia, had run away from home at the age of 14 to seek fame and fortune in California. Along the way he swam the Ohio River, because he didn't have the price of a ferryboat ride. He died in 1905—having found neither fame nor fortune and leaving three young children: Ethel, 14, LeRoy, 12, and Douglas, a toddler of two.

Mrs. Ripley, a small, wiry, and strong-willed woman, partly of Portuguese descent, met the problem of rearing and educating the family by taking up practical nursing, renting rooms in her home, and turning to needlework and other occasional chores. LeRoy, a tall, skinny boy with buck teeth, pitched in to augment the family income. His first job, working after school hours and on Saturday, was polishing headstones for the Fisher & Kinslow marble works—he left because it was "too gloomy." He also helped load fruit and vegetable wagons and did an occasional paint job on a neighbor's porch.

Ripley had plenty of energy left over, and found two primary outlets for it: the drawing board and the athletic field. Completely self-taught, he had been drawing as early as anyone could remember, starting with crayons. At Santa Rosa High, the shy and quiet boy did cartoons for the school paper, the *Porcupine,* and even went so far as to turn in some of his assigned homework themes in the form of illustrated stories. He had trouble then and for many years later expressing himself as forcefully as he wished in the more conventional ways.

Needing money to help support his family, Ripley managed to combine his two chief interests and make them pay. He pitched semipro ball when he was 13 and drew posters advertising the games for use in shop windows. He earned as much as $15 a week this way, a great deal of money for a teen-ager.

In 1907, at the age of 14, the die was cast for his future. He sold a cartoon to the old *Life* magazine and got a check for $8. It was the first cartoon he had ever submitted to a major periodical, and his instant success convinced him that he would be an artist. This drawing showed some young women washing clothes and was entitled "The Village Bells Were Slowly Wringing."

A year later, with the help of a friend named Carol Ennis, whose husband was a newspaperman, Ripley got a job on the San Francisco *Bulletin,* doing a series of cartoons on semipro baseball.

San Francisco, even five decades before Candlestick Park, was a hotbed of baseball enthusiasm. The Bay Area frequently supported as many as three clubs in the Pacific Coast League—two in San Francisco and one in Oakland—but even this heavy representation in the highest minor league in the country didn't wholly satisfy the appetite of the natives for baseball. Semipro clubs functioned in all sections of the city, and Ripley's cartoons served to boost the *Bulletin's* circulation.

The four years that Ripley spent in San Francisco were crammed with excitement, not the least of which came from mingling with the "greats" of his trade. He covered the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries heavyweight title fight at Reno on July 4, 1910, a prize assignment for a youngster. At ringside he met two distinguished men of letters, Jack London and Peter B. Kyne, who thought enough of Ripley to help him move from the *Bulletin* to the *Chronicle* for a couple of dollars a week more. And each of these men in his own way opened new worlds for Ripley.

Ripley was properly awed by Jack London, the outstanding figure of a San Francisco literary explosion that produced Gertrude Atherton, the prolific Norris family, Kyne, and others. London was only thirty-four years old when Ripley met him, but Ripley and others of his generation gazed upon London

as they would some distant star. London's income in the year 1910 was reputed to be $75,000. He was completing "Wolf's Head," the fabulous ranch and house at Glen Ellen, in Sonoma County. London—to Ripley, particularly—was the poor boy who had achieved everything there was to achieve—he had fame, fortune, adventure, lavish living. That he was a miserably unhappy man, unable to curb his drinking and extravagant spending, moving from one love affair to another, Ripley did not know. He was deeply impressed by London's style of living, including, among other things, an Oriental servant, and he quite clearly set out to imitate it years later.

Ripley's native taste for adventure and the exotic were fed not only by people like Jack London but by San Francisco as it was during his time. When he was not working, he spent a great deal of his time walking the streets from one side of town to another, stirred by the beauty, vigor, and excitement of the place. Increasingly he devoted his leisure to Chinatown—partly because he could eat cheaply there, but also because of the way it nurtured his imagination.

Sitting around in the dim little Chinese restaurants, Ripley heard, firsthand, stories of an alien, exotic land. China at that time was still relatively untouched by Western civilization and it could still be called by its quaint, lovely name of Cathay. The old storytellers, dressed in their long gowns, still wearing queues, smoking their slender reed pipes, awoke in Ripley a vision and affection that the passing years would only intensify. He constantly insisted that the Chinese were "the only truly civilized people."

While eating in a Chinese restaurant one night in 1913, Ripley was introduced to a man who was to have a profound effect upon his future, an undistinguished actor who had written an autobiography entitled *Joe Taylor, Barnstormer* and was looking for someone to illustrate it. Taylor had long since retired and was living in Woodlands, California. Rip was surprised and delighted to learn that Taylor had appeared as an actor in China shortly after the American Civil War.

Ripley had a dual interest in Taylor. He was fascinated by the veteran actor's stories of the adventure of a white man in China in the nineteenth century and he was impressed with the possibility of picking up some extra money by illustrating his autobiography. It was no princely sum—$100 for 20 illustrations—but as it turned out it was enough for what he wanted.

Seeing his contemporaries go off to New York and hearing tales of their success had made Ripley impatient. He asked for a $5 raise and was promptly fired by the *Chronicle*. He went to Kyne for help. Ripley told him, "I'm a failure just when I'm getting started. What should I do?" Kyne suggested that he head for New York. And the $100 Ripley obtained from Taylor for illustrating his book was enough to get him there.

His arrival in New York in 1913 was re-created in a biography of J.N. (Ding) Darling by Tom Mahoney in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"To the office [George Matthew Adams' syndicate in the old *Globe*] also came one day an awkward 19-year-old boy fresh from San Francisco in an army shirt and trousers cuffed halfway to the knee. Distrusting subways, he had trudged many blocks with a bundle of sports cartoons. These impressed no artist in the office except Ding, who was enthusiastic over a certain boldness of stroke in a sketch of a baseball player. 'The boy's got something,' Darling told the syndicate manager. 'Hire him for six months and I will pay his salary.' Darling didn't have to pay. The boy was Robert L. (*Believe It or Not*) Ripley, destined to become one of the highest paid newspaper artists of all time."

Ripley, on the basis of his practically instant success as a sports cartoonist (he was soon making $100 a week), changed quickly and drastically from the gangling boy in the army shirt and foreshortened trousers. The attire he adopted was considered peculiar, to say the least, even among the carefree set with which he traveled. His startling color combinations caused Bugs Baer to exclaim, "He looks like a paint factory that got hit by lightning!"

From the bottom up, Ripley's ensemble on any given one of those prewar days would include two-toned shoes, the tips polished to a dazzling shine; a black-and-white hound's tooth check suit; pale pink pleated shirt; and the inevitable multicolored batwing tie. The Ripley of later years would make no discernible headway toward becoming a well-dressed man in the conventional sense. In fact, he always preferred the pith helmet and suntan shorts, or coolie shirts, or Eskimo parkas that his world-ranging travels seemed to dictate.

Little more than a year after Ripley arrived in New York, he took the first of his countless trips abroad, disturbing evidence that there was in him an uncontrollable restlessness. For here he was, just barely established in the world's greatest metropolis, only 21 years old, moving in an exciting and entertaining circle of friends, and he was off to Europe. As it turned out, this first year in New York was just about the longest stay-put period of his adult life, in which he visited some 200 countries.

That first trip in 1914 was a modest one by later Ripley standards. He traveled, "with one suitcase and a round-trip ticket," as he described it, to London, Paris, and Rome and was gone about four and a half weeks. During this period Ripley still thought about being a "serious" artist and went to Europe primarily to visit the great museums. What he saw there either left him cold or convinced him that he did not have the kind of talent required. He was never thereafter very interested in the fine arts; snorted at "modern" paintings, and collected only the huge and spectacular.

The pattern of Ripley's life was set in these early years in New York, although he added some extravagant touches; it was essentially: work hard, play hard, and keep on the move. In his first job on the *Globe* and with the George Matthew Adams syndicate, he had the benefit of working alongside some exceptionally talented men. Among them, besides Ding Darling, were H. T. Webster, who created "The Timid Soul," and Percy Crosby, who brought "Skippy" to life. Ripley studied them closely, but he worked very hard at developing his own bold, dashing cartoon style, and he took great pride in it.

Away from his drawing board, Ripley turned most often to Bugs Baer as a companion in the fun available to young men in New York at the time. Like Ripley, Baer started his career as a sports cartoonist, first working in Philadelphia and Washington before coming to New York. (He acquired his nickname by implanting in his cartoons, as his trade-mark, a couple of tiny bugs.)

Ripley and Baer, although close friends, were also rivals in a wide variety of competitive sports: handball, drinking, walking, attracting girls, and wrestling (each other). Word of the latter reached a shrewd sports promoter named Jack Curley just at a time, in December 1916, when he was badly in need of an attraction to beef up a wrestling card scheduled for the old Lexington Avenue opera house. Curley was a man of great charm and even greater guile. He went to Ripley and told him, "Bugs says he can throw you; will you wrestle him for me?" From Ripley came an expletive or two and a "The hell he can!" which Curley loosely translated as throwing down the gauntlet to Baer. He carried that challenge to Baer and the match was forthwith arranged.

Ripley and Baer were first billed as the semi-windup to a contest between Stanislaus Zbyszko and Ed (Strangler) Lewis. But sports-writing friends so effectively built up their combat as a "grudge match" likely to produce gross mayhem that Rip and Bugs became the headliners, although neither could have survived ten seconds with Lewis or Zbyszko. For one thing, Bugs, the heavier of the pair by a couple of pounds, weighed in at ring-splintering 148. For another, neither had too much to offer except a certain agility and enthusiasm.

Wrestling in those days was still on the up and up, with feigned kicks, bites, butts, and similar refinements yet to come. It was a mixture of Greco-Roman and catch as catch can, and it was dull as dust even to devotees unless practiced at a high level of competence. Curley—ahead of his time—decided that the match had to be fixed, and since Ripley and Baer fell, roughly, into the hero and villain categories, Rip was to be the winner in two straight falls lasting about 11 minutes each. The purse was $75 each.

The Lexington opera house was packed. George Bothner, who had been world middleweight wrestling champ, was the referee. Sid Mercer, perhaps the best all-around sports writer of them all, was the timekeeper. The front of the stage was roped off to make a ring. Things were going more or less according to plan for the first seven or eight minutes, with the combatants applying alternate half nelsons and headlocks, the only holds they knew, at which point Ripley had pushed Baer's head into the footlights. Bugs' discomfort was intensified beyond endurance when he heard a feminine voice demanding,

"Throw the bum! Throw him!" Bugs managed to lift his head enough to see where the voice was coming from—a beautiful young woman with a beautiful young woman alongside.

"Who d'ya mean?" Bugs demanded.

"You, y'bum," he was told. At which point Baer forgot the plan by which Ripley would win.

Actually, neither man was capable of winning, a melancholy thought that swept over the audience as Rip and Bugs hugged and tugged and pushed and wheezed. The crowd became increasingly restive. Referee Bothner leaned over to the men and hissed, "Do something different! For God's sake, do something different!"

Bugs looked up at him and said, "Bring out the book."

That was enough for Bothner, and for a dozen members of the audience, who rose to their feet and headed uncertainly for the ring. Bothner dashed into the wings, and was replaced for the remaining few seconds of the match by timekeeper Mercer. Mercer was succeeded suddenly by two policemen, summoned on threat of a riot. The cops hustled Ripley and Baer offstage, but not until Rip had called to the pair of front-row beauties to meet him at the side door.

In their natural desire to spruce up for the girls after the grimy match, Rip and Bugs made a serious mistake. They went searching around the opera house for a shower, thereby permitting promoter Curley to make his exit—with the night's receipts. When Rip sought out Curley a few days later he was told, "I gave the whole hundred and fifty to Baer. He said he'd handle your end for you." At the same time, he sent word to Bugs that Ripley had collected for both of them. It is a measure of Curley's skill that, although Bugs and Ripley remained very close friends for the next 33 years, neither was absolutely convinced the other wasn't richer by an extra $75; and a dozen years after Ripley's death Bugs ruminatively told the writer, "Only thing I'm really certain of is that *I* never got a nickel out of it."

Sports were always a big part of Ripley's life. Covering spring training of the New York Giants at Marlin, Texas, Rip worked out with the club daily and made an impression on John McGraw. At one point Mac spoke seriously with Rip about a career in professional baseball, telling him that with a few years in the minors he might very well become a big-league prospect.

On one of his many far-flung junkets (he liked to claim he'd visited 201 countries) he met these New Guinea headhunters.

Ripley also knew a good deal about athletes and athletics—necessarily, because he was called upon to draw a sports cartoon for the *Globe* five days a week. These were of a conventional nature and angled to the news: two or three glimpses of a current baseball hero from different angles or in different poses; the story of a boxing title contender's life told in three or four sketches. But Ripley also was attracted to the unusual and curious in sports. Apparently with nothing particular in mind, he had been collecting bizarre sports items for a couple of years. At least he never mentioned them to anyone until December 18, 1918 when he found himself barren of ideas for his sports cartoon as the afternoon wore on and the hour approached for a scheduled date with a current favorite, Beatrice Roberts, a onetime Massachusetts beauty-contest winner who was dancing in a Ned Wayburn show.

In place of the usual cartoon for the next day's paper Ripley assembled nine unusual sports events in small sketches. They included the following intelligence: "J. Darby of England Jumped Backwards 12 ft. 11 in. (with weights)"; "R. P. Williams Made a Running High Kick of 10 ft. 3 in. (New London, Conn.—1905)"; "H. Hillman and Lawson Robertson did 100 yds. in 11 secs. in a three-legged race"; "Remember The Chap Who Walked Backwards Across The Continent?" (those who didn't, got no help from Ripley other than a sketch of a man with a stick in one hand and a mirror in the other in a walking pose); "M. Pauliquen, Paris—1912 remained under water 6 min. 29 4/5 secs."; "Ed Lamy broad-jumped on ice 25 ft. 7 in. (Saranac Lake 1913)"; "S.D. See Hopped 100 yds. in 11 seconds"; "A. Forrester of Toronto—ran 100 yds. Backwards in 14 seconds"; "J. M. Barnett of Australia Jumped the Rope 11,180 times (about 4 hours)."

Ripley captioned this hodgepodge "Champs and Chumps" and placed it on the desk of Walter St. Denis, the *Globe's* sports editor. St. Denis, a round little man with watery blue eyes and tousled iron-gray hair, approved of the cartoon in general but was cold toward the caption, pointing out to the cartoonist that the characters he had depicted and the feats they had performed made them neither champs nor chumps, but "just guys who did some screwy athletic stunts."

There was further consultation over a more suitable caption, and finally "Believe It or Not" was born. Whether St. Denis or Ripley sired the new title is a matter of debate, but it was a most happy choice. It was to become far more of a trademark for Ripley than his buck teeth or his batwing ties. The phrase was to become part of the American language.

Here again was evidence of the manner in which the gods worked with Ripley. "Champs and Chumps" as a title would never have captured the public's fancy as did "Believe It or Not." Few are the recorded instances in history where fame and fortune came to a man because he couldn't do his proper day's work—in this instance, thinking up an idea for a sports cartoon. Ripley's place in the American scene was founded on a substitute caption for a makeshift cartoon.

Trying to understand Bob Ripley's curious relationship with women—with a veritable host of women of all types, ages, complexions, and attitudes—is among the more perplexing jobs facing any biographer. Over the years he played the roles of dutiful son, ardent lover, slave master, platonic friend, big brother and harem operator, but he always seemed fiercely determined to avoid any permanent, constant alliance with any one woman.

Rip, in fact, could have written the manual on bachelorhood for the period just after World War I. He had money, he was a "snappy" dresser, he learned to dance well, he was physically attractive—despite his buck teeth—and he lived the part. Rip maintained bachelor quarters in the New York Athletic Club starting in 1918, made a point of meeting Bugs Baer, Herb Roth, Paul Terry, or other of his friends for a drink or meal at Perry's Gluepot or The Times Café, and kept his evenings free for the eternal chase. The locale of the latter might be Churchill's Café on Broadway, Rector's, Healey's Golden Glades for ice skating, or, fairly often, the stage door of one of Broadway's 75 theaters.

Thus it was that Rip's friends were startled to discover early in 1919 that he was married to Beatrice Roberts. If he hadn't told them, nonchalantly, some of them might never have known. For the marriage did little to change the pattern and

tempo of his life, and it was over after only a few months.

Rip had been dating Beatrice Roberts for about a year. She was tall, blond, and Junoesque, about 19, a lovely showgirl and model. But he had been dating other lovely young things too. In announcing to his friends the change in status, he simply said, "We're married," and never looked particularly happy about it. Actually his wife had considerably more reason for unhappiness.

Ripley did condescend in the interests of matrimonial harmony to give up his place at the New York Athletic Club briefly and take a suite with his bride at the Tavern, an inn on West Forty-eighth Street in Manhattan. But that was about all of his liberty that he surrendered. A bug on physical condition, Rip had been making regular visits to a fight camp in New Jersey operated by an Englishman named Thomas; he did road work with the fighters, and followed the same strict training regimen they did, stopping short only of entering the ring. This routine he continued after the marriage.

The new Mrs. Ripley, curiously enough, didn't take to the idea of her hubby moving out to a fight camp, despite assurances that it was operated along strictly monastic lines. She was constantly on the telephone to him, wondering about his dealings with the wife of a trainer who was living in a cottage just a short distance away from the fight camp itself.

There were times in the stormy marriage when it appeared that Ripley was training in New Jersey for the fights at home. His wife was a woman of strong temper and not to be pushed around. They had violent arguments. And after about three months the marriage was over, although Mrs. Ripley didn't get a divorce until 1925.

As was so often true of Ripley's shattered romances, he and Beatrice got along much more amicably after they were separated. They were friends before and after she remarried. And this is part of the record that shows Ripley to be much more successful in his platonic, or non-romantic, associations with women.

Rip always showed deep respect for Carol Ennis, who had landed him his first newspaper job. No matter where he traveled, he sent her gifts and a note, always signed, "Ever devotedly, Rip."

He was a friend of Vyvyan Donner, a former free-lance artist now fashion editor for Fox Movietone News, for some 35 years. Toward her he demonstrated warmth and serious concern for her well-being, taking an interest in her career, in her travels, in where and how she lived. On every important occasion in his life—a new book, a new radio show, a big trip—he went to talk to her, to get her opinions.

But these were comparatively uncomplicated relationships for Ripley. Each of the women had inner resources that made her independent of him. Neither was out to entrap him, to fence him in, so Rip could feel completely comfortable with them.

And because the relationships were comparatively uncomplicated, Rip did not distort them in portraying them to others. In most of the more bizarre affairs in his life Rip tended to add an element or dimension of drama or melodrama. It became extremely difficult to tell which women, if any, he may actually have been in love with—there were certainly not more than a few, out of the dozens or hundreds in his life. Even for close friends, it was difficult to determine the truth of certain romantic interludes he related, although the truth would always have been interesting enough.

For instance, in the early 1930s Ripley became interested in the Mayan Indians and decided to travel to Yucatán. Bugs arranged through friends of his connected with a coastwise steamship line to get Ripley aboard a small banana boat which carried a handful of passengers. The master was a Captain Blackadder. And this is the account of his journey that Ripley gave to Baer.

"I was at the captain's table the first night out and telling him how I wanted to find some of the Mayan ruins. 'I can put you in touch with just the man,' he told me. 'It is difficult to get to him, but it will be worth your time and trouble, I assure you.'

"Well, naturally, I took his advice. And when we put into port I telephoned Blackadder's friend. He was most kind and sent a car for me—it was 25 miles or so over some pretty rough roads, but the man was very knowledgeable about the area. He gave me a lot of good steers and a couple of letters to government authorities that later helped open some doors for us.

"We had been talking about three hours and getting along just swell. It was late afternoon, and one of the servants had pulled the blinds to keep out the slanting rays of the sun. We were sitting in a very big barnlike reception room—a two-storied affair, with a sort of balcony along one end—having some drinks. And then this man says to me, 'Señor Ripley, as you may know, we have different customs here and we do not parade our womenfolk. But you and I have become friends in this short time and I would like you to meet her; especially because she too is a North American and I know it would be a great pleasure for her.' I said I'd be just delighted and he went off to call her upstairs.

"I was facing the balcony and I saw this woman walking along it and the one thing I could tell from where I was was that she was a real Junoesque type The light was very poor and it was kind of shadowy, but when I got about fifteen feet from her I began to get a very strange feeling, and I really felt kind of clammy all of a sudden, although I didn't know why for a second or two.

"Then it hit me. This guy's wife was Beatrice, my ex.

"I gotta say that she carried it off much better than I did.

" 'It is indeed a great pleasure to meet you, Señor Ripley," she said very graciously. There was no outward trace of recognition. Then she smiled just a little and added, 'I have heard and read so very much about you.' We just sat there, talking and drinking for about an hour, and there wasn't anything at all between us that would have told her husband anything.

"As I got into the car, Beatrice was at the door, and the last thing I saw was her framed in the doorway, waving, but very discreetly. Bugs, you can Believe That or Not."

Rip told me the same startling tale, but the locale was Saudi Arabia and Beatrice was the wife of a sheik. In this version—and there were probably others—he was not sure the woman he met was the one who had once been his own wife until he returned to his hotel (he was a bit vague about where it was) and found a note from her reading, "Roy, you'll always be the only one I love."

"Who else in that part of the world called me 'Roy'?" he would demand, if the story met with skeptical looks.

Ripley achieved a certain poetic perfection of "Believe It or Not" on the day in 1927 when he introduced Albert J. Smith to the world. Albert lived in Dedham, Massachusetts. He was a one-armed paper hanger. And he suffered from the hives.

The Albert Smith cartoon was a perfect "Believe It or Not," by Ripley standards, because it was bizarre, contained a "'shock of discovery" sure to arouse the reader, and lent itself to effective illustration. Obviously Rip could not hope to match this combination day in and day out, but practically all the thousands of BIONs he drew over the years contained at least one of the elements.

Ripley's early cartoons consisted entirely of sports oddities, or little-known records, such as the fact that Jimmy Johnston stole 124 bases in 1913 while playing with the San Francisco Seals in the Pacific Coast League, or that Andy Bowen and Jack Burke boxed 110 rounds at the Olympic Club in New Orleans in 1893 and that the referee stopped the fight and called it "no contest."

Quite a number of Rip's sports items wouldn't be found in most sports record books, however. A classic example of the latter was a cartoon showing Babe Ruth at the completion of a swing with the startling caption—"Babe Ruth Hit 125 Home Runs in One Hour."

Since this appeared months before the Babe had hit his record breaking sixty in the American League—a record which still stands—the uproar it provoked was gratifying to Ripley. His explanation was simplicity itself: Ruth had appeared in an exhibition baseball game at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, in February 1927, and stood at home plate for an hour, during which time a series of pitchers threw to him, throwing with the sole idea of getting the ball over the plate. In that time, the Babe knocked 125 drives over the fence.

It is a matter of conjecture whether the enthusiasm of the public for Ripley's form of art, which was demonstrably high, was any greater than Bob's own enthusiasm for it. It became his begin-all-and-end-all. A close friend once described Ripley's mania for the unusual this way:

"You go into a restaurant with Rip and you both order sirloin steaks," said the friend. "While you're waiting to be

served, if you think about the steak at all, you wonder whether it will be properly cooked, too small or too big, something along those lines. Not so with Ripley. He's figuring how many steaks there are in a full-grown steer, how many steers there are in the state of Texas. Then he'll come up with a statement that there are enough steaks in Texas to feed the entire population of the Gaspé Peninsula for 18 and a half years, three times a day.

"Of course," added the friend, "how to get the steaks from Texas to the Gaspé Peninsula, who is going to pay for them, or whether the people up there might not grow tired of steak three times a day after a couple of years, wouldn't enter into Bob's calculations. All he is interested in is coming up with a startling statement for his damned 'Believe It or Not.' The thing is more than an obsession with him; it's a complete way of life."

Somewhere along the line Ripley developed what he was pleased to call "shockers." Since his professional reputation depended upon his ability to jog the reader into wakefulness, these proved extremely successful. Bob tried to outrage the reader by presenting a new twist to the commonplace or by making a bald denial of something which had been accepted for generations as true.

A perfect example was the statement that "George Washington was *not* the first President of the United States." It developed that John Hanson, when he signed the Articles of Confederation as a representative of Maryland, was elected "President of the United States in Congress Assembled," 1781. Ripley's technique was to make the statement first and then produce the proof. If the reader felt that he had been had, Ripley's satisfaction was all the greater. He was the only man who delighted in being called a liar. Indeed, he claimed to have been called a liar more often than anyone else in the world. Far from being affronted, Bob accepted this as testimony of the success of his cartoons.

Three of Ripley's "shockers" are among the best known of their kind. They reveal Bob's true ingenuity, his ability to twist circumstances, to read oddities into commonplace situations. His "The Marching Chinese" is one of the most famous. The picture showed an endless string of Chinese, wearing coolie hats and marching four abreast, seemingly around the globe.

Ripley captioned it "The Marching Chinese" and wrote under it: "If all the Chinese in the world were to march—4 abreast—past a given point they would never finish passing, though they marched forever and ever." To prove his point in this case, Ripley used figures taken from a census of China in 1402 and 1403, indicating that the population gained nineteen per cent in a year. These were the last years a census had been taken in China, and Ripley, making his own rule-of-thumb vital statistics for a country where no such figures had been compiled in more than five centuries, decided there were six hundred million Chinese on earth. Arbitrarily setting his own birth rate and death rate for the Chinese, he figured that the population was increased at the rate of thirty million a year. War, famine, flood, and pestilence Ripley simply threw out the window. Taking U.S. Army marching regulations—three miles an hour and fifteen miles a day—the artist calculated that it would take 22 years and 302 days for the six hundred million Chinese to pass a given point. That would be time enough for a new generation. Ripley figured 26,280,000 passing the given point each year while 30 million were being born and surviving to replace them.

The ingenuity Ripley used to prove the point, at least to his own satisfaction, is a measure of the man. He dealt in the incredible, and therefore believed nothing was impossible. In his explanation, while citing the U.S. Army field regulations on marching, Ripley settled for 15 miles a day, which would consume only five hours of the 24. This point he blithely ignored in his explanation.

When Charles A. Lindbergh flew solo from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, to Le Bourget in Paris in early 1927, he captivated the imagination of the world. He particularly captivated the imagination of Ripley. Bob, as usual, thought of any achievement only in terms of material for his daily "Believe It or Not."

Ripley had by this time moved his drawing board from the *Globe* to the *Post*—the former sheet had died in 1923—a fact which the switchboard operators of that journal had cause to regret when the cartoonist finally found a way to exploit Lindbergh's feat. Bob drew an excellent picture of Lindbergh's Ryan monoplane flying through the clouds of the night over the Atlantic and captioned it: "Lindbergh was the 67th Man to Make a Non-Stop Flight Over the Atlantic Ocean." The reaction startled even Ripley.

The switchboards at the *Post* lit up with a brilliance New York publishing had never known. Telegrams and letters poured in. Again Ripley confounded his accusers with a simple explanation, one which no doubt outraged many of them. He pointed out that he hadn't denied Lindbergh was the first to fly *solo* nonstop across the Atlantic, merely that he wasn't the first to fly nonstop. Then Bob cited Sir John Alcock and Sir A. Whitton Brown, who made the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to Ireland, in 1919. In that same year, an English dirigible, the R-34, crossed from Scotland to America and returned, with a crew of 31 men; and in 1924 a German Zeppelin crossed from Friedrichshafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, New Jersey, with a crew of 33.

According to Ripley's arithmetic, this made Lindbergh the sixty-seventh man to fly nonstop across the Atlantic. The defense rested, while Bob gleefully tabulated the 170,000 letters his Lindbergh cartoon attracted.

Ripley was an intense patriot. He declared, via a cartoon, that America had no national anthem; that Francis Scott Key, writing the words to "The Star-Spangled Banner" in besieged Fort McHenry in Baltimore harbor in 1812, had later set them to the music of an English drinking song.

The cartoonist was on solid ground here. Key had indeed taken the music from a tavern ballad he had discovered in a songbook of the time. Furthermore, the song never had been adopted as the official anthem of the United States. Inundated by another flood of mail, Bob called for help. "Don't write to me; write to your Congressman," was his plea. More than five million people did write to their representatives in Washington, and two years after the cartoon appeared, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was officially adopted as the national anthem, almost 120 years after it had been written.

Much as Ripley delighted in coming up with mail-producing "shockers" such as his "Marching Chinese," Lindbergh's ranking as a nonstop transatlantic aeronaut, or the nation's failure to adopt a national anthem, he was happy, too, when he could stick his readers on a technicality. Folklore was a big help to him when he ventured onto these tangents. He did an excellent portrait of William F. Cody, known to millions as "Buffalo Bill." Underneath this picture of the mighty hunter, resplendent in his buckskin trappings, Ripley wrote: "Buffalo Bill Never Shot a Buffalo in His Life." Bob's "out" in this case was that the animal which Cody slew by the dozens was a bison, not a buffalo.

Ripley once drove the nation's golfers stark, raving mad, with the statement that it was possible to drive a golf ball *uphill* two miles with a single stroke. "Simple," said Bob when stormed for an explanation. All you had to do was find a straight stretch of frozen river two miles long. Tee up the ball, smack it, and it would roll interminably on the ice, since ice produces a minimum of friction. As to driving the ball *uphill* for the two miles, Ripley explained that hitting *upstream* was the same as hitting *uphill*. It wasn't one of Ripley's better explanations, for Bob never did locate a river possessing these qualifications, let alone one which, when frozen over, would have a glassily smooth surface for a two-mile stretch. His explanation satisfied Ripley, however, which was all he ever asked.

Some of "Ripley's Believe It or Not" rested on rather flimsy evidence, such as: "The surgeon Dr. Politman, a native of Lorraine, died at the age of 140, having been drunk each day since he was 25 years old. On the eve of his death he performed a major surgical operation successfully." For the authenticity of this, Bob rested his case entirely on a story by a Dr. W. Rullman, which ran in two installments in the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin in March 1916.

There was no verification of the alcoholic surgeon's age, the period in which he lived, drank, and died, or even the location of his practice. It is an insight into Ripley that he accepted anything in print as authentic. It wasn't that Bob didn't know better; it was simply one of the rules he adopted for the game—*his* game. As long as he could cite an authority for something he printed, he felt he was off the hook, regardless of how feeble the authority might be.

A correspondent once wrote that a certain Señor Lascurain had served for 37 minutes as President of Mexico before being removed from office through the "lead impeachment" popular

in so many countries around the turn of the century. Ripley, of course, was fascinated by the statement, but, according to the rules, he had to find a printed verification. His research staff was dispatched, en masse, to the New York Public Library to search through all the books which dealt with, or even mentioned, the Mexican revolution of 1913.

"They found the reference they were seeking in the 9832d book," Bob proudly told an interviewer. He neglected to authenticate that statement, nor did he ever reveal who counted the books his researchers pored through. Nevertheless, Lascurain made "Believe It or Not"—an honor which, in Ripley's mind, was at least equal to enshrinement in the pantheon of the gods.

As Ripley's financial base broadened with Hearst, he set up a sort of global bird-dog posse to hunt down international oddities. Through Joe Connolly, who was indubitably the man behind Ripley's newspaper successes, Bob had a standing order with International News Service "stringers" around the world to forward any likely-looking tidbits. Any of these items which could be used as "Believe It or Not" material was worth $50 to the "stringer" who excavated it. These were the only pieces of material for his cartoons for which Ripley ever paid any money.

As these part-time employes received very little pay, it is highly possible that they took advantage of Ripley with an occasional planted story. A man of imagination could whip up an item with the date line of an obscure (or even imaginary) hamlet in Central Europe and see that it was printed in a newspaper. Ripley was constantly being informed of people who led healthy lives past the century mark, of girls who became mothers before they were ten. This was all grist for the Ripley mill—as long as Bob had the printed documentation to go along with it.

The truth was that Ripley literally believed everything. He made flat statements such as "Neils Paulsen, of Upsala, Sweden, died in 1907 at the age of 160 and left two sons—one 9 years old and the other 103 years of age." His sources were usually reprints of old newspapers for items such as the long-lived Swede—rarely medical records, birth certificates, or such. All Ripley's extensive travels were a search for oddities.

On one tour Ripley made a special trip to San Blas, the narrowest section of the Isthmus of Panama, because he had been told that primitive Indians there had a unique method of celebrating Christmas Day. Bob found that the feast was celebrated with a succession of cockfights. Considering that cockfights were staged on practically all holidays and Sundays in that section of Panama, the trip was hardly rewarding, but Rip never complained. It was a place which he hadn't been to before, and Bob considered any place he hadn't been well worth seeing, regardless of its scenic or historic qualifications. It also was the two hundredth country he had visited, according to his own calculations.

Many of Ripley's critics and/or imitators thought of Bob as a charlatan. They disputed his authentications, some of which, as has been seen, were based on rather flimsy evidence. Yet they missed the point entirely. Rip was, first of all, a superb artist, and he possessed a larger bump of curiosity and a livelier mind than any of his imitators. His was a mind uncluttered by culture, which meant that everything was new to him, including the respective ages of Cleopatra and Mark Antony when they met by the Nile or the fact that William Shakespeare spelled his name differently from time to time. These were things anybody with a fair secondary-school education could have told Ripley, yet it was upon such facts as these that he built his cartoons, his fame, and his wealth.

Few things delighted Ripley more than the opportunity to combine a challenging statement with a full-scale drawing. When he stumbled on the fact that the Battle of Waterloo did not confine itself to that village but was fought over the surrounding territory, at Mount Saint Jean, Hougoumont, Plançenoit, and other places, he did a magnificent black and white drawing of Napoleon in retreat from the field, surrounded by men fleeing on horse and foot, with supply wagons, tattered standards and broken drums, with the smoke of battle hanging over all. It is captioned "The Battle of Waterloo was *not* fought at Waterloo."

Ripley, for his documentation, quoted Victor Hugo in *Les Miserables* when he made the observation, ". . . and Waterloo, which had no share in the battle, has all the honor." Incidentally, in citing this reference, Ripley ignored Hugo as a poet, novelist, and dramatist and referred to him only as "a great authority on the Napoleonic era."

From time to time, Ripley took dead aim on axioms. "A straight line is not the shortest distance between two points," he proclaimed one day in his feature. Then he added, "Lindbergh proved that when he flew from New York to Paris. Lindy flew what is known as an 'arc of the great circle.'" He also obtained considerable mileage from such truisms as "There is no lead in a lead pencil—it is graphite," and "a cuttle fish is not a fish—it is an octopus." Obviously such misnomers, so to speak, offered a fertile field and one which Rip plowed nearly barren.

It always was Ripley's contention that there was no end to the "Believe It or Not." "The supply is inexhaustible. Each day it becomes easier to obtain," he once wrote in a preface to one of his books. It all depended, of course, on the point of view as to what constituted an authentic "Believe It or Not." And, since it was Ripley who created the feature, his point of view was the only one that mattered.

For his highly successful radio show, Ripley and Ross Allen milked a rattlesnake; it was great until the lights went out.

Words fascinated Ripley. One of his cartoons contained the word "ambidextrously" with the profound observation that his word contained fourteen letters, not a single one of which was repeated. Palindromes constituted another wellspring which Bob tapped frequently, running all the way from, "Madam, I'm Adam," and "Able Was I Ere I Saw Elba," to, "A War at Tarawa," "Pa's a Sap."

Although Ripley never in his life was able to balance a checkbook, he relied heavily on mathematics for his features, particularly permutations such as one which carried pi from its usual 3.14159 to 707 decimal places! He also noted that the number 2520 was divisible by all the digits from one to nine and inquired, "How many do you know that are?"

A statement of Ripley's that it was possible for an average adult to jump through a hole in a cigarette paper attracted considerable mail, including one from the Infanta Beatriz, daughter of ex-King Alfonso. Ripley then printed a diagram showing how the cigarette paper could be cut—theoretically, at least—to be opened into a wide enough circle for a person to jump through. It involved forty-four cuts through the paper across its width and one through its length. Obviously so many incisions in so tiny and fragile a surface would call for someone as highly skilled as a surgeon. Ripley, when printing the diagrammed explanation, gratuitously warned his readers to be careful not to tear the paper!

As remarkable as any subject Ripley ever presented was the fact that in the last 30 years of his lifetime no paper ever canceled the feature. Ripley turned out a prodigious amount of work. He was supposed to keep from three to ten weeks ahead on his newspaper cartoons, but didn't. So when the backlog began to dip he thought nothing of getting up at 6 A.M. and working the day through, turning out a week or two of features during the session. Usually Bob went to his drawing board early in the morning, clad only in sandals and a bathrobe which looked ancient enough to have served as an imperial toga for Nero. He drew his cartoons upside-down with a stub pen.

As Ripley's income mounted so that he could hire a staff of researchers, he also allowed himself the luxury of assistant artists, usually young fellows who would letter in the work after the master had composed it. Sometimes, when Bob was feeling particularly lazy or hung-over, his assistants were permitted to complete the cartoon, with shading, after he had outlined it. But to the end his cartoons always bore the unmistakable stamp of Ripley.

Not since Ulysses Simpson Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman had the men in gray been so harassed by an individual as mailmen were by Bob Ripley. Figures tend to be boring, but the influx of mail to Ripley can't be truly appreciated unless some examples are cited. A continuous-line puzzle which he ran in his "Believe It or Not" cartoon brought in 207,000 requests for the solution. A cartoon question —"What is the shortest verse in the Bible?"—drew answers from 32,000 women alone. The shortest verse in the Bible, incidentally, is "Jesus wept" (John 11:35).

It was when Ripley went heavily into contests, however, in the early 1930s that he finally had the letter carriers humpbacked and bowlegged under the weight of their sacks. A two-week contest which Ripley ran nationally in 104 daily newspapers—offering prizes for the best "Believe It or Nots" submitted—drew 1,750,000 entry letters. In a contest conducted over only six New England radio stations, more than 50,000 persons sent in entry blanks. A two-week contest in 66 newspapers resulted in 895,000 entries.

Ripley was particularly fond of this lifelike statue; the sculptor claimed that he'd included his own hair, nails, and teeth.

Ripley's mail bolstered his ego. The volume of it fascinated him. So did the character of it. A letter written on the back of a Japanese postage stamp and addressed simply, "Ripley, North America," was delivered to his New York office without unusual delay. This titillated Bob to such an extent that he used it in one of his cartoons.

Bob's fans promptly began writing messages addressed to him on the backs of ordinary United States postage stamps, dropped them in the mailboxes, and they were delivered.

The one cartoon produced a veritable avalanche of curiously addressed letters to Ripley. Some contained no writing on the envelope at all, simply a tear on the front of the envelope to indicate "Rip." There were letters whose sole address was a ripply line or series of such lines. Letters were received with nothing on the envelope but a scrawled question mark. A penny postcard arrived bearing only this phrase, " . . . I was waiting for a street car!"

When the Ripley followers ran out of curious ways of addressing their letters, they turned to using objects other than paper—woods and metals, rocks, eggs, and bones of animals. In his *Believe It or Not Omnibus,* Ripley recorded receiving a letter written on a grain of rice by E. I. Blystone of Ardare, Pennsylvania. The grain of rice was mailed in an ordinary envelope, which had no name or address, only a picture of a bird drawn in flourishing lines. A microscopic examination revealed that the lines contained the name "Robert Ripley" written 3,500 times.

It also, of course, required a microscope to read the message written on the grain of rice. "It [the message] contained 1615 letters," wrote Ripley, "which means that Mr. Blystone had written eight ordinary typewritten pages on this minute space." This was a somewhat curious statement in view of the fact that an ordinary page of typewriter paper (8½ x 11) has room on it, double-spaced, for 30 lines of 60 letters each, or 1800 letters.

But while his incoming mail was truly unbelievable, he rarely wrote a letter to even his closest friends. "Put it aside, put it aside," he would rasp impatiently to one of his many secretaries. "I'll decide what to say later." No matter how often the secretaries protested that the stack of mail "put aside" was growing, Rip never budged.

The only time Ripley showed a twinge of conscience about his correspondence was when he was on the eve of taking off for some remote spot such as Tanganyika or Hong Kong. Then he would stuff handfuls of it into an already crammed valise, with the avowed intention of answering it while globe hopping. Actually, Bob had less time to answer mail while traveling than at home, but it was a fiction he maintained to the end.

Once, while flying over the desert to Lake Chad in French West Africa, Bob took out a packet of, not only unanswered, but unopened, letters. Whether he intended answering them or merely reading them nobody will ever know. He grew bored after gazing at one or two and flung the entire batch out of the sliding plane window.

The letters, still bound in thick elastic bands, were found in the desert by a band of wandering nomads. Literate or not, they knew mail when they saw it and took the packet to the nearest oasis or village and turned it over to somebody in authority. The letters beat Ripley back to New York. Ripley was as delighted as a schoolboy valedictorian when he returned home and heard the full story. His enthusiasm, however, did not extend to his reopening the packet.

In 1925 Ripley took his first trip to the Orient. He visited Japan, China, Malaya and the Philippines. Japan interested him little because the country was "getting too modern," but seeing China for the first time was like "coming home"—to a land etched vividly for him in fact and fantasy during his teen-age years in San Francisco. Not long after this trip the cartoonist even signed some of his drawings "Rip Li."

Ripley didn't stay put long, and his next trip abroad was a milestone in his life. Late in 1927 he went to Europe again, and met "the only woman I ever really loved." He provided this description some twenty years after the meeting—after her death and when Rip himself was hopelessly addicted to dramatic overstatement—but there is little doubt that among the literally countless women who moved in and out of his turbulent life he reserved a highly special place for the woman he called "Oakie."

"Oakie" was a Russian refugee living in Paris when Ripley visited there in 1927. She was a flashing-eyed Jewess, handsome, intelligent, and vital, a socially accomplished woman who had a lot to offer the roughly finished Ripley. She joined Rip as a combination social secretary and companion. Her nickname came from her habit of saying, with the lingering trace of a Russian accent, "Okie-dokie."

Oakie traveled around Europe in the Ripley entourage for several months, introducing him to correct table manners, getting him a bit more interested in serious art—although this never really took—and generally making him a more socially acceptable individual.

Over the years the women Rip truly admired were the independent ones. He might appear to favor those who were more submissive, but they rarely lasted long in his esteem, and he treated them like so much dirt underfoot; he would scream indignities at them and otherwise humiliate them. He would scream at Oakie, too, but she would scream right back, and almost invariably he would bow. Oakie, in fact, quickly earned the right to move in and out of Ripley's life as she pleased.

When Ripley returned to New York after that trip he left Oakie behind, but helped arrange for her to emigrate to the United States. She would later have to compete with other women—at home and abroad—but Oakie made that 1927-28 trip especially memorable for Ripley. It was the last one he took largely as an individual; thereafter his travel became more institutionalized and widely publicized. With Oakie that time he was carefree and happy. But such moods never seemed to last.

During these years Rip became what was quite clearly a compulsive traveler, seeming to be on the move practically all the time. As with some others who shared his compulsion, he was restless and rootless, seeking something, he knew not what. And, on a more mundane level, he also appeared to believe that he was safest when he was on the move, a shifting target.

Among those aiming at him was a singer with whom he had a tempestuous relationship. She was known to Rip and his friends as a tartar—one of the few women who proved to be tougher than Ripley himself. It is remembered that one day she went to the New York Athletic Club, looking for Rip, and when, after a long interval, he didn't come down from his suite, she lay down on the floor of the lobby and screamed, "I won't move until I get five hundred dollars from him!" Rip sent the money down as soon as he was informed of her demand.

Partly to avoid further incidents of this nature, Ripley was soon off on what may have been the most glamorous and most memorable of all his trips. Early in 1932, accompanied by a lovely young woman, Ripley sailed aboard the de luxe liner *Mariposa*. As befitted a man whose annual income was approaching the $500,000 mark—despite the depression—Ripley traveled in great style. He had a veranda suite for himself and his pretty little shipmate, and it would have been hard to find greater luxury anywhere at that time.

That trip took Rip all over the Pacific and the Orient. He visited New Zealand, New Guinea, Hawaii, the Philippines, Bali, Celebes, Java, Malaya, Siam, Indochina, Hong Kong, Macao, Japan, and China. He was especially delighted by his trips to the smaller islands, where freedom and naturalness still were the dominant features of native life—at Pago Pago in American Samoa and at Suva in the Fijis, among others.

In the midst of the devastation from the Japanese attacks Shanghai's famed night life was going full blast, and Rip found much to his liking. He went to the St. George, a sailors' saloon and dance hall, and then to Del Monte's, Shanghai's after-hours hot spot outside the city where revelers always wound up in the morning. Ripley had heard that among the pleasures to be sampled in Shanghai were the "Del Monte Girls," so that when the evening was over, one of them accompanied him back to the Cathay Hotel—a place he appropriately renamed "The Cat Hotel."

Ripley went on to Peking, Manchuria and then Japan before starting home. There were two sobering incidents en route. First, in order to get some variety in his travel, Rip transferred from the *Mariposa* to the *President Wilson*. Only after he had boarded the latter vessel did he discover that the esteemed Mr. Dollar, head of the Dollar Lines, had exercised a Prohibition Era option of keeping the ship dry. The second incident occurred after Rip had reached the United States. He decided to visit his birthplace, and when the word got out in Santa Rosa the mayor of that town invited him to city hall and there formally presented him with the ridgepole of the house in which Rip had been born. Ripley was touched to the point of tears by the affair and later used the pole in his fabulous island home, Bion.

In 1933 Ripley covered South America extensively. His "Believe It or Not" feature was very popular there, appearing in newspapers from Mexico City to Argentina. Moreover, the trips to that part of the world provided Ripley with an enormous amount of lively material. There were revolutionary heroes, brave Indians, ancient empires, insane emperors, mislaid mines that rivaled Solomon's. And always new women. From a personal standpoint, Ripley also liked the "Old World Spanish" feeling about the cities. Rip never did make friends with the twentieth century.

Over the years Rip recorded impressions about many of the places he visited and a random selection of them indicates his thinking about a wide variety of things: "If I could be reincarnated, I'd return as a Chinese"; "The Samoans have escaped the worst curse of Christianity—they never wear shoes at any time."

For reasons which will be left to the psychologists, Ripley always equated Christianity with the wearing of clothes, especially shoes. This might simply have resulted from the fact that his feet always hurt. He once met a native king in Fiji who had, Ripley said, consumed some 1,500 humans in his cannibal existence. But now he was reformed and had become a Christian convert. How could Rip tell? "He was wearing knickers. As soon as they start wearing clothes, the church has them."

"In Turkey, all the men wear red fezes, which they never take off . . . and all the soldiers wear big swords which *they* never take off. More soldiers are stabbed trying to sit down in the coffee houses than ever were on a battlefield."

"Italian women are the best I've ever seen. They have the two best features a woman can have—good legs and fine eyes."

"Naples had the best art gallery in the world." This was a gallery of salacious art, and admission was by special permission only. Rip got permission.

"The greatest sight is right here in the United States—the Grand Canyon."

Bob was almost childishly pleased with whatever honors accrued to him as a result of his travels. He took—understandably—great pride in adding the letters "F. R. G. S."—Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—after his signature. This was heady stuff to the self-educated Ripley, as were the various honorary degrees he received—Master of Arts from Dartmouth, Doctor of Letters from Missouri Valley College, and a Doctorate of Oratory from Staley College in Illinois.

In eventually making up his list of 201 countries which he had visited, Ripley wasn't overly technical. He listed, for example, the Virgin Islands and also St. Thomas and St. Croix, which happen to be two of the Virgin Islands. Listed, too, are both Salvador and El Salvador. It probably would have disturbed his fellow fellows of the Geographical Society to note that he tabulated, as "countries" he visited, the Shetland and Orkney islands, Sark, the Isle of Man, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Malta, Sicily, and Corsica.

In reporting on his travels, Ripley made as much capital out of disappointments as he did from the startling, spectacular sights and sounds. After visiting the Garden of Eden, he said, "I was disappointed in the Garden of Eden. It's a desolate place, and there are no fig trees, and no apple trees either. Hell (Norway) is much more attractive. It's often been suggested that I go there. And I do."

This was the way he introduced the subject of Hell to his public. In private, he explained that he had pledged as a virile young man to make love in as many countries and strange places as possible—"even in Hell." During one European trip he made a thousand-mile detour to visit Hell, and, with a girl picked up in a café, made good on his pledge. He also had a photo taken of himself with the mayor of that town, for use in publicity. For Rip, that was a pretty good mixture of business and pleasure.

All that was most admirable and most shocking in the life of Bob Ripley—as well as all that was most startling and spectacular—came to the fore at Bion, the fabulous island estate at Mamaroneck, New York, which he bought in 1934. The only staid and unimaginative thing about Bion was its name, taken from the initials of "Believe It or Not."

Here it was that the sultan maintained his largest harem. Here he lavishly entertained the famous and mighty—great sports figures like Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth; national heroes like Eddie Rickenbacker; and stars of stage, screen, and radio—as well as the little-known, including aides on his newspaper and radio projects. Here he displayed a moving devotion to dumb animals, and a hair-raising callousness to some human beings. And here he maintained a fantastic collection of objects and *objets d'art* gathered in his restless travels around the world.

Ripley loved everything about Bion, including the approach to it, along a winding road called Taylor's Lane, which branched off the Boston Post Road, twisting for a mile or so until it reached a causeway that linked the mainland with Rip's island. Taylor's Lane is locally famed as the oldest road in Mamaroneck, a town which dates back at least three centuries. This sort of thing pleased Ripley mightily, the oldest, smallest, biggest, and other variations on the superlative being his stock in trade.

The sight that met the guest as he crossed the one-lane causeway was of an enormous and imposing house of 29 rooms, set upon an island of about three acres in the middle of a small cove. The house was constructed of stucco painted a light cream, with dark brown wood trim, and stone. Some of the leaded casement windows were of stained glass. A wide stone porch ran along the back of the main floor, and some of the upper rooms had small balconies with iron railings, in the fashion of old New Orleans.

Ripley's house stood foursquare on a mount of solid rock, which was the highest point in the island, about 15 feet above the water. Undoubtedly this site was selected by the original builder because of the savage storms which often swept along Long Island Sound from the Atlantic, bringing a quick rise in the tidal level. A strong sea wall ran completely around the island, although even that did not prevent Bion from going under water on occasion; but the house itself was never damaged.

One of the many contradictory sides of Ripley's personality was his love of animals. If you went out of your way a little, going from the house to the boathouse or the beach, you would come across a quiet little spot hidden among the trees and shrubs. No more than twelve feet square, it was marked by low, round cement posts, embedded with small, colored stones. This was Rip's dog cemetery, where many of his pets were buried, and those of many of his friends.

Ripley had a genuine fondness for animals. It was only to his pets that he ever gave true gentleness and sustained affection. It wasn't maudlin, but a strong attachment and sense of responsibility. Walking the grounds at Bion, Ripley always carried a pocketful of nuts to hand-feed the squirrels and chipmunks with which the island abounded.

Ripley's dislike of anything resembling cruelty to animals frequently resulted in visitors' becoming the victims of violent tirades if they made any boasts of their hunting prowess. Rip had nothing but contempt for hunters, including the big-game hunters who made safaris to Africa.

"Shooting a lion in the wilds of Africa is no different from taking a gun and killing the family cow in a man's back yard!" Ripley once shouted at an astonished guest. "You're no better than a murderer!"

Ripley kept many dogs on the island, including two beautiful coal-black spaniels, Virtue and Sin, registered as Ripley's Virtue and Barnacle Bill, and descended from the greatest spaniel of all time, My Own Brucie. Bob never showed these dogs but bred some very fine dogs from them, including the pet he was fondest of, the prizewinner, Cinder. He also had collies, Dalmatians, and sheepdogs.

Along with these common breeds of animal, Ripley maintained some less conventional specimens. On his first weekend visit to Bion, Joe Connolly was startled during an early-morning walk to come face-to-fangs with a twenty-eight-foot boa constrictor. Joe retreated posthaste to his room and wouldn't leave the house for the rest of the weekend.

"Don't worry, Joe, he's a friend of mine," Rip kept telling him. He explained—but not to Connolly's satisfaction—that the boa, named Gertie, was kept placid on a diet of rabbits.

Bugs Baer was another friend of Ripley who was discouraged from visits to Bion by Gertie's presence. One day Rip called his dear friend and invited him out, telling him that he had made a novel pen for the reptile, a circle of broken glass.

"Y'know, Bugs, a snake won't cross broken glass," Rip promised.

"Let me tell you something," Bugs replied. "Neither will I."

Ripley's bizarre menagerie was only part of the outdoor attractions at Bion. All over the island he placed items from his fantastic collection which were too large to go in his house—totem poles he had brought back from Alaska; a giant shell of a man-eating clam; an ancient bronze soldier on horseback; a huge Alaskan warrior fully rigged out for battle; a stone grouping of the three Chinese monkeys who saw no evil, heard no evil, and spoke no evil; a small, naked bronze boy making the usual fountain, to the embarrassment of shy visitors. The grounds of the island were well kept, and contained many beautiful trees and rare shrubs and plants which Ripley had collected in the course of his globe-trotting.

The entrance to the house was comparatively simple, considering the general layout. It was just a flight of divided stone steps, leading to a very wide wood-paneled entrance hall, which ran the length of the house, all the way to the back door, which gave onto the stone porch. There Rip set up tables for his more elaborate buffet luncheons on warm days.

Inside the center hall, which was dimly lighted by a single stained-glass window over the stairs, was a homemaker's nightmare. Ripley had a simple rule of thumb in assembling his furniture—it had to be expensive and heavy. He confused tonnage with taste, and his idea of interior decorating could best be described as "mixed-up international." The furniture was Spanish and Italian and had an over-all Gothic look to it. There was a long refectory table down the center, flanked by a series of chairs straight out of the Renaissance—high, straight-backed, hard, uncompromising, and thoroughly uninviting.

A huge stone fireplace, spacious enough to roast an ox in, took up a good part of one side of this center hall. The walls were hung with more ornaments of stone, iron, and brass than decorated any ducal palace since the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The fact that most of the decorations were weapons—spears, masks, crossbows, and pieces of armor—gave it a medieval appearance. An incongruous note—and there were many to be found in any of Ripley's residences—was a large translucent lamp which was made from the belly of a camel and which always glowed in the center of the long table.

Ripley had—but obviously not on display for all his guests—a truly amazing collection of erotica, ranging from the revolting to the exquisitely executed. These, of course, were shown only to the discerning, and had to be carefully handled. It also pleased this morbid genius to have a large collection of pictures of freaks and of deformities caused by leprosy and elephantiasis. While Rip's erotic collection frequently raised eyebrows, the latter collection could raise the latest meal of the squeamish visitor.

If Ripley detected a note of queasiness among his guests, he was likely to document the pictures with recitals of first-hand experience. "I'll never forget," he would begin, "the first case of elephantiasis I ever saw. I was walking along a road in Shanghai and thought I saw a beggarman sitting against a wall holding a huge brass bowl. When I got closer I saw that it was the man's stomach! His lower belly was so swollen that the skin, drawn taut, actually glistened in the sun. It also appeared to have been oiled, to keep it from cracking.

"Horrible sight," Rip would conclude with gusto, doing everything but smacking his lips. "The disease is transmitted by a mosquito, you know."

The last clinical observation must have boomed the sale of mosquito netting all along the Atlantic Seaboard.

Although Ripley loved the main house, he was more at home in his large, airy studio on the top floor than anywhere else. Here, perhaps, he was happiest of all, for this was where he and his art assistants worked.

High up over the sound, with a splendid panoramic view of its lovely shores, his drawing board resting against the desk, Ripley was in his element. His sure hand working quickly and confidently, expressing with black ink on white Ross board exactly what he wanted to, Rip, for all his traveling, was in the world he knew best.

A happy and contented man, he worked facilely and quickly, pausing now and then to dip into the little wooden box of cracked corn which he kept on his window sill, to feed the little creatures who were his daily visitors—chipmunks and squirrels and brightly colored little birds, as well as the bold

and venturesome common sparrow. It was this Ripley his friends like to recall best, the Ripley who was in the house he loved, doing the work he loved, and surrounded by the little wild creatures he loved.

There were some large bedrooms and baths on this top floor, in addition to Rip's studio. One of these rooms the artist reserved for special guests and it was done completely in Chinese style. The walls were decorated with Chinese prints and silk hangings. All the furniture was made of a heavy wood enameled with a lacquer of vivid gold and scarlet. Each piece was profusely decorated with dragons in high relief and intricately carved birds and flowers. The dragons, protruding about a foot from the flat surfaces, swarmed all over the furniture, crawling among the flowers and birds. It was an overpowering room, and one in which no Chinese would be found dead, but it made a great hit with the Occidentals.

Ripley's own bedroom was down the hall from his studio and the guest room. It was, in contrast to the other rooms, practically a cloistered cell, but Bob couldn't resist one gimmick. It had one highly unusual piece of furniture, an eighteenth-century Spanish vargueno, or traveling desk, which he claimed was a poison cabinet of the Borgias. He told the gullible it had a secret spring and anyone who tried to open it would be injected with a fatal poison. Everybody took his word for it.

As any description of any home of Ripley's leads to tales of Bob's hospitality, it is obvious that the bar in the home on Bion rates special mention. Opening off the right side of the main hall, the bar was the focal point for parties large or small. You stepped down into it from a small doorway and found yourself in a cool, pleasantly dark, but not dungeon-like, room, low-ceilinged, with paneled wood on one side and carved-out rock on the other (it had been a wine cellar, under earlier owners). At the far side was the bar itself, not particularly large, but fully equipped.

Ripley had the low ceiling of the bar so loaded with curios and with what he thought were pieces of art that a first-time visitor imagined himself in a storeroom of a museum which was on the edge of bankruptcy. There were odd bull whips, made from that part of the bull's anatomy which gave him his prominence in the bovine world, and also a whale whip, which was called by the Eskimos *tokazrookowuzrokearpigigpokiviornarpok*.

"It may sound funny and it may look funny," Rip would say in explaining this odd ornamentation, "but it was very dear to the whale."

There never was any full-scale cataloguing of Ripley's art collection, although several starts were made. Quite probably this was because there was so little system to the collection itself. The commonplace and the banal ranked side by side with what were truly collectors' items—behind the bar, with its collection of steins, was a wooden chain of 365 identical links, all carved from a single ten-foot piece of wood. Next to the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg and authentic chastity belts dating back to the Crusades was the amazing lifelike and life-sized statue of a Japanese man, made by himself, an item which Ripley also displayed in his New York apartment and in his "Odditoriums."

In the midst of valuable works of art at Bion was a scale model of the Eiffel Tower made from thirty thousand matchsticks. It intrigued Rip, and he admired it equally as much as the authentic pieces.

As varied as Bob's collection of objects artistic and otherwise was his assortment of house guests. They came in all sizes, shapes, and sexes. They might stay for hours, days, weeks, or months.

On one occasion a beautiful blonde actress who was his house guest briefly threw the female members of the entourage into a tizzy by (a) making time with Bob, and (b) failing to wash, except semi-occasionally. By her untidy habits she managed to stop up the Bion plumbing totally—no mean feat. When she left, Ripley simply referred to her as "the dirtiest female I have ever known."

Another of Ripley's visitors at Bion was a singer who decided to attract the attention of the lord and master by suicide attempts. She burst into the room, proclaiming that she had just swallowed a bottle of aspirin, threw herself from the upper balcony (a short drop), and brandished a knife, pointing it at her tilted, and tinted, bosom. All was done with a fine sense of timing and before an audience, which soon became callous to her threats of self-destruction. Despite Ripley's fondness for exotic female companions, the singer was never asked back.

"That goofy broad loused up the whole weekend," explained Rip.

The French have amorous phrases both apt and fascinating, but Ripley ran them off the boards. After he was established at Bion he sometimes had as many as four or five female house guests in residence. It could have been that Rip believed there was safety in numbers. Skillfully he played off one against the other, with the result that none of the girls was quite sure who was the current court favorite, including the favorite herself.

The efforts of the Ripley entourage to curry favor with the master caused complications on the road as well as at home. If Bob were scheduled to show up at a studio for a rehearsal, one of the women might casually remark, "I think I'll go to town and do a bit of shopping." This would be the signal for a mass exodus from Bion, and all four, five, or six would show up at the studio where Ripley was attempting to rehearse his radio show.

"Les girls" were not looked upon with favor by anybody connected with the Ripley radio program. To begin with, they usually arrived well fortified against a sudden freeze, their radiators carefully stocked with alcohol. They would descend upon the working people at the studio, giving liberal and unsolicited advice on subjects of which they were totally ignorant, even if they had been sober. The late Charlie Spear, the chief writer on the early Ripley shows, called them the "Bitch Department," and thereafter they were never known by any other name around the studios.

It seemed probable that each of the girls thought, at one time or another, that Ripley might marry her. This was the reason Rip kept alternating them, like a Madison Avenue executive with five gray flannel suits. Singly, he might have fallen, but facing them en masse he resisted with a tenacity not seen since Custer at Big Horn.

There was a casualness in Ripley's relations with the ladies-in-waiting that served his ends. He thought nothing of inviting one and all to share a steam bath with him in his private sauna in the lower reaches of Bion.

Ed Dooley, a great quarterback at Dartmouth in the twenties and later a Republican Congressman from Westchester County, remembers partaking in a softball game at Bion with several female Chinese guests. "It was a hot day, and several of the boys stripped to the waist to alleviate the heat," recalled Dooley. "I was a little surprised when the girls followed suit. It really made little difference, as you could not tell them apart."

Ripley was a great one for throwing parties anytime, but particularly on Christmas, since he celebrated his birthday on that day. It pleased him to know that throughout most of the world people were having a good time on his birthday, although he was realist enough to concede that undoubtedly there were people celebrating that day who had never heard of him or of his "Believe It or Not" feature.

Most of the parties would have been considered eminently successful, but there was one that somehow didn't quite come off. There were only four guests at Bion that night. Rip had invited Bugs Baer, but the humorist had wisely declined. Although Ripley had arrayed himself in his brightest mandarin costume, complete with robe, hat, and brocaded slippers, he felt that something was lacking as he gazed around the yule table. It was a justifiable suspicion.

Ripley's guests were an old flame, her young son—an incredibly tall, gangling lad—and two actresses, one a French import, the other Chinese, and neither feeling any pain. The lad declined to sit at the not-so-festive board, because he had surfeited himself with malted milks prior to his arrival.

The old flame added little to the gaiety. As soon as she seated herself she took from her dress a framed photograph of her late husband, propped it up next to her plate, and periodically wept because he was no longer among the living. The actresses were far enough along to have reached the muttering stage. It seemed that each thought Bob had designs on the other, and both had designs on Bob. Meanwhile the bone of their contention stared morosely into space. With the widow still weeping, the dinner finally broke up when one of the actresses reached into the cadaver of the holiday turkey and drew out a fistful of stuffing. This she molded into a ball and flung in her rival's face.

Ripley looked on at this byplay with no noticeable enthu-

siasm, rose from the table, picked up the telephone, and called Baer's number.

"It's just as well you and Louise didn't come, Bugs," said Rip. "You probably wouldn't have had a very good time."

My wife and I took a summer place just across Lake Bion from him in 1942, shortly after the birth of our son Barry. An almost daily visitor, particularly at times when Millie was nursing the baby, was one of the more entrancing flowers in Rip's harem. She was an exquisite creature of Chinese-Japanese mixture, given to the more colorful gowns of both cultures. She invariably paddled across the little body of water in a small boat, and made a delightful picture in a setting of quiet waters and great weeping willows that reached to the water's edge. Just as invariably, she always brought the baby a little flower, and would tuck it daintily behind his ear as he nursed. Then she would sit through the procedure, her lovely face sometimes fathoms deep in thought.

One Sunday, Rip invited us to one of his great parties. Millie, seeing the little Chinese-Japanese girl, sought her out and—in time—the two started a game of gin rummy. The first hand had hardly been dealt when Rip, in mikado's formal dress, loomed over them and barked to the girl, "How many times must I tell you not to mingle with my guests. Get off to your room!"

The girl ran, whimpering, out of the room. Millie went in search of her, to console her. She found her in a darkened little bedroom which featured decorations of cohabiting gods. The light fixture had been made from a Japanese parasol. The girl lay on the bed, sobbing.

In an effort to make her forget the ugliness of the scene below, Millie picked up a beautiful lacquered box from the dresser. "What exquisite work this is!" she said.

The girl took her face from her pillow and looked around. "Oh," she said; and then, after a bit: "I keep my baby's ashes in there."

Millie put it down swiftly, but sympathetically.

"Don't feel badly," the girl said. "They are not there now. When Bob gets mad at me he hides them."

Anyone who saw only this side of Ripley would have been properly repelled by the man. Many did, and were. Others who knew him—who could sympathize with the shyness he never overcame, who experienced his generosity, or wondered clinically what in the world bugged this enormously talented and lucky individual—were irresistibly drawn to him and on with him.

The radio industry in the 1930s drew many strange recruits from many strange places, but it is doubtful that any of these pioneers was stranger than Robert L. Ripley. And certainly never did so miscast a performer score so sweeping a success.

It was typical of the frenzy which marked those early days of radio that it should turn to an artist who performed with pen and ink for a medium which could capture only one sense, that of hearing. But radio sought desperately for something new, and preferably something that could not be easily imitated. That Ripley was a success on radio may seem incredible, after any rational examination of his performing talents, but his success is further proof of the magnetic attraction his "Believe It or Not" idea held for uncounted millions of people.

In 1933 Douglas F. Storer was producing the Hudson Motor Company show and came up with the idea of dramatizing "Believe It or Not." The two men had never met, and the deal was arranged over trans-atlantic telephone, with Ripley in London. The first broadcast was in December 1933.

Ripley's duties on the show were minimal. All he had to do was read a 30-second introduction to a dramatized "Believe It or Not" incident and at the end of the half-hour show authenticate the story and say good night.

It seemed simple. But Storer soon realized that even getting Ripley to nod would call for someone with the directorial talents of a David Belasco. Before the evening was over, he was a trembling wreck, and Ripley was even worse. The script shook in Ripley's hands. It fell to the floor, and in retrieving it, he almost succeeded in sending the microphone stand hurtling into the audience. He mumbled, stumbled, and sweated his way through his few lines. When the show ended, Ripley looked as though he had fought Floyd Patterson, and Storer felt as if he had.

After his muttered "Good night" Ripley reeled toward the control room, seeking a critical appraisal from Storer.

"H-h-how'd I d-do?" stammered Ripley.

"You need a little practice," answered Storer.

Somehow the public liked the show, however, and enough letters came in to cause the sponsors to invite Ripley back.

While Ripley's original broadcasts had consisted merely of reading a script into a microphone in a studio cubicle, Bob now found himself in the middle of a full-scale performance, complete with studio audience. There was a "name" orchestra conducted by the famous B. A. Rolfe, a male trio, the announcer, Curt Peterson, and a large cast for the dramatization of the story Ripley had selected from his library of "Believe It or Nots."

The scripts sound hilariously dated now, but they were rated the highest entertainment in the days when radio was forcing movie houses to give away dishes to keep their doors open. Ripley, for example, was introduced with tongue-twisting alliteration that seemed very funny at the time. Here are a few samples.

"And here is that tropical, timely tallyman of terrific, triple-tested, typhoonic, trustworthy, telegrammatical truthful tales . . ."

Another was "And here is that canyon-crashing, creditable, captain-conquistador of contintental, climax-capping cornucopias." Apparently after due consideration, "climax-capping cornucopias" was deleted and "concentrated classics" was penciled in. Whether this editing could be considered an improvement, deponent knoweth not.

Since the Ripley show was based on offbeat material, it was obvious that the office should be something of a focal point for weird characters. Many unsolicited guests presented themselves there, confident that their story was just what Rip needed for his broadcast. He had a set rule that nobody, but nobody, should be tossed out of the office without a hearing.

A middle-aged man, neatly but not richly dressed, appeared one day and requested an interview. He told Rip and Storer he had something to sell, something which would put the Ripley show on front pages all over the country, perhaps all over the world, the next day, something which never had been done before over the air.

"You may have read, Mr. Ripley," began the visitor, who spoke calmly but earnestly, "that condemned prisoners frequently make arrangements to have their bodies sold to scientific schools after their execution. The money received for the cadaver goes to the family of the man."

Ripley nodded to show that he was familiar with this practice, and the visitor continued.

"Now, I would like to obtain some money, a fairly large amount, to provide for my family. If you will guarantee that my family will receive five thousand dollars, I will go on your show at any date you select and commit suicide over the air!"

There was a concerted gulp from Rip and Storer, and the latter backed away slightly to be in a better defensive position should the man become violent. Mistaking their silence for doubt, the visitor elaborated on his plans.

"I'd leave the *modus operandi* up to you, Mr. Ripley. As long as I am going to commit suicide, I don't care whether the script calls for me to shoot myself, hang myself, or take poison. You name it and I'll do it."

Ripley realized that the man was serious. He stuttered more than usual as he began to hedge, to mention that there might be some legal obstacles to such a performance, that he and his staff might be arrested as accessories. Each objection the man brushed aside by promising to sign waivers for any and all contingencies. The man was not to be put off.

Suddenly a light dawned on Rip. "No, sir," he said with more assurance than he had shown previously. "We just couldn't put you on the air to commit suicide. I'm not saying you haven't got an original idea, mind you, but it just wouldn't be practical."

"And why wouldn't it be practical?" the visitor demanded.

"You see," explained Ripley patiently, "our first show goes on in the studio at Eastern time, at eight o'clock. Then we have to go back on the air four hours later for the benefit of the Pacific Coast and other western stations. Now if you committed suicide on our first show, what could we do for the rebroadcast?"

The man took the explanation in understandably crushed silence and abruptly rose and stalked out of the office.

"At that, Doug," said Rip with a faraway look in his eyes, "it would have been a helluva show."

Anyone who saw the incredibly awkward Ripley in the early days of radio would find it hard to believe that he would dare step up on a stage or before a movie camera. He did both, and although, artistically, he left an enormous amount to be desired, he made money. In 1930 he appeared in a series of movie shorts for Vitaphone, talking about and showing some of his oddities, and later did other, similar series for Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century-Fox, as a result of Storer's inspiration. All in all there were more than fifty of these shorts, and Rip's take from them was well up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

While the movie camera held terror for Rip, some of his stage experiences were absolutely nightmarish. In 1931 he set out on a vaudeville tour of the East. He was doing four shows a day, essentially talks illustrated with slides. The *pièce de résistance* of his talk was his version of how he came to draw the famous "Marching Chinese" cartoon, after which a stooge in the gallery would shout, "Darn clever, these Chinese!" That will give some idea not only of the nature of the show but of the tensile strength of man's patience in those days before the atom had been split.

Overcoming his shyness on such an occasion frequently required more than the exercise of will on Ripley's part. He found strength in one hundredproof alcohol mixed with grapefruit juice and in similar combinations. Sometimes he got more spirit than he bargained for.

One of Ripley's early lectures was delivered in a small Ohio town. The local vaudeville house was done over for the occasion, with a large green baize cloth covering the orchestra pit where the musicians were wont to fiddle and tootle when the theater was playing host to the two-a-day shows of that era.

Ripley felt the need of a stimulant to combat his stage fright, and fortified himself accordingly. As he stepped onstage, he peered, woebegone, into the glare of the footlights. Shading his eyes with his hand, Bob advanced past the footlights to see if there really was an audience hidden out there in the Stygian darkness of the orchestra. As soon as he stepped over the glaring footlights and onto the green baize, he plunged to the bottom of the empty orchestra pit.

When he finally disencumbered himself of the blanketing cloth, he discovered that there was only one way out of the pit, an exit under the stage which led to the street. To get back into the theater he had to walk around the block, purchase a ticket from the astonished peroxide blonde in the cashier's cupola, walk down the aisle, and clamber onto the stage. The audience applauded vigorously, on the assumption that a collector of oddities would naturally open his lecture on a novel note. Ripley saw nothing comical in his mishap. Bob never had a great sense of humor, only a sense of the unusual.

Ripley's first "Believe It or Not" exhibition was put together in 1933 for the Chicago World's Fair. The exhibit itself was called "Ripley's Believe It or Not Odditorium." Blowups of some of Rip's more startling cartoons were exhibited, but, with all due respect to Ripley, the artist, it was the living oddities who carried the day.

Despite the pessimistic attitude of his friends, the show was an unmitigated success. At two bits for children and forty cents for adults, the exhibition drew $1,100,000 in eight months. Only the "Streets of Paris" outdrew it, and that was a multi-exhibit at which first beer and then—in the second year of the exposition—whisky could be purchased.

Ripley's success in Chicago opened an entire new avenue to him—not only a source of income but a sort of added attraction for his syndicated feature and his radio shows. He opened another Odditorium at the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas in 1936, then one at the Golden Gate Fair in San Francisco, and another at San Diego. All were money-makers and all were contributors to the Ripley legend.

There was nothing in these exhibitions that couldn't be seen in an ordinary side show—the usual collection of physical freaks. What made them a drawing card was the magic of the Ripley name and the unusual term for the exhibit, "Odditorium."

Ripley hated the use of the term "freaks" and had a standing order that any of his employes using the word should be summarily dismissed. He preferred to think of these pranks of nature as "oddities" and insisted that everybody else do the same.

Some of the Ripley exhibits were fairly gruesome, even by side-show standards. One such was Dagomarr Rochmann, whom Rip claimed he had discovered in Switzerland at a time when American college students were making headlines by swallowing goldfish, instead of crowding, en masse, into phone booths.

Rochmann, for reasons best known to himself, preferred to be billed as "the Great Waldo" and he daily demonstrated at the Odditorium what Ripley chose to call "his remarkable gastronomic achievement." Waldo would gulp down a swimming goldfish from a glass of water and then regurgitate it into an aquarium after some seconds in his stomach, still swimming, thus neatly reversing Jonah.

The live goldfish, however, was just a tidbit for Waldo, Ripley was careful to explain. The *pièce de résistance* was yet to come.

"College boys over here have made headlines by swallowing goldfish," the spieler would continue dramatically. "Now you will see what college boys in Switzerland swallow—live white mice."

Having delivered this calumny on the mountain republic, the barker would explain how Waldo would blow smoke on the mouse to quiet it. "The quiet mouse goes down easily," he chanted, "and Waldo smiles like the cat that swallowed the canary. Another puff of the cigarette is the signal for the mouse to come back into daylight, absolutely unharmed by his trip into Waldo's amazing stomach."

The mouse may have been unharmed but many of the spectators weren't themselves for days.

People who drove railroad spikes into their nostrils, who lifted substantial weights attached to their eyelids, who swallowed lighted neon tubes 18 inches long, and who chewed electric bulbs and razor blades—all were part of the Ripley Odditorium. Rip also had inanimate objects, such as the shoes of the "alton Giant," one Robert Wadlow, who supposedly grew to a height of eight feet, seven inches; a shrunken human head; an embalmed rooster with a tail twelve feet long; a scold's bridle; a chastity belt; and the inevitable picture of the Last Supper painted on the head of a pin.

Somewhere between his successful shows at the Century of Progress in Chicago in 1933-34 and the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas in 1936, Ripley acquired the lifelike image of the Japanese artist, Hananuna Masakichi, the figure with which Ripley used to startle visitors, first at Bion and later at his Central Park West apartment. The image is mentioned again here only because of a note Ripley used in the publicity for the Texas Centennial, in which it was stated, "The teeth are his own." This could be possible, of course, but if so, it was a vain sacrifice upon the altar of verisimilitude, since the mouth of the figure was closed.

Ripley continued generating his own publicity, largely by travel, during this prewar period. Not a year passed without some foreign expedition. After a voyage to Russia there was Central and South America in 1934 and 1935; Europe, Africa, and India in 1936; Alaska in 1937; a 24,000-mile junket across two continents in 1938—from New York to Cairo and back, via the Cape of Good Hope and Buenos Aires; 15,000 miles by air, 8,000 by ship, and a thousand by camel, auto, donkey, train, and horse.

Ripley's reaction to his fame, and the manner in which he approached the task of sharing some of his fortune, was unpredictable at best. At times the fame seemed clearly to have gone to his head. He would treat employes almost as slaves, berating them, cursing them, summoning them to his presence merely to show visitors how they obeyed.

Depending on whom you asked, Ripley might be described as one of the most generous men who ever lived, or the most miserly. Dick Hyman went to work for Ripley in 1929, when Rip was just on the verge of his lush success. He employed Dick as a press agent at $60 a week and told him, "If I go up the ladder, so do you." Four years later when Dick quit, Ripley's income was better than $500,000; Hyman was still on the same old rung, getting $60 a week.

Norbert Pearlroth, Ripley's chief researcher for more than twenty years, had some experiences with Ripley that were startling examples of generosity. Pearlroth used to make out his own salary check and then take it to Ripley for his signature. One day when he did this, Ripley looked at the check, became violently angry, tore the check into bits, stamped on the bits, and then declared in his outrage, "I *told* you I was giving you a raise!" He *hadn't* told Pearlroth, of course, but that wasn't important.

At the Oriental dinners he loved to give, Bob Ripley would always come up with a toast that represented the distilled wisdom of the East. One of his favorites was a prescription for long life attributed to Li Yung, who, by following it, was said to have lived 250 years: "Walk like a pigeon, rest like a turtle, sleep like a dog, and always have contentment in your heart."

Increasingly but without success Rip sought that contentment in the wisdom and material things of the Orient. And for the exercise of this mood he acquired, in 1941, a new base of operations, a vast duplex apartment in Manhattan at Two West Sixty-seventh Street. Rip purchased this showplace, with most of the furnishings intact, from Burton Holmes, the world traveler and lecturer, and he filled in all the obvious and some unlikely crannies with items from his own storehouse of curiosa and *objets d'art*. This apartment became the scene of some epicurean triumphs and harrowing personal failures; even close friends were shocked at some of the things Ripley did; and to outsiders there often seemed to be a surrealistic quality to what went on.

The elevator at the tenth floor let its occupants out directly in the foyer of Ripley's apartment. To the left was Rip's bedroom—seemingly narrow, because of its great length—and the first impression of it was one of brooding darkness, accentuated by the heavy Spanish-Moorish polished wood, the ceiling, with its elaborately carved squares, the somber panels on the walls, and the thick, heavy, luxurious rugs, always a Ripley hallmark. On the wall were photographs of women, some merely friends, some rather more than that, all of them good-looking, all of them women he had liked or loved.

The living room, about 50 feet long, and duplex for the most part, commanded a superb view of Central Park, looking across it to Fifth Avenue. Bob loved to boast, "This is the only room in which you can see a beautiful sunset by looking *east*—believe it or not!" At certain times of the year, particularly late fall and early winter, the windows of the apartment houses on Fifth Avenue caught the reflection of the setting sun. Sometimes frosty clouds above the houses caught the pinkish afterglow of the sun to give an unreal effect to the whole scene.

In the foyer of the apartment loomed a large gilded wooden statue, of a multi-armed Chinese Buddha, the god who gives and who takes away. It was set on a magnificently carved Chinese temple table of teakwood and gold lacquer which swarmed with writhing dragons. From the table's lower shelf a carved fu dog peered ferociously at the visitor. Behind this were two beautifully embroidered Chinese silk hangings.

Another item in the foyer not likely to be seen in a tour of Macy's basement was concealed in a closet, which Rip occasionally urged new acquaintances to open. Stark in a ceiling spotlight that blazed on automatically when the door was opened was the wooden statue of a man, so completely lifelike as to bring a gasp from the first-time viewer, a gasp which deepened when it was realized that the figure was completely nude.

Inexplicably, Ripley in later years put a folded loincloth patch on the wooden man, who stood a few inches over five feet. What prompted Bob to this touch of modesty he never revealed. The shocker to his guests in opening the closet door was to find a man inside. That he was as naked as a jay bird was somewhat secondary.

The nonchalance with which he showed off the Buddha and the keen delight he took in the wooden man, illuminated Rip's personality. With Rip, uniqueness beat artistic beauty ten ways from the jack.

Rip in his forties, during the 1940s, was not, his close friends would have to admit, always an altogether appetizing sight. The once-fine athlete was getting heavy, a development that tended to emphasize less attractive features. He was losing his hair, and he would let the few strands grow long, slick them back, and try to spread them around (Bugs Baer told a mutual friend about this time, "Rip's hair is so thin he starts combing it at the armpit").

The deterioration was considerably more than skin deep. He became less careful about personal cleanliness, and his fingernails seemed always in need of attention. He had less and less control over his temper. He was more likely to be suspicious and arbitrary.

An acquaintance who was invited to the apartment for the first time in the mid-1940s recalls that Rip, for no particular reason, started complaining about his staff, about their lack of devotion to him and their general inadequacy. Actually they were trustworthy and talented people. Suddenly Ripley called out to three of them in another room—"screamed" would be a better word. All three responded and were told upon arrival, "I don't want ya. G'wan back." As they were leaving, but within earshot, Ripley turned to the acquaintance and said, "I just wanted to show ya' what I mean—just lackeys."

One of Rip's friends was a pretty German immigrant, who came to this country in the early 30s and applied for United States citizenship as soon as it was legally possible. By the time she was a full-fledged citizen, Adolf Hitler was storming over Europe like a thundercloud. The day she received her final papers, she carried them proudly to Ripley's West Sixty-seventh Street apartment, and was amazed to find a Nazi flag spread on the floor.

"Stomp on it!" ordered Ripley.

She thought it was a joke until she looked at her friend. The fire in his eyes was as fanatical as any that ever gleamed in Hitler's. She did as directed. The flag was a huge one (no one knew where Rip had obtained it), and the poor girl had to go up and down the living-room floor, performing this hoedown of hate at Ripley's command. There were about 20 visitors to witness this mad scene, although it didn't seem to matter to Bob. He was past caring what people thought of him.

Ripley's most bizarre acquisition, his Chinese junk *Mon Lei*, which he bought in 1946, served a dual purpose. It pleased Ripley because it was outlandish, and it also was an effective form of advertising for the Ripley enterprises. He loved to travel on the junk, finding it both stimulating and relaxing. Frequently he made business trips on it, taking one to Boston during which what must have been the entire Chinese population of that city turned out to welcome him. It wasn't exactly a coincidence that Ripley was opening a radio contest over six New England stations that same week.

The history of *Mon Lei* fascinated Ripley as much as did the craft itself. It was built for the private comfort of a Chinese war lord in 1939 by the Wo Hop Company of Hong Kong. When the Japanese captured Hong Kong, the war lord beat it, and the invaders confiscated his craft. As the fortunes of war began to turn, three Chinese and an American managed to bribe their way into possession of the boat and begin the perilous crossing of the Pacific to the United States. It took them 86 days to reach San Francisco.

Ripley eventually came across the boat in a Baltimore shipyard, bought her for $7,500, and began the massive job of reconditioning and decorating her. Bob installed powerful diesel engines that enabled the boat to cruise at a clip which would have startled her Wo Hop builders.

Never was so ancient a vessel so thoroughly and completely modernized. Despite the power in her hold, it suited Rip to have the (purposely) patched sail up at all times, which acted as a drag on the junk when it was running under power. Boatmen in the Long Island Sound at first rubbed their eyes but eventually grew accustomed to the strange sight of the junk proceeding toward the Atlantic with its sails billowing toward the Pacific. It rode high out of the water, with little or no keel and a tallish poop deck aft.

Because of an ancient Chinese belief that a boat moves only because there is a dragon inside of it, Rip took paints and brushes to the engine room and transformed the diesels into the likeness of traditional Chinese dragons. *Mon Lei* may still carry the only diesels on the seven seas possessing eyes, teeth, and whiskers.

There were other Chinese symbols aboard *Mon Lei*, not all of which had to do with navigational blessings. Samuel F. Pryor, Vice-President of Pan American Airways and a friend of Ripley's ever since they shared a room together at the Pittsburgh Athletic Club during the 1925 World Series, recalled one of his last visits with the cartoonist.

"Rip sailed the Chinese junk into Greenwich harbor, with a little Chinese girl friend on board," recalled Pryor. "Bob went off to play golf, and I took my mother and another dowager from Greenwich down to visit the junk."

The dowagers were shown around the junk by Ripley's little Chinese friend, Sam tagging along after them. They innocently asked the meaning of the large symbol over the bed in the master stateroom. Without changing her expression, the Chinese girl told the ladies it was the highest compliment one Chinese could pay to another.

"And that is?" asked one of the ladies.

"It means," said the girl, as demurely as if she were reciting the multiplication table, "I wish you one thousand lays."

"Ah yes, how interesting," chorused the women, thinking of Hawaiian wreaths.

The happiest days of Rip's late years were probably spent at his Palm Beach home, Hi-Mount. The place was a new toy, and he never ceased to marvel over its pool, gardens, dock, and a cluster of solar reflectors which produced hot water.

"It works!" he would exclaim to visitors as he showed off this particular wonder. His voice packed the same awe that Sam Goldwyn's had, when the famed producer first saw a sundial and gasped, "What'll they think of next?"

During the early days at Hi-Mount Ripley's mood was somewhat lighter than usual. Together with the simple enjoyment of a new possession were plans for another trip to his beloved China. The spark for the journey had flared at a Christmas party a few months previous, at the West Sixty-seventh Street apartment. His guests were having a good time and, in a mellow mood, Rip called Doug Storer aside.

"How about you and Hazel going back to China with me?" Ripley asked casually.

Storer protested that there was work to be done, the show had to go on, programs had been booked.

"Look," said Rip with a sudden urgency, "it won't be long before the Reds gobble up the rest of the country. This probably will be our last chance to go back."

The Storers were willing to return to China, but Doug insisted that he be given some time to work out a plan whereby he could combine business with pleasure. He remembered having read an advertisement in that morning's New York *Times* that a new flagship of the U.S. President Lines, the S.S. *President Cleveland,* was being commissioned to make its maiden voyage to the Orient in a few months.

The plan Storer worked out was to have Ripley and his entourage embark on that voyage, with Ripley using the steamship as a studio while doing his broadcasts for the National Broadcasting Company. The inducement for the U.S. President Lines was widespread publicity.

The night before the ship was to leave San Francisco, in April of 1948, Storer arranged for Ripley to make a guest appearance in Los Angeles on Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequences" show. One of the contestants was an ex-G.I., George McMillen, an incorrigible Dodger fan. His consequence was to get 50 coolies in Hong Kong to sign a petition declaring that the Dodgers' Leo Durocher was the greatest baseball manager in the world.

Storer, who was to have his headaches during the trip, had them during its preparation as well. Setting up the various programs to be short-waved back to the States took considerable doing, since plans had to be completed well in advance and at long range. It was one thing to arrange for McMillen to be on the "Truth or Consequences" show and another to be sure that there would be 50 coolies on hand in Hong Kong to sign the Durocher petition. (The petition didn't help Leo, who was fired as Dodger manager in mid-season. Branch Rickey, then Brooklyn's resident genius, couldn't read Chinese.)

Then, while Doug was going furiously ahead with his preparations, he received a call from Ripley. "I'm not going on the trip," said Bob flatly. "I'm too tired. Call it off."

Storer dropped everything and raced up to see Ripley. Bob was tired, as he had said, but that wasn't the real reason for calling off the trip. He had asked a blond friend to go along and now he didn't want her to make the trip.

"Let's just say the trip is off, Doug," said Rip, "but don't call it off. Go right ahead with all the plans and then, at the last minute, we'll go through with it. By that time it will be too late for her to get her shots, and we'll go without her."

When the S.S. *President Cleveland* steamed out of the Golden Gate, there was no blond friend aboard. But Ripley holed up in his cabin all the way from San Francisco to Honolulu, refusing to see anyone, refusing to look at any of the scripts prepared for him. He could have been sick. He certainly was "on the sauce." When the ship docked at Honolulu, Bob refused to grant an interview to the waiting newsmen.

He perked up briefly in Hawaii, but retreated to his stateroom again as the ship headed for Manila. The lavish veranda room was in terrible disarray, littered with soiled clothes, unwashed glasses, the remains of meals, fruit peelings, shaving

To Ripley, anything oddball was artistic, and he drove customs men crazy with the carloads of weird junk he hauled home.

articles, stacked chairs, and rumpled bed clothing. The fact that Rip didn't bother to open his windows did nothing to make the quarters more inviting. He was morose, sullen, uncommunicative, and unapproachable.

At Manila, Ripley perked up again, doing tapes for a broadcast from the labyrinth of underground tunnels at Corregidor, and showing more animation than he had since the party left San Francisco. But that too passed, partly because of what he found in Shanghai.

All the glory that had been Shanghai was gone by 1948. The long exhausting years of war, the Japanese occupation, the change in governments, the inexorable advance of the Communists—all had taken their toll of the city which had once been the First Lady of the Orient. For Rip it was like meeting, after many years, an old flame who had become soiled and shabby with age, illness, and misfortune.

Ripley saw all this, and perhaps, in it, a reflection of himself. He knew he would never see China again, that the China he was seeing now was not the China of his youth, any more than he was the dashing cartoonist who had taken New York and the nation by storm. It added to the deep, blue gloom which was engulfing him.

Back home, the mood of depression was pierced by only occasional flashes of life and gaiety and satisfaction.

Of a more serious concern to those who had known Bob earlier was his growing intolerance of women. Although he had been sporadically impatient with them, he now became fed up with the wholesale female ménage of which he was the hub and magnet. He tried to discard them, singly and collectively, but it wasn't easy to demolish his auxiliary. He resorted to insults and scenes. The women, however, were not easily discouraged. Most of them felt they had earned "hash marks" for their services under the Ripley flag and were determined to hang on to the bitter end, regardless of how bitter it might become. Some stayed because it was a living; some stayed because they loved him.

Disturbed both physically and emotionally, Ripley was given to more and more ugly scenes. He reached the point where he was almost constantly disputatious, as if casting about to

become involved in arguments with friends and with strangers.

Victims of these Ripley tirades vowed that Bob would never get another opportunity to lash at them, but the next day, or shortly thereafter, he would be on the telephone, full of contrition and apologies. "I don't know what's coming over me" was his favorite defense.

Hectic is a hapless word for Rip's last days. The last romantic flame was a Cuban girl who was moved into Hi-Mount, while the other girls sniffed, without a word of warning. Ripley had several stories about how he had met her. They never agreed. But there was no question about her being the harem favorite: Rip began taking her for rides on a tandem bicycle he treasured.

They made an interesting pair on their cycling trips along Lake Worth. Rip's idea of proper cycling attire was somewhat warped. He affected a wild Gay Nineties checkered cap, a false policeman's mustache from the same era, and long red flannel drawers. The Cuban girl just wore tight red drawers.

A blonde broke up that last-ditch stand. The Cuban girl imported her as a "companion." There was always room for another girl in Rip's house. With a burst of hospitality, he turned his big bedroom over to the two girls on their first night together and slept in his den. Or, at least, he tried to sleep. The house shook with their giggles through the night.

The blonde brought along a puppy who was declared ill, by Ripley, in the second day of her visit. He asked her to take the dog to a vet, but she refused. The dog died the following day, and a great storm began brewing in Ripley. He began to drink in earnest.

To complicate matters, it was the cook's night off, and the girls, in an excess of ambition, offered to make the dinner. The Storers retreated upstairs to dress, and the noise of slamming pots and pans and high giggles from the kitchen could be heard in the upper reaches of the house. Then, suddenly, there was silence.

Hazel Storer happened to be the first one downstairs. She saw Bob in the dining room, seated at the end of the long, dark, polished table. The room was dimly lit by candles. Ripley sat motionless, holding his head in those large athlete's hands, a look of black fury on his face. The flickering light of the candles in the dark room made the scene more ominous. Alarmed, Hazel went over to Rip, dropped an arm soothingly on his shoulder, and asked what the trouble was.

He burst out into a long, not-too-coherent tirade about the girls. It was so mixed up that it made little sense. Hazel left him and went into the kitchen, where she found the two girls standing in the middle of the room, clinging to each other in sheer panic. Bob, brooding over the treatment of the puppy and the casual approach to the preparation of the dinner, had stormed into the kitchen, threatening the girls with physical harm.

Shortly after he returned to New York from Hi-Mount, Rip had the Storers over for dinner, to commiserate. Shanghai had just fallen to the Communists. Rip took Hazel by the hand as soon as she and Doug got off the elevator and led her into his big, gloomy bedroom. He sat down on the bed and cried.

"We'll never see China again," he said over and over again, the tears streaming down his face.

There are those among his friends who believe that the loss of China to the Communists—who represented the ultimate evil to him—was a factor in Rip's death. Indeed he felt it deeply, for his identification with this faraway land was nearly total. He was in love with it. At any rate, he now found it difficult to work up enthusiasm about much of anything, although he continued to carry a load of work which was increased by the start of a TV series for the Motorola Company.

Ripley's last TV show was remarkable for a drama that was unscheduled and was played without the audience's being aware of it. The *pièce de résistance* was (ironically enough, as one would expect from Ripley) a dramatization of the origin of "Taps." The denouement of this is a coincidence incredible even by Rip's standards: a Union army captain crawls out of a trench at the sound of moaning coming from a wounded Confederate soldier; drags the boy back to safety under withering gunfire; discovers the boy is his own son; finds in his son's pockets a sheet of music which the boy had written and which is played over his grave, and which is, one hardly need add, "Taps." That was the customary "dramatic blackout."

There had been a blackout of another nature earlier in the show. Rip was displaying a collection of models of the crown jewels of Europe. The routine prepared for the show was to have Rip hold up various of the crowns and orbs and explain their significance to a lush redhead on the show, Peggy Corday. But Doug Storer had done some routing that Rip didn't know about. Because Rip was quite clearly a sick man—and had blacked out a few times in the preceding months—Storer took the precaution of running Peggy through a special rehearsal of the significance of the crowns. As had been feared by Storer, Rip blacked out completely under the hot video lights as he started to go through the crown part of the show. He was holding up a crown, and began to say, "And this, Peggy, is . . ." when he lost consciousness. Peggy took over, saying, "Yes, Bob, I know what that is; it's . . ." And, holding Bob up with a sisterly arm around his shoulder, she finished the act and helped him back to his chair without anyone in the audience the wiser.

Storer and other friends of Ripley had been telling him that he ought to get into a hospital for a thorough checkup. He had suffered from hypertension for some time. After this show, he sullenly turned to Storer and said, "All right, damn it, I'll do what you want, I'll go to the hospital." The show was on Tuesday, May 24. He entered Harkness Pavilion of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center on Thursday.

The end for Robert L. Ripley was sudden. He had been in the hospital for two days when, on the afternoon of May 27, he called Bugs Baer. "I'm just in for a checkup," he reassured his old friend, "and I'll be out to the farm to see you tomorrow." He put the telephone back in its cradle and buckled over on the pillow, dead of a heart attack.

Even now, mention of Ripley among friends or slight acquaintances can bring forth a flood of anecdotes (some, fact; more, fiction) about his life and career, and an uncommon amount of diverse speculation about what made him tick. In the post-mortems on Bob's personality there is remarkably little unanimity as to what had given him such a commanding hold on the attention of millions of people.

There *is* a consensus that what Rip achieved was indeed incredible: the poor, uneducated Ripley risen to the premier position among newspaper cartoonists; the unsophisticated Ripley roaming the world, becoming a twentieth-century Marco Polo; the inordinately shy, stammering Ripley overcoming the most oppressive case of mike fright on record to become one of the most successful of all radio-TV personalities.

It is something of a certainty too that on the fateful afternoon in 1918 when Bob couldn't muster enough material for his regular sports cartoon, he brought forth (with St. Denis's midwife-like assistance) one of the really magnetic and durable ideas of modern American journalism. "Believe It or Not" has endured long after Rip's death, and survived that death considerably better than his more wordly possessions.

Bion was purchased after Rip's death by Ferruccio Tagliavini, the opera singer. He kept it only a short while and sold the property to two men who demolished the mansion to make way for more modern housing.

The motley contents of Bion were scattered. Some of the *objets d'art* went at auction. The collection of steins brought $20,000 from a brewery, and is now valued at $100,000. Some things disappeared, including the display of erotica. The Palm Beach house was sold. *Mon Lei* passed through a succession of owners and into the hands of a New York and Florida entrepreneur. A big feature spread on the junk in a magazine a dozen years after Rip's death did not even mention him as the former owner.

But around the world, millions of people still are amazed, intrigued, or annoyed by newspaper versions of "Believe It or Not." And the perfect sign-off to any weird, outrageous, or merely apocryphal story remains:

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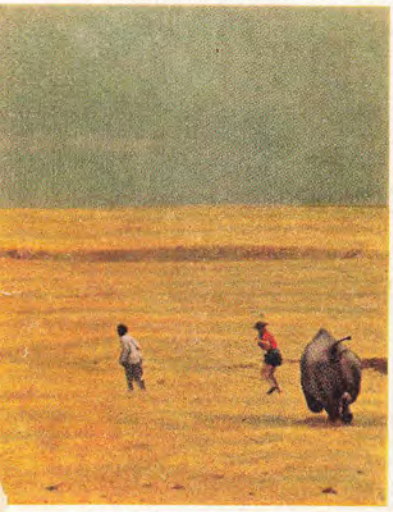

1. **"You never know** how fast you can run . . . until a rhino breathes down your neck," writes Don Higley, an American friend of Canadian Club. "We were after pictures of wild life in Tanganyika. But that rhino was wilder than we'd bargained for! We stalked cautiously into picture range, our cameras at ready, when suddenly the monster whirled on us in a blind fury. Snorting with rage, he lowered his ugly head and started toward us at a gallop. We forgot about the pictures. One look at that mean horn was enough. We were in for it!

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2. **"Like a battering ram,** he thundered down on us. We took to our heels but it was like running down the track in front of a runaway express train. The furious beast was gaining on us fast.

3. **"There was only one chance**—a deep gully at the edge of the clearing. Cameras flapping, we ran as though our lives depended on it. They did! The earth trembled as the rhino bore down on us. With lung-bursting speed, we reached the gully and blindly leaped head-over-heels down the slope.

4. **"The rhino didn't dare** follow us down the steep slope. At nightfall, still trembling, we made our way back to camp. What a welcoming sight was my favorite whisky—good old Canadian Club . . . a perfect ending for any adventure!" Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. What's more, it's the lightest whisky in the world. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.

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Unlock a new world of fresh smoking pleasure

Start fresh Stay fresh with L&M

L&M after L&M, your taste stays fresh!

Moisturized tobaccos make the difference!

This modern advance in tobacco care *seals in* natural freshness and flavor. We call it Flavor-Seal—you'll call it *great!*

Get the extra pleasure of L&M's finer tobaccos—*better-tasting* because they're *fresher* when you smoke them. *Your taste stays fresher—L&M's are never drying to your taste.* The difference is in L&M's special way of *moisturizing* tobacco that seals in natural freshness and flavor. And you get L&M's famous Miracle Tip for the cleanest, freshest taste possible. Start fresh with L&M today.

Get fresh-tasting, best-tasting L&M...*pack or box*